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THE PAROCHIAL HYMN BOOK.

LONDON: BURNS AND OATES.

THE

PAROCHIAL HYMN BOOK.

New and Revised Edition,

CONTAINING

PRAYERS AND DEVOTIONS FOR ALL THE FAITHFUL;

INCLUDING

VESPERS, COMPLINE, AND ALL THE LITURGICAL HYMNS FOR THE YEAR,

BOTH IN LATIN AND ENGLISH.

Permissu Superiorum.

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1881.

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TO THE

MOST HOLY

AND

IMMACULATE HEART OF MARY,

This Little Work

IS

HUMBLY AND AFFECTIONATELY

Dedicated

BY ONE

OF HER DEVOTED CHILDREN.

Nihil Obstat.

STEPHANUS CHAURAIN, S.M.,

Censor Deputatus.

Imprimatur.

HENRICUS EDUARDUS,

Card. Archiep. Westm.

PREFACE.

THIS new edition of *The Catholic Parochial Hymn Book* will, we think, fully justify the title it bears, and adequately fulfil the end for which it has been compiled and published.

The aim of the compiler has been to aid parish priests and rectors of missions in promoting among their flocks good congregational singing. He has spared neither pains nor trouble to put together in liturgical and theological order the choicest Hymns he could find, adapting to them such melodies as he considered most capable of rendering their beauty, and expressing their meaning.

This collection of Hymns, the largest and most complete of its kind, contains all the chief truths of our holy religion expressed in beautiful verse; it likewise unfolds the meaning of the liturgical seasons and chief festivals of the ecclesiastical year; thus giving the faithful an insight into the sublimity of Catholic worship, and tending thereby to increase in their hearts love for God and Holy Church.

In order to meet all the wants of poor and large parishes, the compiler has also added to this collection a set of prayers for common use among the faithful, and most suitable for special meetings of confraternities or other parochial devotions.

A glance at the contents will readily show how this volume offers all the advantages of a *Complete Church Manual*, containing as it does—

1. Night and morning prayers.
2. Subjects for daily meditation and short exercises of piety.
3. A devout method of hearing Mass, with an explanation of its ceremonies.
4. Devotions for Confession and Communion.
5. The Via Crucis.
6. Vespers with all the Psalms and liturgical Hymns, both in Latin and English, for all Sundays and festivals of the year.
7. A complete selection of Hymns and Devotions:—
   - For Church services on Sundays and other festivals.
   - For children at Mass, at day and Sunday school.
   - For confraternities of the Holy Family, of the Most Blessed Sacrament, of the Most Precious Blood, and of the Passion.
   - For the Holy Rosary, the month of May, the children of Mary.
   - For the confraternity of St. Joseph; for the guardian angel and patron saint.

For the Bona Mors, the Christian warfare, the sailor at sea, and the soldier on the battlefield.

For times of rejoicing and gladness, as well as for days of distress, repentance, and sorrow.

The Hymns are classified under three heads, viz., FAITH, HOPE, and CHARITY, with Introduction and Conclusion.

In the *Introduction* are to be found Hymns on the origin and the end of man, on man's salvation, &c.

The First Part, *Faith*, follows the Apostles' Creed, and contains Hymns—

On faith.

On God and the Most Holy Trinity.

On the Word of God Incarnate and all the mysteries of our Saviour's life from His Advent to His Ascension and entry into His heavenly kingdom.

On Pentecost and the Holy Ghost.

On the Church and the Pope.

On the festival of All Saints, and Purgatory.

On confession and forgiveness of sins.

On the resurrection of the body.

On immortality.

The Second Part, *Hope*, contains—

Hymns on the goodness of God and merits of Christ, the foundation of Christian hope.

Hymns which may be used as prayers.

Hymns used at Holy Mass for children.

Hymns concerning the Blessed Sacrament, Holy Communion, Benediction of the Most Holy, &c.

Hymns on the Most Sacred Heart of Jesus.

Hymns on the sacred thirst of our Lord, for guilds and associations of temperance.

Hymns on the advantages and heavenly fruits of Christian hope.

Hymns especially adapted to entertain and develop firm and solid hope.

The Third Part, *Charity*, contains—

Hymns on the love of God and His holy will.

Hymns on the love of our neighbour, even sinners and enemies.

Hymns on the love and reverence we owe to those creatures whom Almighty God Himself has especially loved and glorified, that is, the Blessed Virgin Mary and St. Joseph, the Angels and the Saints.

In the *Conclusion* are to be found Hymns more especially adapted as a preparation for a holy death and a happy eternity. It contains, therefore, Hymns—

On the vanity of all earthly things, even man's life.

On death and preparation for a holy death.

On the time immediately after death.

On the last judgment and the last day.
On hell and heaven.
On man's last victory and reward.]

The present collection affords some of the best specimens of poetical composition and musical talent. Thus, it contains some very beautiful Hymns from His Eminence the late Cardinal Wiseman, and their Eminences Cardinals Manning and Newman; a very large number of pieces from the Very Rev. Dr. Faber, Rev. E. Caswall, Lady Georgiana Fullerton, Rev. H. Stanfield, Aubrey de Vere, Rev. J. Chadwick, Rev. H. Formby, Rev. C. Bell, Dr. Lingard, Rev. J. J. Potter, Dryden, F. C. Roberts; and some beautiful translations by the Very Rev. Canon Oakeley, Rev. C. Bell, Rev. H. A. Rawes, Rev. M. P. Staunton, Rev. Digby Beste.

The music adapted to these Hymns consists of the most popular tunes of the Oratory Hymn Book, of the Holy Family Hymn Book, of Hymns for the Year, and of the Rev. J. Furniss' Sunday School Manual; a selection from the Rev. Fr. Stanfield's and the Rev. W. Maher's Hymn Books; besides a very large proportion of beautiful French, Italian, and German melodies, a collection of appropriate chants and tunes for vespers, with several adaptations for "Litanies" and for the "O Salutaris" and "Tantum Ergo."

As each Hymn will have at least one and often two or even three tunes, the compiler feels confident that this will prove one of the most useful popular collections yet published.

The compiler begs to offer his most grateful thanks to their Eminences Cardinal Manning and Cardinal Newman for the kind permission accorded him of using their Hymns in the present collection.

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ERRATUM.

In the Litany of the Most Holy Name of Jesus, No. 56, 25th line, Latin version, *read* "Jesu, *amator* noster," *instead of* "Jesu, *amor* noster."

COMMON PRAYERS AND DEVOTIONS

FOR ALL THE FAITHFUL.

I. MORNING PRAYER.

MORNING Prayer is a duty which God requires as the first-fruits of the day: most religiously then should it be offered to Him. The success of our actions for the day depends, in a great measure, upon this first duty. To begin the day without imploring God's grace, and thanking Him sincerely for the repose of the night, is certainly to expose ourselves to infinite danger.

But, before prayer, recollect yourself a moment: think what you are, of yourself, and what God is, to whom you are going to speak. You will thus conceive the importance of the action, and the sentiments of humility, of regret for your faults; of attention, respect, and modesty; of fervour, love, and confidence, with which you should address Him.

Awaking in the morning, say:

O MY God! my only good, the author of my being, and my last end, I offer Thee my heart. Praise, honour, and glory be to Thee, for ever and ever. Amen.

At uprising, say:

IN the name of the ✠ Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Amen.*

"HOLY, Holy, Holy, Lord God of hosts; earth is full of Thy glory. Glory be to the Father, glory be to the Son, glory be to the Holy Ghost."

Indulgence of 100 days once a day. Plenary once a month if said daily.

While clothing yourself, say:

O MY God, clothe my soul with the nuptial robe of charity, and grant that I may wear it pure and undefiled before thy judgment seat.

When clothed, kneel down, and say:

IN the name of the ✠ Father, &c. Amen. Blessed be the holy and undivided Trinity, now and for evermore. Amen.

COME, O Holy Spirit! fill the hearts of Thy faithful, and kindle in them the fire of Thy love.

V. Send forth Thy Spirit, and our hearts will be regenerated.

R. And Thou wilt renew the face of the earth.

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* Indulgence of 50 days for making the sign of the Cross, saying the words at the same time.

Let us pray.

O GOD, who by the light of the Holy Ghost, didst instruct the hearts of the faithful, give us by this same Holy Spirit, a love and relish of what is right and just, and the constant enjoyment of His comforts; through Jesus Christ our Lord, who with Thee, in unity of the same Holy Ghost, liveth and reigneth one God for ever. Amen.

Attend seriously to the presence of God; return Him thanks for His benefits; and offer yourself to Him without reserve.

O ETERNAL God! most holy and adorable Trinity! Father, Son, and Holy Ghost: the beginning and the end of all things: in whom we live, move, and have our being: I firmly believe that Thou art here present: I adore Thee with the most profound humility; I praise Thee; I give Thee thanks from the bottom of my heart, for having created me after Thine own image and likeness, and redeemed me with the precious blood of Thy Son; for having hitherto preserved me, and brought me safe to the beginning of this day. Behold, O Lord, I offer Thee my whole being; and in particular all my thoughts, words, and actions, together with such crosses and contradictions as I may meet with in the course of this day. I consecrate them entirely to the glory of Thy name, in union with those of Jesus Christ, my Saviour, that through His infinite merits, they may all find acceptance in Thy sight. Give them, O Lord, Thy blessing. May Thy divine love animate them; and may they all tend to the greater honour of Thy Sovereign Majesty. Amen.

Resolve to avoid evil, and to do good.

ADORABLE Jesus! divine model of that perfection to which we should aspire, I will endeavour this day, after Thine example, to be mild, humble, chaste, zealous, patient, charitable, and resigned. Incline my heart to keep Thy commandments. I am resolved to watch over myself with the greatest diligence, and to live soberly, justly, and piously for the time to come. I will place a guard upon my mouth, and a gate of prudence before my lips, that I may not offend with my tongue. I will turn away mine eyes that they may not see vanity; and I will be particularly attentive not to relapse this day into my accustomed failings, but to struggle against them, with Thy gracious assistance. Enlighten my mind, purify my heart, and guide my steps, that I may pass all my life in Thy divine service. Amen.

Implore the necessary grace.

THOU knowest, O God! my weakness, that I am poor and destitute; that I cannot do, nor even think of any good without Thee: arise, therefore, to help me: strengthen me with Thy grace, that I may fervently execute what I have firmly resolved, and not only avoid all the evil Thou forbiddest, but also perform all the good Thou commandest.

PATER NOSTER.

PATER noster, qui es in cœlis, sanctificetur nomen tuum; adveniat regnum tuum: fiat voluntas tua, sicut in cœlo et in terra. Panem nostrum quotidianum da nobis hodie: et dimitte nobis debita nostra, sicut et nos dimittimus debitoribus nostris: et ne nos inducas in tentationem: sed libera nos a malo. Amen.

OUR Father, who art in heaven, hallowed be Thy name: Thy kingdom come: Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread: and forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them that trespass against us: and lead us not into temptation; but deliver us from evil. Amen.

AVE MARIA.

AVE, Maria, gratia plena; Dominus tecum: benedicta tu in mulieribus, et benedictus fructus ventris tui, Jesus. Sancta Maria, Mater Dei, ora pro nobis peccatoribus, nunc et in hora mortis nostræ. Amen.

HAIL, Mary, full of grace; the Lord is with Thee: blessed art Thou among women, and blessed is the fruit of Thy womb, Jesus. Holy Mary, Mother of God, pray for us sinners, now and at the hour of our death. Amen.

CREDO IN DEUM.

CREDO in Deum, Patrem omnipotentem, Creatorem cœli et terræ. Et in Jesum Christum, Filium ejus unicum, Dominum nostrum; qui conceptus est de Spiritu Sancto, natus ex Maria Virgine, passus sub Pontio Pilato, crucifixus, mortuus, et sepultus; descendit ad inferos; tertia die resurrexit a mortuis; ascendit ad cœlos, sedet ad dexteram Dei Patris omnipotentis; inde venturus est judicare vivos et mortuos. Credo in Spiritum Sanctum, sanctam Ecclesiam Catholicam, Sanctorum communionem, remissionem peccatorum, carnis resurrectionem, vitam æternam. Amen.

I BELIEVE in God, the Father Almighty, Creator of heaven and earth. And in Jesus Christ, His only Son, our Lord; who was conceived by the Holy Ghost, born of the Virgin Mary, suffered under Pontius Pilate, was crucified, dead, and buried; He descended into hell; the third day He rose again from the dead; He ascended into heaven, and sitteth at the right hand of God, the Father Almighty; from thence He shall come to judge the living and the dead. I believe in the Holy Ghost, the holy Catholic Church, the communion of Saints, the forgiveness of sins, the resurrection of the body, and the life everlasting. Amen.

THE CONFITEOR.

I CONFESS to Almighty God, to blessed Mary, ever a Virgin, to blessed Michael the Archangel, to blessed John the Baptist, to the holy Apostles Peter and Paul, and to all the Saints, that I have sinned exceedingly in thought, word, and deed, through my fault, through my fault, through my most grievous fault: therefore I beseech the blessed Mary, ever a Virgin, blessed Michael the Archangel, blessed John the Baptist, the holy Apostles Peter and Paul, and all the Saints, to pray to the Lord our God for me.

May the Almighty God have mercy on us, and forgive us our sins, and bring us to life everlasting. Amen.

May the Almighty and merciful Lord give us pardon, absolution, and remission of our sins. Amen.

Invoke the Blessed Virgin, your Angel guardian, and your Patron Saint:

O HOLY Virgin! Mother of God! my advocate and patroness! pray for thy poor servant; show thyself a mother to me. And thou, O blessed spirit! whom God in His mercy hath appointed to watch over me, intercede for me this day, that I may not stray from the path of virtue.

And ye, O happy Saints (N. N.), my chosen and beloved patrons, intercede for me to God, that, by the guidance of His grace, I may love and serve Him here; and hereafter, with you, behold His face for all eternity. Amen.

The blessing of God Almighty, the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, descend upon me, and dwell in my heart for ever. Amen.

Say three "Gloria Patri," or three times "Glory be to the Father," &c., to thank the most Holy Trinity for the privileges granted the B. V. M., specially for her Assumption. Indulgence 100 days each time. Plenary once a month if said daily three times, viz., morning, noon, and evening.

II. THE ANGELUS.*

To be said morning, noon, and night, in memory of the adorable mystery of the Incarnation of our Blessed Saviour.

I. *V.* Angelus Domini nuntiavit Mariæ.
R. Et concepit de Spiritu Sancto.

Ave, Maria, &c.

II. *V.* Ecce ancilla Domini.

I. The angel of the Lord announced unto Mary.
R. And she conceived of the Holy Ghost.

Hail, Mary, &c.

II. Behold the handmaid of the Lord.

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* 100 days' indulgence each time. Plenary once a month, if recited daily with a contrite heart—kneeling, and at the time the bell is rung.

In Paschal time, instead of the "Angelus," the "Regina Cœli" is said standing.

R. Fiat mihi secundum verbum tuum.
Ave, Maria, &c.
III. *V.* Et Verbum caro factum est.
R. Et habitavit in nobis.
Ave, Maria, &c.

Oremus.

GRATIAM tuam, quæsumus, Domine, mentibus nostris infunde; ut qui, angelo nuntiante, Christi filii tui incarnationem cognovimus, per passionem ejus et crucem ad resurrectionis gloriam perducamur; per eumdem Christum Dominum nostrum. Amen.

R. Be it done unto me according to Thy word.
Hail, Mary, &c.
III. And the Word was made flesh.
R. And dwelt among us.
Hail, Mary, &c.

Let us pray.

POUR forth, we beseech Thee, O Lord, Thy grace into our hearts; that we to whom the Incarnation of Christ Thy Son was made known by the message of an angel, may, by His Passion and Cross ✠ be brought to the glory of His resurrection; through the same Christ our Lord. Amen.

III. ACTS OF FAITH, HOPE, CHARITY,* AND CONTRITION.

AN ACT OF FAITH.

O MY God! I firmly believe all the sacred truths which Thy Holy Catholic Church believeth and teacheth, because Thou hast revealed them, who canst neither deceive nor be deceived.

AN ACT OF HOPE.

O MY God! relying on Thy goodness and promises, I hope to obtain pardon for my sins, the assistance of Thy grace, and life everlasting; through the merits of Jesus Christ, our Lord and Saviour.

AN ACT OF LOVE.

O MY God! I love Thee above all things, with my whole heart and soul, purely because Thou art infinitely perfect, and deserving of all love: I love also my neighbour as myself, for the love of Thee; I forgive all who have injured me, and ask pardon of all whom I have injured.

AN ACT OF CONTRITION.

O MY God! who art infinitely good, and always hatest sin, I beg pardon from my heart for all my offences against Thee; I detest them all and am heartily sorry for them, because they offend Thy infinite goodness, and I firmly resolve, by the help of Thy grace, never more to offend Thee, and carefully to avoid the occasions of sin.

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* Indulgence of seven years and seven quarantines each time. Plenary once a month for those who recite them frequently.

IV. DAILY OBLATION.

MY God and my all! I most earnestly desire by my every breath; every thought; every word; every desire; every movement of body and soul; I desire to tell Thee, a thousand times, I love Thee more than life, or anything in this world: and offer and dedicate myself to Thee; renewing my baptismal vows, together with the promises and resolutions of my life past. I offer Thee also (and by every movement of my body and soul, I desire to renew the oblation) all the praise, thanks, and adoration of the Church, militant, triumphant, and suffering; all that it has offered Thee, or will offer to the end of time; all the love, complacency, and delights Thou possessest in Thy Divine essence, one God in Three Persons; all the homage my beloved Jesus renders Thee in the adorable Sacrament of the Altar; all the Masses that are now celebrating, have been, or will be celebrated to the end of time, to Thy honour and glory, without will, wish, or desire, but those solely of pleasing Thee, loving Thee, living for Thee, and dying for Thee. I am Thine, my God and my all. Oh! make me so entirely and eternally; above all, take my heart; extirpate from it all other affections, and make it for the future a burning furnace of the purest flames of Thy most ardent love. Amen.

THE LITANY OF THE HOLY NAME OF JESUS.

See Hymn-book.
Indulgence 300 days each time.

V. SALVE REGINA.

If said every morning and "*sub tuum*" in the evening, with following versicles, a plenary indulgence may be gained: 1st. Twice a month any day that is chosen. 2d. At all the festivals of B. V. M. and of All Saints. 3d. At the hour of death. Besides several other partial indulgences.

HAIL, holy Queen, Mother of Mercy, our Life,* our Sweetness, and our Hope; to Thee do we cry, poor banished sons of Eve; to thee do we send up our sighs mourning and weeping in this valley of tears; turn, then, most gracious advocate, thine eyes of mercy towards us, and, after this our exile, show unto us the blessed fruit of thy womb, Jesus. O most clement, most pious, and most sweet Virgin Mary.

V. Pray for us, O holy Mother of God.

R. That we may be made worthy of the promises of Christ.

Let us pray.

O ALMIGHTY and Eternal God! who didst prepare the body and soul of the glorious Mary,

* Strictly speaking, Christ alone is our hope or life. It is here used in a relative sense, towards the Blessed Virgin Mary, as our chief intercessor with Him.

Mother and Virgin, that by the co-operation of the Holy Ghost, she might become a worthy dwelling for Thy Son; grant, that as we rejoice in her commemoration, so by her pious intercession, we may be delivered both from present evils and everlasting death; through the same Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

V. Dignare me laudare te Virgo Sacratio.
R. Da mihi virtutem contra hostes tuos.
V. Benedictus Deus in sanctis suis.
R. Amen.

V. Vouchsafe that I may praise thee, O Sacred Virgin.
R. Give me strength against thine enemies.
V. Blessed be God in His saints.
R. Amen.

See "*Sub tuum*" before Litany of B. V. M. (Hymn Book, Part II.).

VI. SUBJECTS FOR DAILY MEDITATION.

Remember, Christian soul, that thou hast this day, and every day of thy life,

God to glorify,
Jesus to imitate,
The angels and saints to invoke,
A soul to save,
A body to mortify,
Sins to expiate,
Virtues to acquire,
Hell to avoid,
Heaven to gain,
Eternity to prepare for,
Time to profit by,
Neighbours to edify,
The world to despise,
Devils to combat,
Passions to subdue,
Death perhaps to suffer,
And judgment to undergo.

VII. SHORT PRACTICES OF PIETY DURING THE DAY.

BEFORE WORKING.

O MY ✠ God! I offer Thee my work by way of penance for my sins. Be pleased to bestow Thy blessing on it.

AT THE STRIKING OF THE CLOCK.

O MY ✠ God! I adore Thee, I love Thee, I give Thee my whole self.

IN THE HOUR OF TEMPTATION.

O ✠ JESUS! come to my help, and grant me grace not to yield to this temptation.

✠ My Jesus, mercy.

100 days indulgence each time.

O ✠ MARY, conceived without sin, pray for us who have recourse to thee.

✠ Jesus, Mary.

25 days indulgence each time.

THE BLESSING.

MAY the peace of our Lord Jesus Christ; the virtue of His sacred Passion; the sign of the holy cross; the purity and humility of the Blessed Virgin Mary; the protection of the angels; and the intercession of all the saints and the elect of God, be with me and defend me, now, and at the hour of my death, sweet Jesus. Amen.

GRACE BEFORE MEAT.

BLESS us, O Lord, and these Thy gifts, which of Thy bounty we are about to receive: through Christ our Lord. Amen.

GRACE AFTER MEAT.

WE give Thee thanks, Almighty God, for all Thy benefits, who livest and reignest world without end. Amen.

Vouchsafe, O Lord, for Thy name's sake, to render to our benefactors life everlasting. Amen.

V. May the souls of the faithful departed, through the mercy of God, rest in peace.

R. Amen.

VIII. INDULGENCES TO BE GAINED DURING THE DAY.

THREE dispositions are necessary for gaining an indulgence:—1. The intention of gaining it; 2. The state of grace; 3. The perfect fulfilment of the conditions or work prescribed.

II. The conditions *generally* superadded to the work prescribed for gaining a Plenary Indulgence, are: confession, communion, the visit to a church, where some prayers are to be said for the intention of the Sovereign Pontiff or of the Church.

N.B.—One communion suffices for gaining several plenary indulgences for the faithful departed. But for each indulgence prayers at each one's choice should be recited for the intentions of the Church.

It was advised by a great Saint, at morning prayers to make the intention of gaining all the indulgences attached to all the prayers or works of that day, specifying to what suffering souls they are to be applied. It is most pleasing to our Blessed Lady, to leave the application of indulgences to her disposal.

IX. THE MANNER OF LAY PERSONS BAPTIZING AN INFANT IN DANGER OF DEATH.

Take common water, pour it on the head or face of the child, and whilst you are pouring it, say the following words:—

I BAPTIZE thee in the name of the Father, ✠ and of the Son, ✠ and of the Holy ✠ Ghost.

X. PRAYERS FOR NIGHT.

IF it be a duty of the greatest importance to begin the day well, it is one of no less consequence to conclude it properly. The graces conferred on us during the course of the day, and the protection we stand in need of against the dangers of the night, are urgent reasons why we should address ourselves to God, and pray to Him with the utmost gratitude and fervour.

IN the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Amen.

Blessed be the holy and undivided Trinity, now and for ever. Amen.

Our Father, &c. Hail, Mary, &c.

I believe in God, &c.

I confess to Almighty God, &c.

Come, O Holy Spirit, fill the hearts of Thy faithful, and kindle in them the fire of Thy love.

V. Send forth Thy Spirit, and they shall be created.

R. And Thou shalt renew the face of the earth.

Let us place ourselves in the presence of God, and give Him thanks for all the benefits which we have received from Him, particularly this day.

O MY God, I firmly believe that Thou art here, and perfectly seest me; and that Thou observest all my actions, all my thoughts, and the most secret motions of my heart. Thou watchest over me with an incomparable love, every moment bestowing favours, and preserving me from evil. Blessed be Thy holy name, and may all creatures bless Thy goodness for the benefits which I have ever received from Thee, and particularly this day. May the saints and angels supply my defect in rendering Thee due thanks. Never permit me to be so base and wicked as to repay Thy bounties with ingratitude, and Thy blessings with offences and injuries.

Let us ask of our Lord Jesus Christ grace to discover the sins which we have committed this day; and beg of Him a true sorrow for them, and a sincere repentance.

O MY Lord Jesus Christ, Judge of the living and the dead, before whom I must appear one day to give an exact account of my whole life; enlighten me, I beseech Thee, and give me an humble and a contrite heart, that I may see wherein I have offended Thine infinite Majesty; and judge myself now with such a just severity, that then Thou mayest judge me with mercy and clemency.

Let us examine our consciences, and consider where and in what company we have been this day. Let us call to mind the sins we have committed against God, our neighbour, or ourselves; and reflect whether we have fulfilled the duties of our state of life.

AGAINST GOD.—By omission or negligence in the discharge of our religious duties; irreverence, wilful distractions, or inattention in prayer; resistance to the divine grace; oaths; murmurings; want of confidence and resignation. *Pause and examine.*

AGAINST OUR NEIGHBOUR. — By rash judgments; hatred; jealousy; contempt; desire of revenge; quarrelling; passion; imprecations; injuries; detraction; raillery; false reports; damaging, either in goods or reputation; bad example; scandal; want of obedience, respect, charity, or fidelity. *Pause and examine.*

AGAINST OURSELVES. — By vanity; human respect; lies; thoughts; desires, discourses, or actions contrary

to purity; by intemperance, rage, or impatience; by a useless and sensual life; or by sloth, in not complying with the duties of our state. *Pause and examine.*

(If nothing occur to your mind, wherein you have offended, renew your sorrow for the sins of your past life.)

Let us conceive a great sorrow for having offended God.

O MY God, I detest these and all other sins, which I have committed against Thy divine Majesty. I am extremely sorry that I have offended Thee, because Thou art infinitely good, and sin displeaseth Thee. I love Thee with my whole heart, and firmly purpose, by the help of Thy grace, never more to offend Thee. I resolve to avoid the occasions of sin; I will confess my sins, and will endeavour to make satisfaction for them. Have mercy on me, O God, have mercy, and pardon me, a wretched sinner.—In the name of Thy beloved Son, Jesus, I humbly beg of Thee, so to wash me with His precious blood, that my sins may be entirely remitted.

Let us endeavour, as much as possible, to put ourselves in the dispositions in which we desire to be found at the hour of death.

O MY God, I accept of death as a homage and adoration which I owe to Thy divine Majesty, and as a punishment justly due to my sins; in union with the death of my dear Redeemer, and as the only means of coming to Thee, my beginning and last end.

I firmly believe all the sacred truths which the Catholic Church believeth and teacheth, because Thou hast revealed them. And by the assistance of Thy holy grace, I am resolved to live and die in the communion of this Thy Church.

Relying upon Thy goodness, power, and promises, I hope to obtain pardon for my sins, and life everlasting, through the merits of Thy Son, Jesus Christ, my only Redeemer, and by the intercession of His Blessed Mother, and all the saints.

I love Thee with all my heart and soul, and desire to love Thee as the blessed do in heaven. I adore all the designs of Thy divine Providence, resigning myself entirely to Thy will.

I also love my neighbour for Thy sake, as I love myself; I sincerely forgive all who have injured me, and ask pardon of all whom I have injured.

I renounce the devil, with all his works; the world, with all its pomps; the flesh, with all its temptations.

I desire to be dissolved, and to be with Christ. Father, into Thy hands I commend my spirit.

R. Lord Jesus, receive my soul.

May the Blessed Virgin Mary, St. Joseph, and all the saints, pray for us to our Lord, that we may be preserved this night from sin and all evils. Amen.

Blessed St. Michael, defend us in the day of battle, that we may not be lost at the dreadful judgment. Amen.

O my good Angel, whom God, by His divine mercy, hath appointed to be my guardian, enlighten and protect me, direct and govern me this night. Amen.

May Almighty God have mercy on us, and forgive us our sins, and bring us to life everlasting. Amen.

May the almighty and merciful

Lord give us pardon, absolution, and remission of our sins. Amen.

V. Vouchsafe, O Lord, this night.

R. To keep us without sin.

V. Have mercy on us, O Lord.

R. Have mercy on us.

V. Let Thy mercy, O Lord, be upon us.

R. As we have hoped in Thee.

V. O Lord, hear my prayer.

R. And let my cry come unto Thee.

Let us pray.

VISIT, we beseech Thee, O Lord, this house and family, and drive far from it all snares of the enemy; let Thy holy angels dwell herein, who may keep us in peace, and let Thy blessing be always upon us: through our Lord Jesus Christ. Amen.

May our Lord bless us, and preserve us from all evil, and bring us to life everlasting; and may the souls of the faithful departed, through the mercy of God, rest in peace. Amen.

THE LITANY OF THE BESSED VIRGIN.*

See Hymn-book.

Before you go to bed, read a chapter in the Scripture, or some spiritual book; forecast with yourself the subject of the next morning's meditation, and think upon it while you are undressing yourself; when you compose yourself in your bed, think of your grave, and how quickly death, of which sleep is an image, will be with you, and what your sentiments will then be of all worldly vanities. Offer up to God your sleep, resigning yourself to it in acquiescence with His holy will; and that by this repose of nature, you may recover new vigour to serve Him. Wish that every breath you are to take this night might be an act of praise and love of the divine Majesty, like the happy breathings of the angels and saints, who never sleep; and so compose yourself to rest in the arms of your Saviour. If you wake in the night, renew the offering of yourself to God, and aspire to Him: "My soul hath desired Thee in the night" (Isa. xxvi. 9).

XI. AN UNIVERSAL PRAYER.

FOR ALL THINGS NECESSARY TO SALVATION.

O MY God, I believe in Thee; do Thou strengthen my faith. All my hopes are in Thee; do Thou secure them. I love Thee with my whole heart; teach me to love Thee daily more and more. I am sorry that I have offended Thee; do Thou increase my sorrow.

I adore Thee as my first beginning; I aspire after Thee as my last end. I give Thee thanks as my constant benefactor. I call upon Thee as my sovereign protector.

Vouchsafe, O my God, to conduct me by Thy wisdom, to restrain me by Thy justice, to comfort me by Thy mercy, to defend me by Thy power.

To Thee I desire to consecrate all my thoughts, words, actions, and sufferings, that henceforward I may think only of Thee, speak only of Thee, willingly refer all my

* Indulgence of 300 days each time.

actions to Thy greater glory, and suffer willingly whatever Thou shalt appoint.

Lord, I desire that in all things Thy will may be done, because it is Thy will, and in the manner that Thou willest.

I beg of Thee to enlighten my understanding, to inflame my will, to purify my body, and to sanctify my soul.

Give me strength, O my God, to expiate my offences, to overcome my temptations, to subdue my passions, and to acquire the virtues proper for my state.

Fill my heart with tender affections for Thy goodness, a hatred of my faults, a love of my neighbour, and a contempt of the world.

Let me always remember to be submissive to my superiors, condescending to my inferiors, faithful to my friends, and charitable to my enemies.

Assist me to overcome sensuality by mortification, avarice by almsdeeds, anger by meekness, and tepidity by devotion.

O my God, make me prudent in my undertakings, courageous in dangers, patient in affliction, and humble in prosperity.

Grant that I may be ever attentive at my prayers, temperate at my meals, diligent in my employments, and constant in my resolutions.

Let my conscience be ever upright and pure, my exterior modest, my conversation edifying, and my comportment regular.

Assist me, that I may continually labour to overcome nature, to correspond with Thy grace, to keep Thy commandments, and to work out my salvation.

Discover to me, O my God, the nothingness of this world, the greatness of heaven, the shortness of time, and the length of eternity.

Grant that I may prepare for death, that I may fear Thy judgments, that I may escape hell, and in the end obtain heaven; through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

XII. A DEVOUT METHOD OF HEARING MASS.

CONFORMABLY TO THE MYSTERIES OF THE PASSION.

IT is the common opinion of the Saints that among all the exercises of piety, none is so pleasing to God, and so profitable to our souls, as frequent reflection on the sufferings of Jesus Christ, and a continual effort on our part to commemorate and honour His sacred Passion and Death. Respect, justice, love, and above all, gratitude, oblige us to this, and should concur to make the sufferings of our Divine Redeemer the most ordinary and familiar reflection of our lives. Our own interest should likewise urge us to adopt this holy practice, since it is considered by the saints a short and secure road to perfection. St. Bonaventure says, that "he who devoutly applies himself to meditate upon the life and death of Jesus, finds there all he requires, and needs not seek anything out of Jesus Christ. As one of the most perfect methods of assisting at Mass, is to meditate devoutly on the Passion of Christ, so the best means of honouring that sacred Passion is to hear Mass for that end; for in this adorable Sacrifice, which St. F. de Sales justly styles "the centre of religion, the heart of devotion, and the

soul of piety;" we are furnished with an offering of thanksgiving for our redemption, proportioned to the benefit: and also with a motive for daily increasing in gratitude for such blessings, as eternity itself will not appear too long to acknowledge.

A PRAYER BEFORE MASS.

O DIVINE Jesus! sacred Victim, immolated for the redemption of mankind! I earnestly beseech Thee that I may assist at this adorable sacrifice with the most lively faith, animated hope, unbounded gratitude, and tender love. Permit me to follow Thee in spirit through the different stages of Thy sacred Passion, and give me an abundant share of that infinite charity which induced Thee to suffer such excessive torments for my sake.

With the daughters of Sion who met Thee carrying Thy cross, and Thy blessed Mother, who saw Thee expire for our salvation, I desire to compassionate Thy sufferings, and to detest sin, as the only sovereign evil. I offer this divine sacrifice, to commemorate, in an especial manner, Thy dolorous Passion, and to obtain through its efficacious merits the grace of true and sincere devotion towards Thy life-giving sufferings and death.

AT THE BEGINNING OF MASS.

The priest going from the sacristy to the altar, represents Jesus Christ retiring from the Cenacle to the Garden of Gethsemani. Unite your sentiments with the divine dispositions of the Son of God, and dispose yourself by sincere repentance to assist worthily at the great sacrifice about to be offered.

O DIVINE Lord! in the multitude of Thy mercies I will enter Thy house, and adore Thee in Thy holy temple. Though my sins are multiplied beyond number, yet I will appeal to Thy unbounded mercies, which far exceed my malice, or the extent of my ingratitude. I will confide in the sufferings of my Redeemer, and hope through His infinite merits, to find grace and salvation. O dear Jesus! Thou who hast washed me heretofore in the laver of baptism, wash me yet more from my iniquity, and cleanse me from my sin; sprinkle me with Thy blood and I shall be cleansed; wash me and I shall be made whiter than snow.

AT THE INTROIT.

When the priest bows and kisses the altar, contemplate our divine Lord prostrate before His heavenly Father, loaded with the sins of mankind, and bathed in blood through excess of sorrow. Reflect on the anguish which the treacherous kiss of Judas caused our divine Redeemer.

O GOOD Jesus! I fervently bless Thee, for all Thou hast done and suffered for my salvation. Give me grace to weep over those sins which drew streams of blood from Thy sacred veins. I desire to commemorate with the most lively and humble contrition Thy agony in the garden, and I firmly resolve to detest my sins to the last moment of my life. Pierce my soul with grief, for having repaid Thy goodness with ingratitude, and let me frequently cry out with the humble publican: O God, be merciful to me a sinner. May those bonds which confined Thy sacred hands, burst the fetters of my sins, and restore me to the sweet liberty of Thy children. I cast myself at Thy sacred feet, and conjure Thee to strengthen me by Thy all-powerful grace, that

under every trial and affliction, I may submit cheerfully to the decrees of Thy adorable providence, and never cease to bless Thy holy name.

AT THE KYRIE ELEISON AND GLORIA IN EXCELSIS.

The *Kyrie eleison* is repeated three times to honour the adorable Trinity; it may also serve to remind you of the denials of St. Peter, and to excite the deepest regret for your much more frequent denials of so good a master. At the *Gloria in excelsis*, reflect on the miraculous conversions which signalised the public life of Jesus Christ, and beg that one benign glance may convert and penetrate your soul, as it did that of St. Peter.

O MY God! have mercy on me, according to Thy great mercy; pardon me, who have so often had the misfortune of denying Thee, by a life altogether opposite to Thy sacred maxims. Look on me, divine Jesus, with that compassion and tenderness which the sight of misery always excited in Thy most amiable heart. Purify me, as Thou didst Thy penitent apostle, that I may worthily unite with Thy Church in celebrating the wonderful work of man's redemption. O how fervently should I join in Thy praises, most amiable Jesus! How ardently should I sing, glory be to God on high, glory to that admirable Being, who, forgetful of His own glory, underwent for my sake such prodigious humiliations! O my sovereign King, my divine and adorable Model! since Thou wert pleased to descend so low as my frail nature, grant that I may place all my glory, honour, and happiness, in sharing Thy humiliations, and carrying Thy cross.

AT THE EPISTLE AND GOSPEL.

When the priest goes from the middle of the altar to the *Epistle* side, and thence to the *Gospel* side, represent to yourself the eternal Son of God, dragged about to the different tribunals of Annas, Caiphas, Pilate, and Herod; and when you stand to hear the Gospel, remember that it is the word of Him, who alone has the words of eternal life; of Him, who came from heaven to instruct you, and who, for your sake, confirmed His doctrine by shedding His precious blood.

O ETERNAL God! unerring Truth! whose sacred Word I am so happy to hear, penetrate my heart by the influence of Thy grace, that I may not hear it to my eternal reprobation, like the Jews who so long and so fruitlessly listened to Thy sacred maxims. O spotless Lamb of God! while Thy judges proclaim Thee an impostor, I rise without fear or shame to declare in the face of heaven and earth, that I believe Thee to be Christ, the Son of the living God, and I most unreservedly assent to all and every article proposed by Thy holy Church to my belief. But, O divine Lord! give me grace to profess my faith by my actions as well as by my words. Have mercy on all who are involved in the dreadful night of infidelity; may the light of Thy grace shine upon them, and so penetrate their hearts, that they may embrace the truth, and be united in the communion of Thy holy Church.

AT THE OFFERTORY.

When the priest unveils the chalice, and offers the bread and wine, contemplate your merciful Redeemer, stripped of His garments, bound to

a pillar, and cruelly scourged; offer yourself, in union with the sacrifice He then offered of His precious blood, and which He renews on the altar.

ADORABLE Jesus! when I reflect on the torments Thou didst endure when fastened to the pillar, I begin to conceive the enormity of my sins, and the immense extent of Thy eternal love. I behold in Thy wounds the greatness of my ingratitude, and the depth of the misery to which I am reduced. But, O Lord, how happy am I in being able to present Thee, at this moment, a victim of thanksgiving and atonement, fully proportioned, or rather far exceeding, the magnitude of my obligation, and the multitude of my crimes. I offer Thee the streams of blood that flowed from Thy sacred body during Thy ignominious scourging, and also the bread and wine which is now presented to Thy divine Majesty. Accept, in union with this precious oblation, my body and soul, my thoughts, words, desires, affections, and sufferings; in fine, my whole being, that henceforward I may be entirely Thine by the bonds of ardent charity.

AT THE LAVABO AND ORATE FRATRES.

When the priest washes his hands, call to mind the testimony which Pilate gave to the innocence of Jesus Christ; and at the *Orate Fratres* adore your Saviour, exhibited to the people as a mock king. Prostrate yourself in spirit before the sovereign Lord, and pour out at His sacred feet the grateful effusions of your compassion and love.

O MOST adorable blood! which flowed a remedy for all human woes, I beseech Thee to wash, purify, and sanctify my sinful soul, that I may, with a pure and upright conscience, assist at these awful mysteries. I cannot, O my God! presume to wash my hands among the innocent, for, alas! I have been long since excluded from the happy few who never offended Thee; but, at least, I can claim a privilege not reserved to the innocent alone, but mercifully granted even to the most guilty. I can wash my hands, my heart, my soul, in Thy precious blood. I can cast myself on Thy divine mercy, with a firm resolution rather to die than to offend Thee during the remainder of my life. O King of my soul! I acknowledge Thee for my sole and sovereign Lord. O Jesus! I implore, by the sorrow and agony of heart Thou didst endure when Barabbas was preferred to Thee, that Thou wouldst preserve me from ever preferring any created object to Thy friendship and favour. By Thy ignominious clothing with a purple garment, I entreat Thee to give me a garment of justice, when I shall appear before Thy dread tribunal, and I fervently conjure Thee that, through Thy infinite mercy, and the merits of Thy thorny crown, I may hereafter obtain a crown of immortal glory.

AT THE PREFACE.

The priest praying some time in secret before the *Preface*, represents and commemorates the admirable silence observed by Jesus Christ in the course of His sacred Passion. Do you now address your divine Lord in the secret of your heart; represent to Him all your spiritual necessities; implore an application of His infinite merits to the wounds of your soul.

and when the priest raises his voice to recite the *Preface* do you redouble your fervour, and join in spirit with the Church militant, triumphant, and suffering, in praising and magnifying that divine Lamb who was slain for the health and life of His own creatures.

O DIVINE Searcher of Hearts! from whom nothing is hidden, since Thou desirest so ardently to establish Thy reign in my soul, permit me to represent to Thee its miseries, and all the obstacles which unfortunately oppose the sweet empire of Thy love in my heart. O Lord, Thou needst not my representations to discern my wants. I am too insensible to feel my miseries as I ought—too weak to call loudly on Thy mercy—too guilty to deserve being heard. Let my silence then speak, O most merciful Saviour! let my multiplied miseries plead on my behalf. Thou wilt not be deaf to their eloquent supplications; and surely, my God! Thou needst but consult Thy own Sacred Heart, and that infinite love which brings Thee daily to our altars, to find motives for granting pardon and mercy to the most unworthy of Thy creatures. O blessed spirits of heaven! holy and happy saints of God! who in the mirror of His adorable sanctity, behold the enormity of sin, supply for me, who am unworthy to join with the Church in celebrating His praises and magnifying His goodness.

AT THE CANON.

Let the low and solemn voice in which the *Canon* is read, remind you of that mourning and consternation which amazed and silenced all nature at the sufferings of Jesus Christ: and when the priest spreads over the oblation, making the sign of the cross, call to mind the torments our divine Redeemer endured when fastened to the cross.

O MY God! when I reflect on the number and enormity of my sins, I am sensible that I have no claim to a share in those precious graces which Thou hast died to purchase for Thy creatures; but when I contemplate that cross on which Thou didst agonise—when I turn my eyes on this altar, this new Calvary on which Thou art about to descend, and again offer Thyself for my salvation, I feel convinced that Thou wilt always be to me a Jesus, a Saviour. Accept, therefore, of my whole being, in union with the sacred oblation I am about to offer. Purify my soul in those strains of blood which gushed from Thy adorable wounds, and which will soon flow on this altar. Grant to us all, through its efficacious merits, the grace to practise what Thy holy law commands, and to avoid what it prohibits. Extend the blessing of peace and unity to Thy Church; repentance and pardon to all sinners; comfort to the sick, the dying, and the afflicted; in a word, mercy and eternal happiness to all, since for all, O divine Victim! Thou didst shed Thy adorable and saving blood. I particularly implore Thy precious graces, O my God, for those for whom I am bound to pray—those who have recommended themselves to my prayers—who pray for me, or who at this moment may specially want Thy divine assistance. O may this adorable and august sacrifice be received by Thy Divine Majesty, as was the victim which Christ

offered in His own Person on the altar of the cross.

AT THE ELEVATION.

At the *Elevation* of the Sacred Host and Chalice, reflect on the pangs which Jesus endured, when, lifted up between heaven and earth, His precious blood flowed abundantly for the remission of your sins, for the conversion of the world, and of His greatest enemies. Let the first fruit of His Cross and Passion, applied to the penitent thief on the cross, encourage you to recur confidently to His mercies, and to hope that His infinite love will one day assign you likewise a place in Paradise.

HAIL, O King of Glory! Prince of Peace! and Saviour of the World! Hail! O Immaculate Victim! sacrificed for me and all mankind on the altar of the cross. I bless Thee, I adore Thee, I love Thee, O divine Jesus! and I ardently invite the whole universe to join in praising and blessing Thy holy name. O bleeding and adorable Victim of my sins, why have I not the faith, the love, the anguish which penetrated the hearts of those who beheld Thy sacred blood flow from Thy precious wounds? Hear, O eternal God! the voice of this blood, which cries loudly, not for vengeance, but for pardon and mercy. Oh, let it plead powerfully in my behalf; let it blot out my sins, cleanse every stain from my soul, and render me pure and pleasing in Thy sight.

AFTER THE ELEVATION.

BEHOLD, O Almighty and all-gracious God! Thy Son Jesus, in whom Thou art well pleased. Look upon the face of Thy Jesus and my Saviour here present; look upon this spotless Lamb, this adorable Victim, this pure holocaust of obedience, humbled to the ignominious death of the cross. Behold in Him what may move Thee to look upon us with an eye of mercy and compassion. He is our High Priest, sprinkled with His own blood. Receive the sacrifice He has offered for us, in consideration of the honour and homage that are due to Thy sovereign goodness from me and all creatures. Extend, O compassionate Creator! its efficacious virtue to the souls of the faithful departed, and grant them rest and life everlasting, particularly to N. N.: deign to mitigate their punishment, and translate them to that place of glory for which they were destined. Thou didst once promise that, looking on the rainbow, Thou wouldst remember the covenant made between Thee and the patriarch Noah (Gen. ix.), canst Thou then look on the blood of Thy beloved Son Jesus, offered to Thee in sacrifice, without remembering the great covenant of the New Law, sealed and confirmed with the effusion of His sacred blood?

O dearest Jesus! why cannot I love Thee as Thy goodness deserves? The more Thou hast humbled Thyself for my sake, the more I am bound to love Thee, and spend my life in Thy service. Remember Thou hast purchased my soul at a dear rate; oh, let not Thy blood be lost or shed in vain, but receive me into the number of Thy elect. I detest my sins, which are the cause of Thy sufferings; alas! they were the nails that pierced Thy hands and feet, and fastened Thee to an ignominious cross. Oh, who will give

sorrow to my heart, and a fountain of tears to my eyes, that I may bewail them in the bitterness of my soul all the days of my life, and thus, at the hour of death, be entitled to hear those consolatory words addressed to the penitent thief: *This day shalt thou be with Me in Paradise.* I acknowledge that I do not deserve to be ranked among the number of Thy children; yet, in obedience to Thy precept, and with profound veneration for Thy sacred words, I will presume to say that heavenly prayer which Thou hast taught me: *Our Father, &c.*

AT THE AGNUS DEI.

When the priest says the *Agnus Dei*, reflect on the miraculous change of heart wrought in the centurion and other witnesses of the death of Jesus Christ, and be careful, as far as it depends on you, not to depart from this new Calvary without participating in their holy dispositions.

O INNOCENT Lamb of God! who takest away the sins of the world, have mercy on me, for Thy peculiar and distinguishing property is infinite mercy. Give to my heart the sorrow and repentance of those who mourned Thy cruel death, and teach me, like them, to place all my hopes in Thee, and to love and seek Thee as my only Sovereign Good. I most humbly beseech Thee by all the anguish Thou didst endure during the course of Thy Passion, especially at the separation of Thy Sacred Soul from Thy Body, that Thou wouldst have mercy and compassion on me, when I shall be on the point of appearing before Thy dread tribunal. Let Thy Passion and death then interpose between my soul and the rigours of Thy justice. Ah! while I yet sojourn in this valley of tears, let the remembrance of Thy bitter draught of vinegar and gall preserve me from delighting in the false pleasures of this world, and let Thy burning thirst upon the cross make me thirst only after the enjoyment of Thy promise. May the recollection of Thy saving death penetrate my soul with such lively gratitude, that from this moment I may place all my happiness in loving and serving Thee, my only joy and sovereign felicity.

AT THE COMMUNION.

The *Priest's Communion* represents the burial of Jesus Christ's sacred body when it was taken from the cross; and the covering of the chalice is a figure of the sepulchre shut up, and covered with a stone. This is the time peculiarly adapted to invite our Lord by a spiritual communion to repose in your heart, and to honour it frequently by His sacramental presence, or habitually by the influence of His holy grace.

O MY God! how can I reflect on the happiness of those who approach worthily to the Holy Eucharist, without ardently desiring to enjoy the like blessing? how can I assist at this adorable sacrifice without regretting the sins and miseries which justly deter me from receiving Thee sacramentally; I am not worthy, O infinite purity! to lodge Thee in my heart; I am not worthy to share in the happiness of those who now enjoy Thy sacramental presence. But, Lord! though I cannot unite myself to Thee really, yet I am not forbidden to do so in spirit and desire. I believe most firmly that Thou art

present in this sacred host; I hope in that infinite mercy which detains Thee therein, and I ardently love and desire to receive Thee, notwithstanding my unworthiness. I unite in the adoration, love, humility, and fervour of all who this day received Thee, throughout the universe, with the most perfect dispositions; and I earnestly beg of Thee, by that tender love which induces Thee to give Thyself to Thy creatures, to accept of every thought, word, and action, from this to my next communion, as so many acts of love, desire, and preparation to receive Thee; and I earnestly conjure Thee to crown all Thy blessings by the inestimable grace of a worthy communion at the hour of my death.

AT THE LAST COLLECTS.

The *Last Collect* represents the apparitions and instructions of Jesus Christ to His Apostles and Disciples after His resurrection; and the *Priest's Blessing* denotes that parting benediction given by our Divine Lord, when ascending into heaven. Remember when the last Gospel is read at the left side of the altar, that Jesus Christ did not come to call the just but sinners to repentance, and that His infinite mercy in thus daily renewing on our altars the Sacrifice of the Cross, should animate even the most guilty to recur with confidence to His infinite goodness and abundant merits.

O BLESSED Redeemer, who, coming forth from the grave, didst rise triumphant over death, I praise and glorify Thee for all Thy mercies, and in particular for having conversed so long with Thy apostles, and confirmed them in that saving faith, which they were destined to transmit to succeeding ages. Oh! how shall I thank Thee for the inestimable advantage of having beheld Thee sacrificed on this altar, and for having thereby participated in the abundant merits of Thy Passion and death? Let me not depart from this sanctuary without those sentiments of piety, and that spiritual strength for the amendment of my life, which may be always drawn from this adorable sacrifice. Pardon, O Lord! my distractions and irreverences. Engrave on my heart the remembrance of Thy sufferings, that I may henceforward glory only in Jesus Christ, and in Him crucified. Teach me to follow Thy divine example, that rising with Thee to a new life, I may, through Thy powerful grace, advance daily and hourly in virtue, and at length attain to the unlimited and eternal enjoyment of Thee, my God and my All! in the kingdom of Thy glory. Amen.

XIII. DEVOTIONS FOR CONFESSION.

In order to prepare well for Confession, we must strictly fulfil these five following conditions;—

I. An examination of conscience, that we may know all our sins.

II. A heartfelt sorrow for having committed them.

III. A firm resolution never to commit them again.

IV. A candid and humble confession of them to a priest empowered to absolve us.

V. A desire or intention of satisfying God, and our neighbour also, if injured.

PRAYERS BEFORE THE EXAMINATION OF CONSCIENCE.

Beg of God to make your sins known to you, and to give you a true sense of their malice. Prostrate yourself in spirit at the feet of your Redeemer, as Magdalen did when she washed them with her tears; or, imagine yourself on Mount Calvary, and there, beneath His cross, pour forth your prayers to Him, resolving to acquit yourself of this confession as if it were to be your last.

O HOLY Spirit, Eternal Source of Light, mercifully vouchsafe to enlighten the darkness of my understanding, that I may clearly perceive the true state of my conscience. Thou who hast created me, and art to be my Judge, dost fully behold the most secret recesses of my heart; show me now, therefore, my sins in as conspicuous a manner as I shall behold them when on the point of appearing at Thy tremendous tribunal. My object at present is, to prevent the rigorous account I must there give of all my thoughts, words, and actions; for, were I now deficient in that sincere exactness which is necessary in the examination and confession of my sins, Thou wouldst infallibly correct, at Thy unerring tribunal, the injustice and iniquity of such a proceeding. Discover, then, to me, O God, all those secret thoughts, irregular desires, criminal words and actions, or omissions of my duty, by which I may have violated Thy sacred law or scandalised my neighbour. Oh! do not permit self-love to seduce and blind me; but rather remove the veil it places before my eyes, that, beholding the true state of my interior, I may make a humble and sincere confession of my sins to Thy minister.

I desire, like the prodigal child, to enter seriously into myself, and without delay to forsake my evil ways, in which I have been wearied out in the pursuit of empty toys and mere shadows, seeking in vain to satisfy my thirst with muddy waters, and my hunger with the husks of swine. I ardently desire to return to Thee, O Fountain of Life! But, O my God, though I can go astray from Thee fast enough when left to myself, yet I cannot make one step towards returning to Thee, unless Thy divine grace stir up and assist me. This grace, then, I most humbly emplore, prostrate before Thy throne of mercy. I beg it for the sake of Jesus Christ, my Redeemer, who died upon the cross for me and all sinners. Thou hast said: *There is joy in heaven for one sinner that does penance;* give me now the grace of true repentance, and let heaven rejoice at my conversion. Assist me in this great work by Thy heavenly light, in order that I may discover all my imperfections, see all my sins in their true colours, and sincerely detest and confess them. I know Thou desirest not the death of a sinner, but rather that he be converted and live; I know that Thy mercies are above all Thy works; and I confidently hope, that as in Thy mercy Thou hast spared me so long, and hast now given me this desire of returning to Thee, so Thou wilt finish the work Thou hast begun, by assisting me, in every part of my preparation for it, and bringing me to a perfect reconciliation with Thee.

O most gracious Virgin Mary, beloved Mother of Jesus Christ my Redeemer, intercede for me to Him. Obtain for me the full remission of my sins, and perfect amendment of life, to the salvation of my soul, and the glory of His name. Amen.

I implore the same grace of thee, O my angel guardian; of you, my holy patron N.N.; of you, O holy Peter and holy Magdalen, and of all the saints of God. Intercede for me a sinner, repenting of my sins, and resolving to confess and amend them. Amen.

Examine yourself attentively, not only on the sins you have committed since your last confession, but also on the faults you may have committed in making it; beware of scrupulosity or anxiety, for in this examination it is only necessary that you shall use such a moral diligence as any temporal concern might require, when it is neither your intention nor your interest to be deceived. For this purpose calmly remember the different occasions of sin which have since fallen in your way, or to which your state or condition of life exposes you; the places you have frequented; the persons you have conversed with, &c., &c., in the doing of which the following table of sins will greatly assist you:—

XIV. EXAMINATION OF CONSCIENCE.

First Commandment.

1. Did you say your prayers, morning and night, or say them ill?

2. Did you go to prayers or sermons in Protestant churches and give scandal by it, or read Protestant books?

3. Did you wilfully doubt, or disbelieve, or deny the Catholic Faith, or speak against it?

4. Did you despair of God's help, or expect God to help you without doing what you should to get His help—murmur against God or His providence?

5. Were you good to the poor?

6. Did you lead others into sin?

7. Did you ask fortune-tellers to tell your fortune, or those who use charms, signs, toss-cups, cut-cards, &c., or read books about those things?

8. Did you behave ill in chapel, or to any holy thing or person?

9. Did you receive holy Communion after breaking your fast—neglect to say your penance after confession—receive any sacrament with bad dispositions? Did you knowingly conceal a mortal sin at confession through fear or shame?

How many times each sin?

Second Commandment.

1. Did you speak ill of God or of His saints, or of what is holy?

2. Did you curse any one—was it from your heart or with God's name?

3. Did you take a false oath, or an oath to do what is sinful?—or had you a habit of taking oaths—did you break a lawful oath?

How many times each sin?

Third Commandment.

1. Did you work on Sundays or holidays without necessity?

2. Did you stop away from Mass

on Sundays or holidays by your own fault—or play, or talk, or behave ill during Mass—or stop away from catechism or Sunday-school, &c.?

How many times each sin?

Fourth Commandment.

1. Did you love your father and mother as you ought, and help them when you could?

2. Did you show a want of respect for your father and mother—was it very great disrespect, for example, striking them, or in their hearing cursing them, or calling them very bad names, or mocking them in their sight?

3. Did you disobey them, for example, by stopping away from school or refusing to do something for them, or did you disobey them in some great thing, such as going into bad company against their orders?

How many times each sin?

Fifth Commandment.

1. Did you desire some great harm to yourself or another—was it from your heart?

2. Did you quarrel, fight, keep hatred and spite—take revenge—do harm to the life or health of yourself or another—were you guilty of drunkenness?

How many times each sin?

Sixth and Ninth Commandments.

1. Immodest thoughts or desires. (*Did you try to put them away?*)

2. Immodest looks or words.

3. Immodest actions, alone by yourself or with others, with married persons, with relations, or with anything.

4. Going into bad company or to bad dances, &c. Reading or keeping bad books.

How many times each sin?

Seventh and Tenth Commandments.

Did you steal? what did you steal? how often?—did you help others to steal—receive stolen things—cheat in buying or selling—or in any way injure another—did you restore to another what belongs to him—pay your debts—break any bargain or agreement?

How many times each sin?

Eighth Commandment.

Did you tell lies—did the lies do great harm—were you guilty of unjust suspicions—rash judgments—backbiting, or speaking ill of others—taking away any one's character—did you restore his good name as much as you could—use bad language to others, read their letters—cause quarrels, by tale-bearing?

How many times each sin?

Commandments of the Church.

1. Not keeping the abstinence or fast.

2. Neglecting the sacraments or your Easter duties.

3. Being in secret and forbidden Societies.

Capital Sins.

Pride, covetousness, lust, anger, gluttony, envy, sloth?

How many times each sin?

EXAMINATION OF CONSCIENCE FOR LITTLE CHILDREN.

I. Did you say your prayers, morning and night?

II. Did you say bad words or curse—did you curse with God's name?

III. Did you stop away from Mass on Sundays by *your own fault?*

IV. Did you behave ill to your father or mother?

V. Did you get angry, fight, quarrel, &c.?

VI. and IX. Did you like thinking about bad, immodest things, or do *very bad* things with yourself or with others?

VII. and X. Did you steal—what did you steal?

VIII. Did you tell lies—speak ill of others?

Did you eat meat on Fridays or Fast-days, *by your own fault?*

Did you wilfully conceal a mortal sin in confession?

How many times each sin?

AFTER THE EXAMINATION.

Having discovered the different sorts of sins of which you have been guilty, together with their number, enormity, or such aggravating circumstances as may considerably increase their malice or change their nature, your next endeavour should be to excite in your breast a *heartfelt sorrow* for having committed them, and a sincere detestation of them, by *repeating several times the Act of Contrition over them:* or you might also say:

THOUGH I have sinned, O Lord, and done evil in Thy sight, yet shall I never say, as Cain did, "my crimes are too great to be forgiven." Thou didst pardon David, though his sin was most grievous; Magdalen, a sinner by profession; Peter, who denied Thee with oaths; the adulteress convicted in Thy presence; the penitent thief on the cross. All these obtained forgiveness, because they sought it sincerely; nay, more, Thy tenderness was shown even to the traitor Judas, nor were even the cruel Jews excluded from Thy prayers; and shall not I also, O my God, cry out to Thee for mercy? Yes, for relying on Thy wonted goodness, I shall never be confounded. My sins are enormous, it is true, and stand always against me; but the more hideous they are, the more I detest them. Against Thee, O God, have I sinned, and to Thee I cry out for pardon. Oh, that I had never offended Thee, for Thou art infinitely good. Oh, that my sorrow for having offended Thee were great as my offences. Oh, that I might grieve for them even unto death, and feel those bitter pangs with which Thy soul was overwhelmed in the Garden of Olives. Let the inexpressible anguish of mind Thou didst there feel, Thy sighs, Thy tears, Thy fainting, and Thy bloody sweat, O Lord, plead now in my behalf, and supply the defects of my imperfect sorrow. Let them draw down Thy mercies, O heavenly Father, and restore me again to Thy favour.

Alas, I have offended Him by whose blood I was redeemed. I have been the cause of His sufferings. I have renewed His death, and crucified Him again by my sins. Oh, who will give sorrow to my heart and a fountain of tears to my eyes, that I may bewail my iniquities in the bitterness of my

soul! Have compassion on me, O most loving Father! I throw myself into the arms of Thy infinite mercy. Clothe me with Thy grace, and admit me to Thy sacrament of reconciliation. Cast out of my heart whatever Thou knowest profanes or defiles Thy temple. Root out of my soul whatever is displeasing unto Thee, and lay in me the foundation of a new life. I renounce and utterly detest all sins for the love of Thee. O God of infinite bounty and goodness, I am heartily sorry for having offended Thee. I beg and hope for pardon through the merits of Thine only Son, my Saviour Jesus Christ. Accept His Passion and death in satisfaction for my offences, and for His sake have mercy on me, whose only hope is in Thy mercy. Amen.

If, with these sentiments glowing in your breast, you cast yourself at the feet of your Confessor, and reveal to him all the sins you recollect, in a truly penitential spirit, be assured you shall return with joy from the tribunal of confession, and feel realised in yourself the consoling promise of the Holy Spirit, that "They who sow in tears shall reap in joy" (Ps. cxxv.).

XV. METHÓD OF CONFESSION.

The penitent kneeling down near the Confessor, asks his blessing, saying:

PRAY, Father, give me your blessing, for I have sinned.

Whilst the priest gives the blessing, the penitent makes the sign of the cross, saying:

IN the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Amen.

He then says the "Confiteor," as follows:

I CONFESS to Almighty God, to the Blessed Mary, ever Virgin, to Blessed Michael the Archangel, to Blessed John the Baptist, to the Holy Apostles Peter and Paul, to all the Saints, and to you, Father, that I have sinned exceedingly in thought, word, and deed, through my fault, through my fault—through my most grievous fault. [At these words he should bow his head and penitently strike his breast three times.]

The penitent then says how long it is since his last confession; secondly, whether he were absolved, and have communicated; and thirdly, whether he performed his penance. Then he begins his confession by accusing himself of any sin which might have been forgotten in his last confession, or any faults committed in approaching that sacrament. After which he proceeds to the accusation of his other sins, beginning by those which he feels most repugnance to mention, as this act of humility and generosity is likely to draw down a blessing from God on the rest of his confessions. He needs only preface the first sin with the words, *I accuse myself.*

When he has accused himself of all his sins, and submitted any doubts on his mind to the opinion of his director, let him conclude his confession, not by saying, "I have no more," as is the ignorant custom of many persons, but in the following form—

FOR these and all other sins which I cannot at present call to my remembrance, I am heartily

sorry, and most humbly ask pardon of God, and penance and absolution of you, my ghostly Father. (He finishes the *Confiteor.*) Therefore I beseech the Blessed Mary, ever Virgin, Blessed Michael the Archangel, Blessed John the Baptist, the Holy Apostles Peter and Paul, all the Saints, and you, Father, to pray to the Lord our God for me.

Let him then give attentive ear to the instructions and advice of his confessor, and humbly accept the penance enjoined by him.

Whilst the priest gives him absolution, let him bow down his head, begging of God to ratify the absolution in heaven, whilst His minister absolves him upon earth, and repeat with great sorrow the act of contrition as it is given above (see No. III.), or in the following abridged form—

O MY God, I am very sorry that I have sinned against Thee, because Thou art so good; and I will not sin again. My sweet Jesus, have mercy on me, and forgive me all my sins.

XVI. PRAYER AFTER CONFESSION.

O GOD of infinite goodness! who hast shown such mercy to a miserable sinner! O most indulgent Father! who hast received once more Thy prodigal child, how shall I thank Thee? how shall I testify the joy and gratitude that fill my heart? Oh, that I could worthily thank Thee, my good God! and acknowledge as I ought, that infinite mercy which *forgiveth all* my *iniquities*, which *healeth all* my *diseases* (Ps. cii. 3). My God, Thou hast broken the bonds of my sins; Thou hast blotted out, with Thy own precious blood, the sentence of eternal death which stood against me; Thou hast snatched me almost from the brink of hell, and delivered me from the power of the devil, who has now no claim to my soul: *as far as the east is from the west, so far hast* Thou *removed* my *iniquities from me* (Ps. cii. 12), and by the mouth of Thy minister Thou hast desired the most unworthy of all sinners to "*Go in peace.*" O divine Jesus! I have obeyed Thy command, my heart rejoices, my soul is truly at peace, because I hope I am no longer Thy enemy; because Thou hast received me with mercy and forgiveness, and satisfied the first and only desire of my heart.

This day shall be the beginning of my perfect conversion—from this moment forward, the recollection of my past ingratitude and Thy ineffable goodness shall be ever present to my mind, and, with the assistance of Thy grace, shall be a double motive for detesting sin, and faithfully observing my resolutions, which I fervently renew, and once more present to Thy divine Majesty. Do not refuse to receive, O my God! the remainder of my life. I am heartily sorry for the years I have misspent; they have gone down as a shadow; they have passed away without fruit; but as I cannot recall them, I will at least think of them in the bitterness of my soul. Oh, let the ardour with which I pursued a life of sin, be in future applied to Thy service, that where sin hath abounded, Thy divine grace may be still more abundant. Let the

change in my conduct be visible to all, and may I henceforward edify more than I have hitherto scandalised.

O Blessed Virgin Mary: my holy Patron [*name him or her*], and all ye saints and angels, praise and extol our Lord for His unbounded goodness towards me, a most miserable sinner. Beseech Him to accept of this, my humble confession, and to supply, through His infinite mercies, all its deficiencies. Beg of Him to ratify, in heaven, the sentence of absolution which has been pronounced upon me on earth. Amen.

OF SATISFACTION.

BEFORE you leave the chapel, if possible, or at least as soon as you conveniently can, perform, with the greatest devotion, the penance imposed on you in confession.

XVII. A PRAYER FOR ONE'S DIRECTOR.

IN asking Thee, O my God, to impart to me the graces which I stand in need of, can I, without ingratitude, forget before Thee, him amongst Thy ministers, to whom Thou hast intrusted me, in order that he may reconcile me with Thee in the Sacrament of Penance? Vouchsafe, O Lord, I beseech Thee, to adorn his soul with all those virtues which form a holy priest. Grant to him the faith of St. Peter, the charity of St. Paul, a fervent zeal, and a zealous firmness. Unite in him evangelical liberty and true piety, with the penitential spirit of David. Infuse into his heart the meekness and humility of Thy divine Son, the great High Priest of the new law. Direct him in all his actions, that, after being here below a prudent and faithful dispenser of Thy mysteries, he may receive from Thee in heaven, that bright crown reserved for a priest whose whole life has been consecrated to Thy glory, to the salvation of his brethren, and his own sanctification. Through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

XVIII. DEVOTIONS FOR COMMUNION.

SOME days before Communion perform all your actions and prayers, in order to obtain the graces necessary for so important a duty. Offer them up in the morning with this intention, and do some good works, such as an alms, an act of mortification, or a fast, with the same design.

II. Visit our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament, morning and evening on those days, to beg that He would Himself, by His grace, dispose your heart to receive Him worthily.

III. Read every day a chapter out of the 4th Book of the Imitation of Christ, or some other approved book that treats on the Eucharist.

IV. On the eve of your communion be more recollected than usual; think often upon the happi-

ness you are to enjoy the ensuing day in receiving your God. As this should be your last thought at composing yourself to rest, so it should also be your first at awaking.

V. Represent to yourself mentally that your Angel Guardian addresses you in these words: "Behold, the Spouse cometh; go forth now and meet Him." Arise as early as possible to receive the great Guest who deigns to honour you with His visit. Keep a profound silence till you return from Mass; and let it appear by your modesty and recollection that you are deeply penetrated with consciousness of the sanctity of an action of the most ineffable dignity and excellence.

VI. Whenever you go to Communion, have always in your mind some particular intention—such as the acquiring of some virtue; overcoming such a temptation; the knowledge of God's will with regard to yourself; the relief of the souls of the faithful departed; the conversion of infidels, heretics, and sinners in general; for nothing is more capable of exciting fervour in devotion than some particular end to which it is referred.

XIX. PRAYERS BEFORE COMMUNION.

AN ACT OF FAITH.

O JESUS, my Lord and my God, I believe that it is Thou Thyself I am going to receive: Thou who, for my sake wast born in a manger; Thou who, for my redemption, didst die on a cross, and who, though now gloriously seated on Thy heavenly throne, still continuest on earth, under the sacramental veils, to feed and nourish the souls of men. Were I to behold Thee with my corporal eyes, and examine the impressions of the wounds Thou didst receive in Thy sacred hands and side, as Saint Thomas did; still I could not say with more confidence than I now do, that Thou art my Lord and my God! I do not demand a miracle as a proof of Thy real presence; no, Lord, let me rather have the whole merit of faith; for Thou hast said: "Blessed are those who believe and do not see." Wert Thou, therefore, to speak to me from this very tabernacle, Thy voice would affect me less than that which resounds in Thy Gospel and Thy Church, founded by Thyself and propagated in a miraculous manner. Though my senses may tell me it is nothing but mere bread, yet, submitting them entirely in obedience to divine faith, I believe that it is Thy real Body and Blood, accompanied by Thy soul and divinity. In this faith I am determined to live and die; and were I to suffer a thousand martyrdoms in testimony thereof, I am persuaded that, with the help of Thy grace, I would remain immovable. Yes, O my Jesus, "Thou art really a hidden God; a God Saviour" (Isaias). "I believe; O Lord, help Thou my unbelief" (Mark ix.).

AN ACT OF HUMILITY.

WHAT am I, O God of Majesty and Glory? who am I, that Thou shouldst deign even to look

on me? Whence am I honoured with this unspeakable favour that my Lord and my God should come in person to visit me, a miserable sinner, a vile worm of the earth? How dare a being more contemptible than nothing approach so holy a God—eat the bread of angels—and feed on Thy divine flesh? Ah, Lord! it is too much: I am not worthy of so great a favour: I shall never, no, never deserve this mark of Thy predilection, this additional proof of Thy tenderness and love.

O King of heaven and earth! O adorable Sovereign! the Author and Preserver of the universe! behold I come to it, like Magdalen, to be happily united to Thee. I come as one sick, to the Physician of life: as one blind, to the Light of Eternal Glory; as one poor, needy, and distressed, to the King of heaven and earth! To Thee I expose all my wounds, that they may be healed. To Thee I fly for protection, hoping that Thou wilt be to me a Saviour, and that Thou wilt wash away every sin that may defile me. I am not worthy, O Lord, to receive Thee; alas! I am not: but Thou canst, if Thou wilt, make me worthy: say but the word, then, and my soul shall be healed.

AN ACT OF HOPE.

SINCE Thou vouchsafest to come and dwell within me, O my Redeemer, what may I not expect from Thy bounty! Thou not only knowest all my wants, but art also willing and able to relieve them. Thou hast not only invited me, but also promised me Thy gracious assistance, "Come to Me, all ye that labour and are heavy burdened, and I will refresh you." Behold, O Lord, I accept of Thy gracious invitation! I lay before Thee all my wants, my misery, and my blindness, and confidently hope, without the fear of being disappointed, that Thou wilt enlighten my understanding, inflame my will, comfort me in the midst of such crosses or afflictions as Thou hast appointed I should suffer, strengthen me in all temptations and trials, and, in fine, with the powerful assistance of Thy grace, change me into a new creature; for art not Thou, O God, the Master of my heart; and when shall my heart be more absolutely disposed of by Thee, than when Thou shalt have once entered into it?

AN ACT OF LOVE.

O DIVINE Jesus! the God of my heart and the life of my soul! as the hart pants after the fountains of water, so does my soul pant after Thee, the fountain of life, and the ocean of all good. I am overjoyed at the happy tidings, that I am to go into the house of the Lord; or rather, that our Lord is to come and take up His abode under my roof. O happy moments! when shall I be admitted to the embraces of the living God? Oh! come, divine Jesus! and take full possession of my heart for ever. I offer it to Thee without reserve, and I desire to consecrate it to Thee eternally. I love Thee with my whole heart and soul; at least I desire to love Thee sovereignly and entirely; nothing less than infinite love could induce Thee to visit Thy unworthy creature. Oh! teach me to make a suitable return of love, and to serve Thee faithfully during the remainder of my life.

Thou art, O my Jesus, the God of my heart, and the life of my soul; Thou art my treasure, my joy, my comfort, my support, my strength, my armour, my defence, my only hope and comfort in this place of banishment and vale of tears, and the supreme object of my happiness in heaven.

AN ACT OF DESIRE AND CONTRITION.

AS the weary stag pants after the fountains of water, so does my soul languish after Thee, the ocean of all sweetness; it thirsts after Thee with the most vehement desire, and longs to drink plentifully of those fountains which issue from the inexhaustible source of Thy infinite goodness, for my comfort and refreshment. O sweet Jesus! permit me now to experience the multitude of Thy tender mercies. Have compassion on me, and save me; for Thou never forsakest such as place their hope in Thee. Purify my heart with the fire of divine love, that it may this day become a fit abode for Thy reception: oh, come and make it thy dwelling-place for ever. I am sorry, and will be sorry as long as I live, for having ever offended Thy infinite goodness: forgive me, dear Lord, my past trespasses, and be Thou my keeper for the time to come, that I may never more offend Thee. For what have I in heaven or what can I desire on earth besides Thee? Come, then, O Thou Lamb of God, who takest away the sins of the world! Come, Thou beloved of my heart! adorable flesh and precious blood of my Saviour! Come to nourish, comfort, and enliven my sickly soul. O God of my heart! let me neither love, seek, nor think on any other object but Thyself alone; for Thou alone art my consolation, my treasure, my joy, my life, my God, and my all!

Hail, saving victim! who for me and all mankind wert offered on the cross. Hail, precious blood! flowing from the wounds of my crucified Lord, and washing away the sins of the world. As I now desire to receive Thee veiled in this sacrament, so I hope hereafter to behold Thee face to face in the kingdom of heaven.

O all ye blessed angels and saints of God, I humbly beg the assistance of your prayers and intercession, that I may with a clean heart and pure conscience, approach the Holy of Holies, and receive this divine sacrament with such reverence and humility as may be for my soul's salvation.

ANOTHER ACT OF DESIRE.

(To be said if time permits.)

O JESUS surpassingly sweet, who hast said with Thine own gracious lips that Thy delights are to be with the children of men, my soul longeth for Thee, my heart yearneth now towards Thee. Wherefore I invite Thee to come unto me with all that devotion and that love wherewith any loving soul hath ever invited Thee to itself. Come, then, O most beloved Spouse of my soul; come, O most beloved and only Love of my soul; come and turn aside awhile into the poor and wretched hovel of my heart. Come, Thou heavenly Physician, come and heal my stricken soul. Come, O Friend, a

thousandfold above all others beloved, come and enrich my utter poverty.

Come, Thou bright and genial Sun, and scatter the thick darkness which hangs upon my heart. Come, Thou sweetest Manna, and satisfy my soul's exceeding hunger. Come, O Jesus, incomparable in Thy loveliness; come, Thou beloved of my heart's vows; come and sup with me in the vile chamber of my heart. And although I have made ready nothing which may beseem Thy dazzling magnificence, yet wilt Thou find therein one dish of savoury meat such as Thou lovest, a will which tends to Thee alone, and affections wholly Thine.

O Thou my only Love, I long for Thy coming with most eager desire, I await Thy coming with yearning love. O Thou fairest of the sons of men, O spring of inexhaustible sweetness, O Thou sweeter than all sweetest delights, come, oh, come unto me, and disdain not Thy poor and needy servant. Amen.

XX. AFTER HOLY COMMUNION.

AN ACT OF PRAISE AND THANKSGIVING.

"What return shall I make to the Lord for all those things which He has given unto me?" (Ps. cxv.). "He hath made a memorial of His wonderful works, being a merciful and gracious Lord: He hath given food to them that fear Him" (Ps. xc.).

Beheld, my desires are satisfied, my hunger is satisfied: my God has come to visit me; Jesus has entered into me: I am no longer my own, but now I belong to Jesus.

O MY most gracious Saviour! what greater happiness or comfort could I expect! Oh, wonderful condescension of my God! Oh, what return shall I make Him for His ineffable love! He, whom the Saints, the angels, and the whole heavenly host adore, hath given Himself entirely to me, and now really and substantially dwelleth within me! Without any other inducement but His pure mercy, He hath vouchsafed to visit, comfort, and nourish my poor soul with the divine and heavenly banquet of His precious Body and Blood, with which He redeemed me on the cross. May honour, praise, and glory, be for ever paid Thee. O my sweet Redeemer, Jesus Christ! O that I could now give Thee as much honour and glory as is incessantly given Thee by the whole choir of heaven! Accept, O Lord, my heart as a thanksgiving offering for all Thy favours and blessings. Accept my whole being, because by every claim of right and justice it belongeth entirely to Thee.

And thou, O my soul, bless the Lord, and let all that is within thee praise His holy name. O all ye works of the Lord, bless the Lord, praise and glorify Him for ever. O all ye angels of the Lord, bless the Lord; magnify, praise, and glorify His holy name; because I have found the beloved of my soul.

I can now fear no evil, because Thou, O Lord, art with me as my powerful guardian and protector. Give me, therefore, Thy blessing, O beloved Jesus! and establish an everlasting peace in my soul.

AN ACT OF LOVE.

BEHOLD! here He is, then, the treasure of my soul! I am now in the possession of the Sovereign Good. Oh, what advantage on earth can be compared to this! What glory! what comfort! to feel my God so near me! "My soul hath found whom she loveth; I have hold of Him, nor will I ever let Him go" (Cant. iv.). O amiable Lord! who art ever lovely, and never sufficiently beloved, I consider every moment of my life as lost which has not been consecrated to Thy love. Accept, at least, the remainder thereof. If I cannot love Thee as much as I could wish, or as much as Thou hast loved me, or as much as Thou dost deserve, yet I will love Thee as much as I am able. Angels of Heaven, O Mother of God! and all ye Saints, lend me now your hearts! for I have, alas! but one to love my God, and that too small, and too much polluted with the love of creatures. Diminish in me, O Lord, all other advantages, provided Thou dost grant me an increase of divine charity. I imagine, O my God, that Thou art enkindling this sacred fire within my breast, and that I could answer Thee with as much confidence as St. Peter, "Lord, Thou knowest that I love Thee," and that for Thy sake alone; I love Thee with my whole heart, without reserve, firmly resolving never to fix my affections on anything besides Thyself. Yes, I am content to find nothing but disgust, bitterness, and affliction in every other attachment, that I may be thus happily compelled to repose in Thee for ever. Oh, establish now a solid, efficacious, lively, ardent, and persevering love within my heart; and though Thou remainest therein but for a few moments, let the effectual influence of Thy grace for ever remain behind. "My beloved to me and I to my beloved" (Cant. xvi.). "Thou knowest, Lord, that I love Thee" (John xxi.).

AN ACT OF OFFERING.

IN crowning the innumerable gifts Thou hast already bestowed upon me with the inestimable favour of giving me Thyself, Thou desirest to convince me that I should live but for Thyself alone, O God of goodness and mercy. This, O Lord, is what I also most fervently wish. I would have all my thoughts, words, actions, and whatever designs I may form or put into execution for the time to come, always directed by a most perfect resignation to Thy holy will. I desire that my health, fortune, strength, reputation, talents of mind and body—in a word, whatever relates to me, either interiorily or exteriorily, may be entirely disposed of to Thy honour and glory. I consecrate the remainder of my life, without the least reserve, to Thy divine service. I now make an offering unto Thee of whatever pains or sufferings I may hereafter undergo in my last sickness, and cheerfully accept whatever crosses Thou mayest henceforth be pleased to afflict me with. "Into Thy hands, O Lord, I commend my spirit" (Ps. xxx.). O my bountiful Saviour, I cast myself entirely into the arms of Thy mercy, and offer Thee my whole being; my body with all its senses, and my soul with all its powers; that as Thou hast honoured

them both by Thy real presence, so they may both be Thy temple for ever. Oh, sanctify and consecrate eternally to Thyself this mansion, which Thou hast by a wonderful condescension, chosen this day for Thine abode; and grant that, like Zacchæus, I may obtain Thy benediction. I offer Thee my memory, that it may be ever recollected in Thee; my understanding, that it may be always directed and enlightened by Thy truth; and my will, that it may be ever conformable to Thine. Oh, take me entirely into Thy hands, with all that I have and all that I am; and let nothing henceforward, either in life or death, ever separate me from Thee.

AN ACT OF SUPPLICATION.

THOU art present within me, O inexhaustible Source of all good; Thou art full of tenderness, and ready to shed all Thy favours upon me. Oh, shower them down most abundantly. Consider my manifold wants; consider the immensity of Thy power. Transform me, therefore, into a new man. Divest my heart of whatever is displeasing to Thee. Adorn it with whatever may render me acceptable in Thy sight. Purify my body, sanctify my soul, let me share in the merits of Thy life and death. Unite Thyself to me; unite me to Thyself. Live Thou in me, that in Thee I also may live, and never have life but for Thy sake. Grant me those graces of which Thou knowest I stand most in need. Grant the same to all those for whom I am bound to pray. Canst Thou refuse me anything after what Thou hast done for me? What may I not expect from Thee, since Thou hast given me Thyself? I will not let Thee go until Thou dost bless me" (Gen. xxxii. 26). "Do to Thy servant according to Thy mercy."

Purify my heart from the dross of all earthly affections. Deliver me from all my vicious customs. Remove from me all baneful effects of concupiscence. Perfect me in charity, humility, obedience, and all other virtues. Oh, may I rather die than ever offend Thee by mortal sin! Oh, may I prove my gratitude by my fidelity to so good a God! Abolish the reign of sin, and establish the kingdom of grace in all hearts. Let the light of Thy countenance so shine upon all those who are in the darkness of infidelity, as to dispel their errors. Grant peace and union to all Christian princes, and preserve us from the dreadful scourges of war, famine, and pestilence. Convert all sinners: reconcile those who are at variance. Have mercy on my parents, friends, and benefactors; have mercy on all my enemies; forgive them their sins, and fill both their hearts and mine with Thy charity. Reform all abuses, and remove all scandals from Thy Church. Comfort all those that are under any affliction, sickness or violence of pain. Support those who are under temptation; protect those who are in danger; and grant a happy passage to all that are in their last agony. Extend Thy mercy, likewise, to the souls of all the faithful departed, and admit them to the possession of Thy eternal glory. Grant relief to us all in our respective necessities, the remission of our sins, the grace of final perseverance, and life everlasting. Amen.

AN ACT OF ADORATION AND UNION.

O MY soul, bless the Lord, and let all that is within thee praise and magnify His holy name. Pay Him the best homage thou art able, and invite heaven and earth to join with thee in glorifying Him for ever. O my God, that I could now give Thee as much praise, honour, and glory, as the blessed spirits incessantly give Thee in heaven! Oh! that I could adore Thee with the spirit and affection of Thine elect! But as I am unable to do this, accept at least this my desire and good-will. O ye angels and saints, bless my God for me; thank my Lord for me; love my Jesus for me; and sing forth His praises to supply my defects. O Beauty ever ancient and always new! too late have I known Thee! too late have I loved Thee. When shall I live only in Thee, by Thee, and for Thee alone? O my God and my All, when shall I see the day—when shall the happy time arrive, that, disgusted with the false happiness of this deceitful world, I shall seek comfort from Thee alone, and find rest to my soul? O heavenly manna! O adorable Sacrament! O inestimable pledge of God's love to mankind! O standing memorial of Christ's Passion and death! O inexhaustible fountain of divine grace! O boundless mercy! O divine charity! O sacred fire, ever burning and never decaying! Hail! O loving Jesus, my only pleasure and delight—the joy of my soul, and my portion for ever! Let my soul be sensible of the sweetness of Thy presence. Let me taste how sweet Thou art, O Lord.

Thou art the God of my heart, my portion and inheritance for ever. Let nothing in future be my comfort but Thee, my Lord Jesus, nor let anything afflict me hereafter but my sins, and whatever is displeasing to Thy divine Majesty. O Soul of Christ, sanctify me—Body of Christ, save me—Water, issuing from the side of Christ, wash me—Passion of Christ, strengthen me. O good Jesus, graciously hear me—hide me within Thy wounds—suffer me never to be separated from Thee—call me at the hour of death, and command me to come to Thee, that I may associate with the saints and angels, and the whole choir of celestial spirits, to sing forth canticles of praise and glory to Thy holy name, for ever and ever, without end. Amen.

XXI. THE 'CRUCIFIX' PRAYER.

To which Pope Pius VII. annexed a Plenary Indulgence, applicable to the Souls in Purgatory, which all the faithful may obtain, who, after having confessed their sins with contrition, and received the Holy Communion, shall devoutly recite it before an image or representation of Christ crucified.

BEHOLD, O kind and most sweet Jesus, I cast myself upon my knees in Thy sight, and with the most fervent desire of my soul I pray and beseech Thee that Thou wouldst impress upon my heart lively sentiments of faith, hope, and charity, with true repentance for my sins, and a firm desire of amendment, whilst with deep affection and grief of soul, I ponder within myself, and mentally contemplate Thy five most precious wounds; having before my eyes that which David spake in prophecy: "They pierced my hands and my feet; they have numbered all my bones."

XXII. A TABLE

Of all the Feasts that are observed by the Catholics of England; with an obligation of hearing Mass and resting from servile works.

All Sundays in the year.

JANUARY 1. The Circumcision of our Lord, or New Year's day.
6. The Epiphany, or Twelfth-day.

Ascension-day.

Corpus Christi-day (being 1st Thursday after Trinity Sunday).

JUNE 29. St. Peter and St. Paul, Apostles.

AUGUST 15. The Assumption of the Blessed Virgin Mary.

NOVEMBER 1. All Saints.

DECEMBER 25. Christmas-day.

DAYS OF DEVOTION.

FEBRUARY	2.	The Purification, or Candlemas-day.
	24.	St. Matthias, Apostle.
MARCH	19.	St. Joseph, Spouse of the B. Virgin.
	25.	The Annunciation of the B.V. or Lady-day.
APRIL	23.	St. George the Martyr.
MAY	1,	St. Philip and St. James, Apostles.
	3.	The Finding of the Cross.
JUNE	24.	The Nativity of St. John, Baptist.
JULY	25.	St. James, Apostle.
	26.	St. Anne, Mother of the B. Virgin.
AUGUST	10.	St. Lawrence, Martyr.
	24.	St. Bartholomew, Apostle.
SEPTEMBER	8.	The Nativity of the B. Virgin.
	21.	St. Matthew, Apostle.
	29.	Michaelmas-day.
OCTOBER	28.	St. Simon and St. Jude.
NOVEMBER	30.	St. Andrew, Apostle.
DECEMBER	8.	The Immaculate Conception of the B. Virgin.
	21.	St. Thomas, Apostle.
	26.	St. Stephen the Martyr.
	27.	St. John, Apostle.
	28.	Holy Innocents.
	29.	St. Thomas of Canterbury.
		Easter Monday and Tuesday.
		Monday and Tuesday in Whitsun-week.

FASTING DAYS.

All the week-days of *Lent*, beginning on *Ash-Wednesday*.
The *Wednesdays* and *Fridays* in *Advent*.
Ember days, four times a year, viz. :—

Wednesdays, *Fridays*, and *Saturdays*.

1. Next after the first Sunday in *Lent*.
2. In *Whitsun-week*.
3. Next after the fourteenth of *September*.
4. Next after the third Sunday of *Advent*.

DAYS OF ABSTINENCE FROM FLESH-MEAT.

All *Fridays*, except when *Christmas-day* falls on a Friday.

COMMON PRAYERS AND DEVOTIONS.

VIGILS, WITH FASTS OF OBLIGATION ANNEXED TO THEM.

1. The *Vigil* of SS. *Peter* and *Paul*, *June* 28.
2. The *Vigil* of the *Assumption*, *August* 14.
3. The *Vigil* of *All Saints*, *October* 31.
4. The *Vigil* of the *Nativity* of our Lord, *December* 24.
5. The *Vigil* of *Pentecost*.

The solemnising of *Marriage* is forbidden from the first *Sunday* in *Advent* until after the *Twelfth-day*, and from the beginning of *Lent* until *Low Sunday*.

THE PAROCHIAL HYMN BOOK.

INTRODUCTION.

1. The Origin of Man.

Jer. xxxi. 3: "Thus saith the Lord: I have loved thee with an everlasting love; therefore have I drawn thee, taking pity on thee."
Ps. cxviii. 73: "Thy hands, O Lord, have made me, and formed me." . . , cxxxviii. 5: "Thou hast taken me from the abyss of *nothing*."

1 BETHINK thee well, poor soul of mine,
But some few years ago
There was of thee no single sign
Upon this earth below:
The busy world, as now, pursued
Through good and ill its way;
Nature her silent task renewed,
Then also, as to-day:

2 Ages had sped their ceaseless flight,
New empires had grown old,
Earth's mountain-tops were hoary [white
With centuries untold:
Millions had heard the dread decree
Of their eternal doom:
But where was I?—what news of me,
In all that time had come?

3 Ah! buried in the depths beneath,
Of emptiness profound;
All blank to me was life or death,
Or Nature's varied round.
No germ of being then had I,
Save in th' Eternal Mind
Of Him who from eternity,
All being hath designed.

4 On His divinely chosen day,
I came on earth below;
At His command, whom all obey,
I forth again must go.
O thought, in mercy sent at times
To every human breast,
To stay the wicked in their crimes,
To stimulate the best!

5 O solemn thought, so full of grace,
So little duly prized,
So often by our thoughtless race,
Forgotten or despised!
Whatever scenes my heart engage,
Be it with me, I pray;
In grief, in joy, in youth, in age,
To-morrow as to-day.

2. The End of Man.

Gen. xv. 1: "I am thy reward exceeding great." If faithful, man shall see his Creator "face to face;"—"shall see Him as He is;"—shall be "like to Him;" —"shall be satisfied by Him;"—shall "enter into the very joy of God!"

1 THOU, Lord, of purest grace alone
My being didst decree;
And not, as humbly here I own,
From any need of me.

2 I bless Thy everlasting love,
That did my place assign;
And set me in a rank above
All earthly works of Thine.

3 I bless Thy goodness which to me,
O Lord of earth and heaven,
Hath the most high capacity
Of life eternal given.

4 But, above all things, I adore
Thy grace, that proffers me
The hope of being evermore
United unto Thee.

5 For this I pine; for this I pray;
For this I came on earth;
Oh, when shall I behold the day
Of my immortal birth!

3. Dependence of Man and of all Things on God.

Heb. i. 3: "He upholdeth all things by the word of His power."
Col. i. 17: "By Him all things consist."
Acts xvii. 28: "In Him we live and move and are."

1 ALL creatures, by a force innate,
To quick destruction tend;
And speed from their initial state
To their appointed end.

2 God only, amid all that is,
Immutable remains;
And His creation o'er th' abyss
Of nothingness sustains.

3 Should He the mighty prop remove,
More quick than quickest thought
All things around, beneath, above,
Would straight collapse to nought!

4 The lofiest angel in the sky,
The vilest worm below,
Alike on Him for life rely,
To Him their being owe.

4. The Importance of Man's Salvation.

Matt. xvi. 26: "What doth it profit a man, if he gain the whole world, and suffer the loss of his own soul?"

1 STRIVE ye salvation to attain,
'Tis easy to a willing mind,
To ev'ry Christian highest gain;
Seek, then, pursue it till ye find.
Chorus.
Repeat.
Unless salvation we obtain,
All gifts, all joys of earth are vain.

2 Salvation lost, we lose our all,
We lose our blissful heritage,
In hell's dark depths we're doomed to fall,
Oh! may this all our thoughts engage.
Chorus.—Unless salvation, &c.

3 What profit for us to obtain
The wide-spread mighty universe,
If doomed to never-ending pain
In hell's fierce flames? Oh! fearful curse!
Chorus.—Unless salvation, &c.

4 Nothing is worthy our desire
But life eternal and divine;
All else, 'tis folly to require,
Let no such folly, then, be mine.
Chorus.—Unless salvation, &c.

5 It is for all eternity
That we enjoy our heavenly bliss,
Or writhe in endless misery—
What thought so full of awe as this!
Chorus.—Unless salvation, &c.

6 O Lord! ordain, while we remain
On earth, this truth may penetrate
Our inmost souls, till we obtain
Our blessed and immortal state.
Chorus.—Unless salvation, &c.

5. Nothing but God alone can satisfy Man's Soul.

Matt. xvi. 26: "What exchange shall a man give for his soul?"
"Our hearts have been made for Thee, O Lord, and they shall never find rest until they repose in Thee."—ST. AUGUSTINE.

1 I COME to Thee once more, my God;
No longer will I roam;
For I have sought the wide world
And never found a home.

2 Oh, bright and many are the spots
Where I have built a nest!
Yet in the brightest still I pined
For more abiding rest.

3 Riches could bring me joy and power,
And they were fair to see;
Yet gold was but a sorry god
To serve instead of Thee.

4 Then honour and the world's good word
Appeared a nobler faith;
Yet could I rest on bliss that hung
And trembled on a breath?

5 The pleasure of the passing hour
My spirit next could wile;
But, oh, how soon my heart fell sick
Of pleasure's weary smile!

6 More selfish grown, I worshipp'd health,
The flush of manhood's power;
But then it came and went so quick,
It was but for an hour.

7 And thus a not unkindly world
Hath done its best for me;
Yet I have found, O God, no rest,
No harbour short of Thee.

8 For Thou hast made this wondrous [soul
All for Thyself alone;
Ah, send Thy sweet transforming grace
To make it more Thine own!

6. The Christian's Song on His March to Heaven.

What must I do to save my soul?—I must worship God by *faith, hope,* and *charity; i.e.,* I must believe in Him, hope in Him, and love Him with my whole heart.

1 Cor. xiii. 13: "Now there remain *faith, hope, charity,* these *three*: but the *greater* of *these* is *charity.*

1 BLEST is the faith, divine and strong,
Of thanks and praise and endless fountain,
Whose life is one perpetual song,
High up the Saviour's holy mountain.

Chorus.

O Sion's songs are sweet to sing,
With melodies of gladness laden;
Hark! how the harps of angels ring,
Hail, Son of Man! Hail, Mother-Maiden! } *Repeat.*

2 Blest is the hope that holds to God,
In doubt and darkness still unshaken,
And sings along the heavenly road
Sweetest when most it seems forsaken.

Chorus.—O Sion's songs, &c.

3 Blest is the love that cannot love
Aught that earth gives of best and brightest;
Whose raptures thrill, like saints above,
Most when its earthly gifts are lightest.

Chorus.—O Sion's songs, &c.

4 Blest is the death that good men die,
Solemn, self-doubting, firm and wary,
Trusting to God its destiny,
And leaning for its hour on Mary.

Chorus.—O Sion's songs, &c.

PART I.—FAITH.

This Part, which follows the Apostles' Creed, contains Hymns on all the chief truths and dogmas of our Holy Faith, and its order perfectly agrees with the seasons and festivals of the whole ecclesiastical year.

It contains Hymns:

I. On Faith.
II. On God and the Most Holy Trinity.
III. On the Word of God Incarnate:
On Advent.
On Christmas.
On the Circumcision and Most Holy Name.
On the Epiphany.
On Purification and Presentation.
On the Life and Imitation of our Lord.

On Septuagesima.
On Lent and Penance.
On Passion-tide (Palm Sunday, and Holy Week).
On Easter-tide.
On the Ascension of our Lord and His Kingdom.
IV. On Pentecost and the Holy Ghost.
V. On the Church and the Pope.
VI. On the Festival of All Saints, and for the Souls in Purgatory.
VII. On Confession and Forgiveness of Sins.
VIII. On the Resurrection of the Body.
IX. On Life Everlasting.

ON FAITH.

Our Faith is truly a divine Faith, grounded upon a Divine testimony.

"Faith (says St. Paul, Heb. xi. 1) is the substance of things to be hoped for, and *the evidence of things that appear not.*"—Surely we could not have the evidence of things that we cannot see, unless the one who sees them should reveal them to us, and unless we had a perfect evidence of the truth of his revelation. Now God alone can see the things which we have to adhere to by faith; therefore after sundry revelations through His prophets (Heb. i. 1), God sent His own Son (John i. 14) to teach us the word of God with human lips. Jesus Christ, the Word of God made man, chose twelve Apostles (Matt. x. 2); explained to them for three years, without *figures* or *parables*, the things which they should *know*, *believe*, and *teach* (Mark iv. 11). Then He promised them His Holy Spirit the Comforter, who should teach them all truth and abide with them for ever (John xiv. 16). He, moreover, gave them the same authority to teach which He Himself had received from the Father (Luke x. 16); and at last before leaving this world He said to them (Matt. xxviii. 18): "All power is given to Me in heaven and in earth. Going therefore teach ye *all nations;* baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Teaching them to observe *all things whatsoever* I have commanded you: and *behold I am with you all days*, even to *the consummation of the world.*"

Hence it follows that the Apostles of Christ and their lawful successors, even to the end of the world, will remain *infallible teachers* of the Word of God: Christ being with them, they could not possibly err. Therefore is it our duty to seek for a legitimate successor of an Apostle of Christ, to be taught infallibly all that Christ has commanded us to know and to do.

Now of all the Apostles of Christ, there is but one whose direct and unbroken succession can be distinctly and evidently traced back to the Apostolic age. It is St. Peter, whose lawful successor is the Bishop of Rome.

And this great historical fact proves not only the divinity of the Roman Catholic religion, but at the same time the divinity of Jesus Christ Himself; for Christ has now fully and entirely accomplished in Peter the most wonderful promises He made especially to Peter, and to Peter alone.

It was to Peter He said (Matt. xvi. 18): "Thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build My Church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it."

Again, He said to him (Matt. xvi. 19): "To thee will I give the keys of the kingdom of heaven, and *whatsoever thou shalt bind* upon earth, *it shall be bound also in heaven;* and whatsoever *thou shalt loose* on earth, *it shall be loosed also in heaven.*"

Again, He said (Luke xxii. 31): "Simon, Simon, behold Satan hath desired to have *you*, that he may sift you as wheat; but I have prayed for *thee that thy faith fail not;* and thou being once converted, confirm thy brethren" (in the faith).

Again, after the fall of Peter, and after exacting from him three times an act of love that he might make amends for the three times he had denied Him during His Passion, He said to him (John xxi. 15, &c.): "Feed My lambs;"—"feed My lambs;"—"feed My sheep."

We know that Christ is the Good Shepherd; we are His flock; the Church is our fold;—and to whom did He entrust the care of His whole flock? to Peter. As the sheep are the parents of the lambs, so are the priests and the bishops the Fathers of the faithful: they give them a new birth in Christ by baptism; feed them in the pastures of the Word of God; give them the food of life in the Blessed Sacrament;—but both sheep and lambs, that is pastors and faithful, are to be fed by Peter.

Therefore from this we may conclude, that—

1st. It was the predetermined will of Christ that Peter should govern and feed *His whole flock: His lambs and His sheep without any exception:* Therefore those only are of the flock of Christ who are fed by Peter.

2d. That Christ, having made Peter infallible by His own prayer, designed that it is by Peter all should be confirmed in that faith *without which no one can be saved.*

3d. That Christ in declaring that Peter was to hold the keys of the kingdom of heaven, bestowed on him the fulness of the power of forgiveness of sin, and of the temporal punishment due to sin (as sin alone can shut against us the gates of heaven).

4th. Lastly, that they only belong to His Church, who belong to the Church of Peter, against which He declares the gates of hell, that is, the errors of the world, shall not prevail.

But now that will of Christ, so well announced and so determined, has been fully accomplished for the last eighteen hundred years, and in the midst of the turmoil of human passions, and the revolutions which have taken place in the world, Peter's successors alone have come down to us in a bright and beautiful line of Pontiffs, unequalled in the world's annals. Therefore, in conclusion, I may say, such promises as Christ made to, and have been realised in, Peter, were prophecies that God alone could make. Now, likewise, the fulfilment of the same has been a constant, lasting, and evident miracle that God alone could perform.

Therefore the very existence of the Church of Rome, as it is now, is one of the living proofs of the divinity of Christ; and the Roman Catholic faith, over whose teaching the lawful successor of Peter presides, is evidently a divine faith.

7. The Gift of Faith.

Ephes. ii. 8: "Faith is the gift of God."
Heb. xi. 6: "Without faith it is impossible to please God."

1 O FAITH! thou workest miracles
Upon the hearts of men;
Choosing thy home in those same hearts
We know not how or when.

2 To one thy grave unearthly truths
A heavenly vision seem;
While to another's eye they are
A superstitious dream.

3 O gift of gifts! O grace of faith!
My God, how can it be
That Thou, who hast discerning love,
Shouldst give that gift to me?

4 How many hearts Thou mightst have
More innocent than mine!
How many souls more worthy had
Of that sweet touch of Thine!

5 Oh, happy, happy that I am,
If thou canst be, O Faith!
The treasure that thou art in life,
What wilt thou be in death?

6 Thy choice, O God of Goodness! then
I lovingly adore;
Oh, give me grace to keep Thy grace,
And grace to merit more!

8. We should rather die than give up Holy Faith.

1 John v. 4: "And this is the victory which overcometh the world, our faith."
(The words in Italics apply to Ireland, and may be substituted for the text below when fitting.)

1 FAITH of our Fathers! living still,
In spite of dungeon, fire, and sword:
Oh, { *Ireland's* / how our } hearts beat high with joy
Whene'er { *they* / we } hear that glorious word:
Chorus.
Faith of our Fathers! Holy Faith!
We will be true to thee till death.

2 Our Fathers, chained in prisons dark,
Were still in heart and conscience free;
How sweet would be their children's fate,
If they, like them, could die for thee!
Chorus.—Faith of our Fathers, &c.

3 Faith of our Fathers! Mary's prayers
{ *Shall keep our country fast to thee;* / Shall win our country back to thee; }
And through the truth that comes from God,
{ *Oh, we shall prosper and be free.* / England shall then indeed be free. }
Chorus.—Faith of our Fathers, &c.

4 Faith of our Fathers! we will love
Both friend and foe in all our strife:
And preach thee too, as love knows how,
By kindly words and virtuous life.
Chorus.—Faith of our Fathers, &c.

THE APOSTLES' CREED;

OR, SUMMARY OF THE DOCTRINES WHICH WE HAVE TO ADHERE TO BY FAITH.

HYMNS ON GOD AND THE MOST HOLY TRINITY.

"I believe in God."

9. The Four Great Truths.

1 John v. 7: "There are three who give testimony in heaven. The Father, the Word, and the Holy Ghost. And these three are one."

1 THERE is one true and only God,
Our Maker and our Lord:
And He created everything
By His Almighty Word.
Chorus.
All this—and all the Church doth teach,
My God! I do believe;
For Thou hast bid us hear the Church,
And Thou canst not deceive.

2 But in this One and only God
There yet are Persons Three;
The Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,—
One Blessed Trinity.
Chorus.—All this, &c.

3 The Second Person—God the Son,
Came down on earth to dwell;
Took flesh, and died upon the Cross,
To save our souls from hell.
Chorus.—All this, &c.

4 The good, with God in heaven above,
Will ever happy be;
The wicked, in the flames of hell
Will burn eternally.
Chorus.—All this, &c.

10. The Nature of God.

God is the Supreme Spirit, who exists of Himself, and is infinite in all perfections.

John iv. 24: "God is a Spirit." . . . Isa. xliv. 6: "Thus saith the Lord: I am the first and I am the last, and besides me there is no God."

1 O Thou immortal Light divine,
Dread Trinity in Unity,
Almighty One, Almighty Trine,
Give ear to Thy creation's cry.

2 Father, in majesty enthroned,
Thee we confess, with Thy dear Son;
Thee, Holy Ghost, eternal Bond
Of love, uniting Both in One.

3 Three Persons, One Immensity,
Encircling thrust space and time;
One Greatness, Glory, Sanctity,
One everlasting Truth sublime.

4 Thou solely didst the worlds create,
Subsisting still by Thy decree;
Thou art the light, the glory great,
And prize of all who hope in Thee.

5 O Lord, most holy, wise, and just,
Author of nature, God of grace;
Grant that as now in Thee we trust,
So we may see Thee face to face.

6 To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Triunal Lord of earth and heaven,
From earth and from the heavenly [host,
Be sempiternal glory given.

11. The Majesty of God.

Ps. lxxvi. 14: "Who is the great God like our God!" . . . 15: "Thou art the God that dost wonders!"

1 Full of glory, full of wonders,
Majesty Divine,
Mid Thine everlasting thunders,
How Thy lightnings shine!
Shoreless Ocean, who shall sound
Thine eternity is round Thee, [Thee?
Majesty Divine.

2 Thou art grandly, always only,
God in unity;
Timeless, spaceless, single, lonely,
Yet sublimely Three.
Lone in grandeur, lone in glory,
Who shall tell thy wondrous story,
Awful Trinity?

3 Speechlessly, without beginning,
Sun that never rose;
Vast, adorable, and winning,
Day that hath no close;
Bliss from Thine own glory tasting,
Everliving, everlasting,
Life that never grows.

4 Glories over glories streaming,
All translucent shine;
Splendours still o'er splendours beam-
Change and intertwine: [ing,
Praises, blessings, adorations,
Greet Thee from the trembling na-
Majesty Divine. [tions,

12. The Beauty of God.

"O Beauty ever ancient and ever new! too late have I known Thee! too late have I loved Thee."—St. Augustine.

1 O God of loveliness,
O Lord of Heaven above,
How worthy to possess
My heart's devoted love!
So sweet Thy countenance,
So gracious to behold,
That one, one only glance
To me were bliss untold.

2 Thou art blest Three in One,
Yet undivided still;
Thou art that One alone
Whose love my heart can fill.
The heavens, the earth below,
Were fashioned by Thy Word;
How amiable art Thou,
My ever-dearest Lord!

3 To think Thou art my God,
O thought for ever blest!
My heart has overflowed
With joy within my breast.
My soul so full of bliss
Is plunged as in a sea,
Deep in the sweet abyss
Of holy charity.

4 No object here below
Awakens my desire;
No suffering nor woe
Can grief or pain inspire.
The world I could despise,
Though it were all of gold;
Thee only do I prize,
O mine of wealth untold.

5 Were hearts as countless mine
As sands upon the shore,
All should in choir combine
To love Thee evermore.
And every heart shall yearn
With tenderest desire,
And in my bosom burn
With flames of holiest fire.

6 O Loveliness supreme,
And Beauty infinite;
O ever-flowing Stream
And Ocean of Delight:
O Life by which I live,
My truest life above,
To Thee alone I give
My undivided love.

13. The Power, the Glory, the Wisdom, the Justice, the Tenderness, and Holiness of God.

Apoc. iv. 8: "Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty." . . 11: "Thou art worthy, O Lord our God, to receive glory, and honour, and power."

1 O God! Thy Power is wonderful,
Thy Glory passing bright;
Thy Wisdom, with its deep on deep,
A rapture to the sight!

2 Thy Justice is the gladdest thing
Creation can behold;
Thy Tenderness so meek, it wins
The guilty to be bold!

3 Yet more than all, and ever more,
Should we Thy creatures bless,
Most worshipful of attributes,
Thine awful Holiness!

4 There's not a craving of the mind
Thou dost not meet and still;
There's not a wish the heart can have
Which Thou dost not fulfil.

5 Angelic spirits, countless souls
Of Thee have drunk their fill;
And to Eternity will drink
Thy joy and glory still!

6 O little heart of mine! shall pain
Or sorrow make thee moan,
When this great God is all for thee,
A Father all thine own!

14. Thanksgiving to the Most Holy Trinity.

Ephes. v. 19: "Singing and making melody in your hearts to the Lord: giving thanks always for all things, in the name of our Lord Jesus Christ, to God and the Father."

Chorus.
Praise we our God with joy
And gladness never ending:
Angels and saints with us
Their grateful voices blending.

1 He is our Father dear,
With Parent's love o'erflowing;
Mercies unsought, unknown,
On wayward hearts bestowing.
Chorus.—Praise we, &c.

2 He is our Shepherd true,
With watchful care unsleeping;
On us, His erring sheep,
An eye of pity keeping.
Chorus.—Praise we, &c.

3 He, with a mighty arm,
The bonds of sin hath broken;
And to our burdened hearts,
In words of peace hath spoken.
Chorus.—Praise we, &c.

4 Bleeding we lay, but He
With soothing bands hath bound [us;
Dark was our path, but He
Hath poured His light around us.
Chorus.—Praise we, &c.

5 Graces in copious stream
From that pure fount are welling,
Where, in our heart of hearts,
Our God hath set His dwelling.
Chorus.—Praise we, &c.

6 His word our lantern is,
His peace our consolation;
His sweetness all our rest,
Himself our great salvation.
Chorus.—Praise we, &c.

7 Then live we all to God,
On Him in faith relying:
He be our guide in life,
Our joy and hope in dying.
Chorus.—Praise we, &c.

15. Praise to the Most Holy Trinity.

Ps. cxviii. 3: "From the rising of the sun unto the going down of the same, the name of the Lord is worthy of praise."

1 PRAISE ye the Lord; on every height
Songs to His glory raise;
Ye angel hosts, ye stars of night,
Send forth your voice of praise:
For His the word that gave you birth,
And majesty and might;
Praise to the Highest from the earth,
And let the deeps unite.

2 O fire and vapour, hail and snow,
Ye servants of His will;
O stormy winds, that only blow
His mandates to fulfil.
Ye mountains, rocks, to heaven that [rise;
Fair cedars of the wood;
All things of life that wing the skies,
Or track the plains for food:

3 Ye judges, rulers, kings, whose hand
The sceptre waves on high;
O youths and virgins of the land;
O age and infancy;
Praise ye His name, to whom alone
All homage should be given,
Whose glory from the eternal throne
Spreads wide o'er earth and heaven.

16. Supplication to the Most Holy Trinity.

Ps. lxxxvii. 2: "O Lord, the God of my salvation: Let my prayer come in before Thee; incline Thy ear to my petition."

1 Have mercy on us, God Most High!
Who lift our hearts to Thee;
Have mercy on us worms of earth,
Most Holy Trinity!

2 Most ancient of all mysteries!
Before Thy throne we lie;
Have mercy now, most merciful,
Most Holy Trinity!

3 When heaven and earth were yet unmade,
When time was yet unknown,
Thou in Thy bliss and majesty
Didst live and love alone

4 Thou wert not born, there was no fount
From which Thy Being flowed;
There is no end which Thou canst [reach;
But Thou art simply God.

5 How wonderful creation is!
The work that Thou didst bless;
And oh! what then must Thou be [like,
Eternal Loveliness!

6 O Majesty most beautiful!
Most Holy Trinity!
On Mary's throne we climb to get
A far-off sight of Thee.

7 O listen, then, Most Pitiful!
To Thy poor creature's heart;
It blesses Thee, that Thou art God,
That Thou art what Thou art!

8 Most ancient of all mysteries!
Still at Thy throne we lie;
Have mercy now, most merciful,
Most Holy Trinity.

17. Hymn for Trinity Sunday, at Vespers. 18.

JAM sol recedit igneus,
Tu lux perennis Unitas,
Nostris, beata Trinitas,
Infunde amorem cordibus.

Te mane laudum carmine,
Te deprecamur vespere;
Digneris, ut te supplices
Laudemus inter cœlites.

Patri, simulque Filio,
Tibique Sancte Spiritus,
Sicut fuit, sit jugiter
Sæclum per omne gloria.
Amen.

℣. Benedictus es, Domine, in firmamento cœli.
℟. Et laudabilis et gloriosus in sæcula.

1 Now doth the fiery sun decline:—
Thou, Unity Eternal! shine;
Thou, Trinity, Thy blessings pour,
And make our hearts with love run o'er.

2 Thee in the hymns of morn we praise;
To Thee our voice at eve we raise;
Oh, grant us, with Thy saints on high,
Thee through all time to glorify.

3 Praise to the Father, with the Son
And Holy Spirit, Three in One;
As ever was in ages past,
And shall be so while ages last.
Amen.

℣. Blessed art Thou, O Lord, in the firmament of heaven.
℟. Worthy to be praised and magnified for ever.

HYMN ON GOD THE FATHER.

"The Father Almighty, Creator of Heaven and Earth."

19. How Wonderful, how Beautiful, how Lovely is our God, the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ!

2 Cor. i. 3: "Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, the Father of all mercies, and the God of all comfort."

1 My God, how wonderful Thou art!
Thy Majesty how bright!
How beautiful Thy mercy-seat
In depths of burning light!
How dread are Thine eternal years,
O everlasting Lord!
By prostrate spirits day and night
Incessantly adored.

2 How wonderful, how beautiful,
The sight of Thee must be,
Thine endless wisdom, boundless power,
And awful purity!
Oh, how I fear Thee, living God,
With deepest, tenderest fears,
And worship Thee with trembling hope
And penitential tears.

3 Yet I may love Thee too, O Lord,
Almighty as Thou art;
For Thou hast stooped to ask of me done
The love of my poor heart.
No earthly father loves like thee,
No mother half so mild
Bears and forbears as Thou hast done
With me Thy sinful child.

4 Only to sit and think of God,
O what a joy it is!
To think the Thought, to breathe the Name,
Earth has no higher bliss.
Father of Jesus, love's reward,
What rapture will it be,
Prostrate before Thy throne to lie,
And gaze and gaze on Thee!

20. Hymn for Sundays, at Vespers. 21.

Lucis Creator optime.
Lucem dierum proferens,
Primordiis lucis novæ,
Mundi parans originem.

Qui mane junctum vesperi
Diem vocari præcipis:
Illabitur tetrum chaos,
Audi preces cum fletibus.

Ne mens gravata crimine,
Vitæ sit exul munere,
Dum nil perenne cogitat,
Seseque culpis illigat.

Cœleste pulset ostium;
Vitale tollat præmium:
Vitemus omne noxium:
Purgemus omne pessimum.

Præsta, Pater piissime,
Patrique compar Unice,
Cum Spiritu Paraclito,
Regnans per omne sæculum.
Amen.

℣. Dirigatur, Domine, oratio mea.
℟. Sicut incensum in conspectu tuo.

1 O BLEST Creator of the light!
Who dost the dawn from darkness bring;
And framing nature's depth and height,
Didst with the new-born light begin.

2 Who gently blending eve with morn,
And morn with eve, didst call them day;
Thick flows the flood of darkness down;
Oh, hear us as we weep and pray!

3 Keep Thou our souls from schemes of crime;
Nor guilt remorseful let them know;
Nor, thinking but on things of time,
Into eternal darkness go.

4 Teach us to knock at heaven's high door;
Teach us the prize of life to win;
Teach us all evil to abhor,
And purify ourselves within.

5 Father of mercies! hear our cry;
Hear us, O sole-begotten Son!
Who, with the Holy Ghost most high,
Reignest while endless ages run.
Amen.

℣. Let my prayer, O Lord, be directed.
℟. As incense in Thy sight.

HYMNS ON THE WORD OF GOD INCARNATE.

"And in Jesus Christ, His only Son, our Lord."

22. The Word of God.

John i. 1: "In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God."

1 O THOU the Father's image blest!
Who callest forth the morning ray;
O Thou eternal Light of Light!
And unexhaustive fount of day!

2 Free Sun!—upon our souls arise,
Shining in beauty evermore;
And through each sense the quickening beam
Of Thy eternal Spirit pour.

3 Upon our fainting souls distil
The grace of Thy celestial dew;
Let no fresh snare to sin beguile;
No former sin revive anew.

4 Grant us the grace for love of Thee,
To scorn all vanities below;
Faith to detest all falsity;
And knowledge Thee alone to know.

5 Confirm us in each good resolve,
The tempter's envious rage subdue;
Turn each misfortune to our good;
Direct us right in all we do.

6 Fast breaks the dawn:—unto our help
Come, Father Blest! come, Son Most High!
Shine in our souls, and be to them
The dawn of immortality!

"Who was Conceived by the Holy Ghost."

23. The Incarnation of the Word of God.

John i. 14: "And the Word was made flesh and dwelt among us."

1 Lo! the Great Maker of the world,
Lord of eternal years,
To save His creatures, veiled beneath
A creature's form appears.

2 A spotless Maiden's Virgin breast
With heavenly grace He fills;
In her pure womb He is conceived,
And there in secret dwells.

3 That bosom, chastity's sweet home,
Becomes, O blest reward!
The shrine of heaven's immortal [King,
The temple of the Lord.

4 And Mary bears the Babe foretold
By an Archangel's voice;
Whose presence made the Baptist [leap,
And in the womb rejoice.

5 A manger scantly strewn with hay
Will be th' Eternal's bed;
And He who feeds each little bird
Himself with milk be fed.

6 Praise to the Father! praise to Him,
The Virgin's holy Son!
Praise to the Spirit Paraclete
While endless ages run.

24. Hymn of Praise and Thanks for the unspeakable Benefit of the Incarnation of the Son of God.

Isa. xii. 2: "Behold God is my Saviour." 6: Rejoice and praise, O thou habitation of Sion: for great is He that is in the midst of thee, the Holy One of Israel."

1 PRAISE to the Holiest in the height,
And in the depth be praise:
In all His words most wonderful,
Most sure in all His ways!

2 O loving wisdom of our God!
When all was sin and shame,
A second Adam to the fight
And to the rescue came.

3 O wisest love! that flesh and blood
Which did in Adam fail,
Should strive afresh against the foe,
Should strive, and should prevail;

4 And that a higher gift than grace
Should flesh and blood refine,
God's Presence and His very Self,
And Essence all-divine.

5 O generous love! that He who smote
In man for man the foe,
The double agony in man
For man should undergo;

6 And in the garden secretly,
And on the Cross on high,
Should teach His brethren, and inspire
To suffer and to die.

7 Praise to the Holiest in the height,
And in the depth be praise:
In all His words most wonderful,
Most sure in all His ways!

ADVENT.

Advent is that period of the year during which we are to prepare for the celebration of the feast of Christmas, the anniversary of the birth of Jesus Christ.

It is composed of four weeks, in commemoration of the four thousand years which elapsed before the coming of our Lord.

The Mystery of the Coming or Advent of Jesus is at once simple and threefold. It is simple, because it is the same Son of God that is coming; it is threefold, because He comes at three different times, and in three different ways.

"In the first coming," says St. Bernard, "He comes in the flesh and in weakness; in the second He comes in spirit and in power; in the third He comes in glory and in majesty; and the second coming is the means whereby we pass from the first to the third."

25. The First Warning of Advent: Christ is nigh! Let us give up Sin, and practise Virtue.

Rom. xiii. 12: The night is passed, and the day is at hand: "Let us therefore cast off the works of darkness, and put on the armour of light."

Chorus.—Hark, an awful voice is sounding;
"Christ is nigh," it seems to say;
"Cast away the dreams of darkness,
O ye children of the day!"

1 Startled at the solemn warning,
Let the earth-bound soul arise;
Christ her Sun, all sloth dispelling,
Shines upon the morning skies.
Chorus.—Hark, an awful, &c.

2 Lo, the Lamb so long expected,
Comes with pardon down from heaven;
Let us haste with tears of sorrow,
One and all to be forgiven.
Chorus.—Hark, an awful, &c.

3 So when next He comes with glory,
Wrapping all the earth in fear,
May He then, as our Defender,
On the clouds of heaven appear.
Chorus.—Hark, an awful, &c.

4 Honour, glory, virtue, merit,
To the Father and the Son,
With the Everlasting Spirit,
While Eternal ages run.
Chorus.—Hark, an awful, &c.

26. The Second Warning of Advent: Christ is nigh! Let us rise from the Sleep of Sin, and do Penance.

Rom. xiii. 11: "Know that it is now the hour to rise from sleep."
Luke iii. 4: "A voice of one crying in the wilderness: Prepare ye the way of the Lord, make straight His paths."

1 On Jordan's banks the Baptist's voice
Now loudly strikes the ear,
"Prepare His ways, make straight His paths,
The Lord Himself is near."

Chorus.—Rise, then, from sleep, and in your hearts
Let these his words prevail;
Behold the heavens, the earth and seas,
Their Maker's coming hail!

2 Oh! let us then our souls prepare,
To meet so great a guest,
For 'tis our God Himself who comes,
To make us truly blest.
Chorus.—Rise, then, &c.

3 Oh! may our souls again revive
By His refreshing grace;
Then may He bind our stubborn wills,
And every stain efface.
Chorus.—Rise, then, &c.

4 Jesus, Thou art our only hope,
Sole comfort in our grief;
Like the parched clay our hearts must be,
Unless Thou bring'st relief.
Chorus.—Rise, then, &c.

5 To Him who came the world to save,
Eternal glory be!
The Mighty Father, equal praise,
And Holy Ghost to Thee!
Chorus.—Rise, then, &c.

The Sighs of the Church for the Coming of Christ.

27. The Third Warning of Advent: Christ is nigh! Let us desire His Coming.

Isa. xlv. 8: "Drop down dew, ye heavens, from above, and let the clouds rain the just: let the earth be opened, and bud forth a Saviour."

"Rorate, cœli, desuper, et nubes pluant Justum."

Drop down dew, ye heavens, from above, and let the clouds rain down the Just One.

Ne irascaris, Domine, et ne ultra memineris iniquitatis: ecce, civitas Sancti facta est deserta: Sion deserta facta est: Jerusalem desolata est: domus sanctificationis tuæ et gloriæ tuæ, ubi laudaverunt te patres nostri.

Rorate, &c.

Peccavimus, et facti sumus tanquam immundi nos: et cecidimus quasi folium universi, et iniquitates nostræ quasi ventus abstulerunt nos: abscondisti faciem tuam a nobis, et allisisti nos in manu iniquitatis nostræ.

Rorate, &c.

Vide, Domine, afflictionem populi tui, et mitte quem missurus es: emitte Agnum dominatorem terræ, de Petra deserti, ad montem filiæ Sion: ut auferat ipse jugum captivitatis nostræ.

Rorate, &c.

Consolamini, consolamini, populo meus: cito veniet salus tua: quare mœrore consumeris? quia innovavit te dolor: salvabo te: noli timere: ego enim sum Dominus Deus tuus, Sanctus Israel, Redemptor tuus.

Rorate, &c.

Be not very angry, O Lord, and remember no longer our iniquity: behold, Thy holy city is become deserted: Sion is become a desert: Jerusalem is desolate: the house of Thy sanctification and of Thy glory, where our fathers praised Thee.

We have sinned, and are become as unclean: and we have all fallen as a leaf, and our iniquities like the wind have carried us away: Thou hast hidden Thy face from us, and hast crushed us in the hand of our iniquity.

Behold, O Lord, the affliction of Thy people, and send forth Him who is to come: send forth the Lamb, the ruler of the earth, from Petra of the desert, to the mount of the daughter of Sion: that He may take away the yoke of our captivity.

Be comforted, be comforted, My people: thy salvation cometh quickly: why with grief art thou consumed? for sorrow hath stricken thee: I will save thee, fear not: for I am the Lord thy God, the Holy One of Israel, thy Redeemer.

28. Hymn for Advent, at Vespers. 29.

Creator alme siderum,
Æterna lux credentium,
Jesu Redemptor omnium,
Intende votis supplicum.

Qui dæmonis ne fraudibus
Periret orbis, impetu
Amoris actus, languidi,
Mundi medela factus es.

Commune qui mundi nefas,
Ut expiares, ad crucem,
E Virginis sacrario,
Intacta prodis Victima.

Cujus potestas gloriæ,
Nomenque cum primum sonat;
Et cœlites et inferi,
Tremente curvantur genu.

Te deprecamur ultimæ,
Magnum diei judicem:
Armis supernæ gratiæ,
Defende nos ab hostibus.

1 CREATOR of the starry frame;
Eternal Light of all who live;
Jesu, Redeemer of mankind,
An ear to Thy poor suppliants give.

2 When man was sunk in sin and death,
Lost in the depth of Satan's snare,
Love brought Thee down to cure our ills,
By taking of those ills a share.

3 Thou for the sake of guilty men,
Causing Thine own pure blood to flow,
Didst issue from Thy Virgin-shrine,
And to the Cross a Victim go.

4 So great the glory of Thy might,
If we but chance Thy name to sound,
At once all Heaven and Hell unite
In bending low with awe profound.

5 Great Judge of all, in that last day,
When friends shall fail and foes combine,
Be present then with us, we pray,
To guard us with Thy arm divine.

Virtus, honor, laus, gloria,
Deo Patri cum Filio,
Sancto simul Paraclito,
In sæculorum sæcula.
Amen.

V. Rorate cœli desuper, et, nubes pluant justum.

R. Aperiatur terra, et germinet Salvatorem.

To God the Father and the Son
All praise and power and glory be,
With Thee, O holy Comforter,
Henceforth through all eternity.

V. Drop down dew, ye heavens, from above, and let the clouds rain down the Just One!

R. Let the earth open and bud forth the Saviour!

30. "The Great Antiphons."

Which may be used as Acts of Desire before Christmas."

* *The following great* Antiphons *are said entire before and after the* Magnificat, *from the 17th to the 23rd of December, inclusive. If the Vespers are of a double, the great Antiphon is said after the prayer of the feast, for the commemoration of Advent.*

17th. *Ant.* O sapientia, quæ ex ore Altissimi prodiisti, attingens a fine usque ad finem, fortiter suaviterque disponens omnia: veni ad docendum nos viam prudentiæ.

O Wisdom that cometh out of the mouth of the Most High, that reachest from one end to another, and dost mightily and sweetly order all things: come to teach us the way of prudence!

18th. *Ant.* O Adonai, et dux domus Israel, qui Moysi in igne flammæ rubi apparuisti, et ei in Sina legem dedisti: veni ad redimendum nos in brachio extento.

O Adonai, and ruler of the house of Israel, who didst appear unto Moses in the burning bush, and gavest him the law in Sinai: come to redeem us with an outstretched arm!

19th. *Ant.* O radix Jesse, qui stas in signum populorum; super quem continebunt reges os suum, quem gentes deprecabuntur: veni ad liberandum nos: jam noli tardare.

O Root of Jesse, which standest for an ensign of the people, at whom the kings shall shut their mouths, unto whom the Gentiles shall seek: come to deliver us, make no tarrying.

20th. *Ant.* O clavis David, et sceptrum domus Israel; qui aperis et nemo claudit; claudis et nemo aperit; veni, et educ vinctum de domo carceris, sedentem in tenebris, et umbra mortis.

O Key of David, and Sceptre of the house of Israel; That openeth and no man shutteth; and shutteth and no man openeth: come to bring out the prisoner from the prison, and them that sit in darkness, and in the shadow of death.

21st. *Ant.* O oriens splendor lucis æternæ, et sol justitiæ: veni, et illumina sedentes in tenebris et umbra mortis.

O Dayspring, Brightness of the everlasting light, Sun of Righteousness, come to give light to them that sit in darkness and in the shadow of death!

22nd. *Ant.* O rex gentium et desideratus earum, lapisque angularis qui facis utraque unum: veni, et salva hominem, quem de limo formasti.

O King of the Gentiles, yea, and Desire thereof, O Corner-stone, that makest of two one: come to save man, whom Thou hast made of the dust of the earth!

23rd. *Ant.* O Emmanuel, rex et legifer noster, expectatio Gentium, et Salvator earum: veni ad salvandum nos, Domine Deus noster.

O Emmanuel, our King and our Law-giver, Longing of the Gentiles; yea, and salvation thereof: come to save us, O Lord, our God!

The Prayer.

AUREM tuam, quæsumus Domine, precibus nostris accommoda, et mentis nostræ tenebras gratia tuæ visitationis illustra. Qui vivis.

O Lord, we beseech Thee, mercifully incline Thine ears unto our prayers, and lighten the darkness of our minds by the grace of Thy heavenly visitation, who livest and reignest with God the Father, in the unity of the Holy Ghost, one God without end. Amen.

31. First Hymn on the Life and Imitation of our Lord.

1 *The Word of God decrees to become a man and chooses a mother.*

JESUS! Thou didst a mother choose,
Whose seed the serpent's head should bruise,
Seed of a Virgin womb;
Oh, bruise that serpent now in me,
Bruise him, good Lord! that I may be
Thine at the day of doom.

2 *He leaves His Father's Throne.*

Jesus! who from Thy throne didst come,
And man's most vile estate assume,
Our fallen race to lift;
Oh, grant that such transcending love,
To me through Thine own grace may prove
No ineffectual gift.

3 *His Incarnation.*

Jesus! whom Mary once conceived
Through grace, her backward fears relieved
By angel's salutation,
May I, within a chastened heart,
Conceive Thee, Living Word, who art
My God and my salvation.

4 *Visitation to St. Elizabeth.*

Jesus! whom Thy sweet mother bore
To Saint Elizabeth of yore,
On Jewry's mountain lea;
Oh, mayst Thou oft, in ways concealed
To heart but not to eye revealed,
Vouchsafe to visit me.

5 *His Birth.*

Jesus! kind visitant of earth,
Of sinless and of painless birth,
Thy mother's only-born;
May love with undiverted flame
Ascend, and for Thy glorious Name
All other nuptials scorn.

CHRISTMAS OR THE BIRTH OF CHRIST.

"Born of the Virgin Mary."

We apply the name of Christmastide to the forty days, which begin with the Nativity of our Lord, December 25th, and end with the Purification of the Blessed Virgin, February 2nd. Christmas unfolds to us two great mysteries:—an Infant-God; and a Virgin-Mother. Hence the characteristic of Christmas is two-fold: It is *Joy*, which the whole Church feels at the coming of the Divine Word in the flesh; and it is *admiration* of that glorious Virgin, who was made the *Mother of God.*

CHRISTMAS CAROLS.

It has been a very ancient Catholic custom to sing carols on the Eve of Christmas, and during Christmas-tide. The following are intended to help the keeping up of this holy custom.

32. First Carol: The Description of the First Christmas Night.

Gal. iv. 4: "When the fulness of the time was come, God sent His Son, made of a woman.

1 THE snow lay on the ground,
The stars shone bright,
When Christ our Lord was born,
On Christmas night.

2 'Twas Mary, daughter pure
Of holy Anne,
That brought into this world
Our God-made-Man.

3 She laid Him in a stall,
At Bethlehem,
The ass and oxen shared
The roof with them.

4 Saint Joseph too was by
To tend the Child,
To guard Him, and protect
His Mother mild.

5 The angels hovered round,
And sang this song,
Venite adore-
mus Dominum.

6 And thus, that manger poor
Became a throne:
For, He whom Mary bore,
Was God the Son.

7 O come then, let us join
The heavenly host,
To praise the Father, Son,
And Holy Ghost.

8 Venite adore-
mus Dominum.
Venite adore-
mus Dominum.

33. Second Carol: How and why our Saviour was born a Child.

Heb. x. 5: "When He cometh into the world, He saith: Sacrifice and oblation Thou wouldest not, but a body Thou hast fitted to Me. . . . Behold, I come to do Thy will, O God."

1 ONCE in David's royal City,
Stood a lonely cattle-shed,
Where a Maiden laid her Baby,
With a manger for His bed.
Mary was that mother mild,
Jesus Christ her only Child.

2 He came down to earth from Heaven,
Who is God and Lord of all,
And His shelter was a stable,
And His cradle was a stall. [lowly,
With the poor, and mean and
Lived, on earth, our Saviour holy.

5 And through all His wondrous Child-
He would honour and obey, [hood
Love and watch the lowly Maiden,
In whose gentle arms He lay.
Christian children all must be,
Mild, obedient, good as He.

4 For He is our childhood's pattern,
Day by day like us He grew;
He was little, weak, and helpless,
Tears and smiles like us He knew.
And He feeleth for our sadness,
And He shareth in our gladness.

5 And our eyes at last shall see Him,
Through His own redeeming love;
For that Child, so dear and gentle,
Is our Lord in Heaven above,
And He leads His children on,
To the Home where He is gone.

6 Not in that poor lonely stable,
With the oxen standing by,
We shall see Him; but in Heaven,
Set at God's right hand on high.
When like stars His children crowned
All in white shall wait around.

34. Third Carol: An earnest Welcome to Christ at His Birth."

Is. xxv. 9: "Lo, this is our God, we have waited for Him, and He will save us."

1 HAIL! holy Babe of Bethlehem,
All hail to Thee!
Right joyously our hearts exclaim
O Jesu mi!

2 My God, what brought Thee from [above
A man to be?
What other than a burning love!
O Jesu mi!

3 The souls of men to Thee so dear,
Thus lovingly
To save them all, Thou camest here,
O Jesu mi!

4 The cold, the straw, the stable poor
Were naught to Thee:
For us what didst Thou not endure,
O Jesu mi!

5 Above, the choir of angels sing
With heavenly glee;
On earth the shepherds and the King,
O Jesu mi!

6 A child to us is born this day,
O happy we!
And ours be now Thy praise to say,
O Jesu mi!

7 With faith then let us cry aloud
On bended knee,
Thrice blessed Babe! Thou art our [God,
O Jesu mi!

8 But love with love we must repay,
So tenderly;
With Mary, Joseph, let us pray,
O Jesu mi!

35. Fourth Carol: Our Lady, being a Mother, yet has remained a Virgin.

Is. vii. 14: "Behold a Virgin shall conceive, and bear a Son, and His name shall be called Emmanuel."

1 ROYAL day that chasest gloom,
Day by gladness speeded;
Thou beheld'st from Mary's womb
How the King proceeded;
Very God who made the sky,
Set the sun and stars on high,
Heaven and earth sustaining;
Very Man, who freely bare
Toil and sorrow, woe and care,
Man's salvation gaining.

2 As the sunbeam through the glass
Passeth, but not staineth;
Thus the Virgin as she was,
Virgin still remaineth;
Blessed Mother! in whose womb
Lay the Light that expels gloom;
God to earth descending;
Blessed Maid! whose spotless breast
Gives the King of Glory rest,
Nurture, warmth, and tending.

3 Christ, who made us out of dust,
Breath and spirit giving;
Christ, from whose dear steps we must
Pattern take of living;
Christ, who camest us to save
From the curse and from the grave,
Healing, lightening, cheering:
Christ, who once wast made as we,
Grant that we may be like Thee
In Thy next appearing.

CHRISTMAS HYMNS.

36. The Birth of Christ.

How grandly beautiful and glorious! How fruitful and blessed that solemn midnight hour, in which Christ was born.

Wisd. xviii. 14: "While all things were in quiet silence, and the night was in the midst of her course, the Almighty Word leaped down from Heaven, from Thy Royal Throne."

1 AT hour of silent midnight,
O mystery of love,
Earth's longed and sighed-for Saviour
Descended from above.
Awake, awake, Creation!—
Arise, for Light is come;
Lo! earth is changed to Heaven,
For earth is Jesus' home.

2 Amid the star-lit heavens
There shines a glorious light,
And hosts of gleaming angels
Illume the lonely night;
They leave their thrones of glory,
To seek their new-born King,
And, ranged in countless armies,
Glad hymns of triumph sing.

3 The praises of the angels
Were wafted from above,
And shepherds left their night watch
To seek the God of Love;
They longed to gaze on Jesus,
To see the new-born Child—
They found the God of Heaven
An Infant meek and mild.

4 And there the Mother kneeling,
Bends fondly o'er her Son,
Watching with blest St. Joseph,
Her cherished Little One.
See Jesus in the manger,
How still and meek He lies;
Now smiles play on His features,
Now tears are in His eyes.

5 Christians redeemed, oh hasten
To Bethlehem's sacred shrine,
And gather around Jesus,
To kiss His feet Divine.
Oh, bless our new-born Saviour,
Our Infant God adore;
Till love shall sweetly lead us
Home to the eternal shore.

37. The Birth of Christ brings to all men Tidings of Great Joy.

Christ is born! Oh! the sweet joy for a faithful soul to welcome the Infant God in His Mother's arms!

Luke ii.: "Behold I bring you good tidings of great joy that shall be to all the people: for this day is born to you a Saviour, who is Christ the Lord, in the city of David."

1 At last Thou art come, little Saviour,
And Thine angels all midnight with song;
Thou art come to us, gentle Creator,
Whom Thy creatures have sighed for so long.

All hail, eternal Child,
Dear Mary's little flower,
Blooming in earthly bower!
Sweet Babe of Bethlehem!
Hail, Mary's Little One!
Hail, God's eternal Son!
Sweet Babe of Bethlehem.

2 Thou art come to Thy beautiful Mother;
She hath looked on Thy marvellous face;
Thou art come to us, Maker of Mary,
And she was Thy channel of grace.
All hail, eternal Child, &c.

3 Thou hast brought with Thee plentiful pardon,
And our souls overflow with delight;
Our hearts are half broken, dear Jesus,
With the joy of this wonderful night.
All hail, eternal Child, &c.

4 Thou wilt stay with us, Master and Maker,
Thou wilt stay with us now evermore:
We will play with Thee, beautiful Brother,
On eternity's jubilant shore.
All hail, eternal Child, &c.

38. The Angelic Chorus.

Christ is born!—Let us worship and glorify God.

Luke ii.: "And suddenly there was a multitude of the heavenly army, praising God and saying: 'Glory to God in the Highest; and on earth peace to men and good will.'"

1 Bright angels we have heard on high,
Most sweetly singing o'er our plains,
And still the mountains in reply
Are echoing their joyous strains.
Chorus.
Gloria in excelsis Deo.

2 Say, shepherds, why this Jubilee?
Why thus your rapturous strain prolong?
What may the gladsome tidings be,
Which have inspired your heavenly song?
Chorus.—Gloria, &c.

3 Ah! come to Bethlehem, and see
The Babe whose birth the angels sing;
Come and adore on bended knee,
The Infant Christ, the new-born King.
Chorus.—Gloria, &c.

4 See Jesus in a manger laid,
'Tis He whom choirs of angels praise;
Mary and Joseph, lend your aid,
Our hearts in love to Jesus raise.
Chorus.—Gloria, &c.

39. The Shepherds' Chorus.

Christ is born!—Let us praise in gladness and thanksgiving.

Luke ii.: "And the shepherds returned, glorifying and praising God for all the things they had heard and seen."

1 See, amid the winter's snow,
Born for us on earth below,
See, the tender Lamb appears,
Promised from eternal years!

Chorus.
Hail, thou ever-blessed morn!
Hail, Redemption's happy dawn!
Sing through all Jerusalem,
Christ is born in Bethlehem.

2 Lo, within a manger lies
He who built the starry skies;
He, who throned in height sublime
Sits amid the Cherubim!
Chorus.—Hail, &c.

3 Say, ye holy shepherds, say,
What your joyful news to-day;
Wherefore have ye left your sheep
On the lonely mountain steep?
Chorus.—Hail, &c.

4 "As we watched at dead of night,
Lo, we saw a wondrous light;
Angels singing peace on earth,
Told us of the Saviour's birth."
Chorus.—Hail, &c.

5 Sacred Infant all divine,
What a tender love was Thine;
Thus to come from highest bliss,
Down to such a world as this!
Chorus.—Hail, &c.

6 Teach, O teach us, holy Child,
By Thy face so meek and mild,
Teach us to resemble Thee,
In Thy sweet humility!
Chorus.—Hail, &c.

7 Virgin Mother, Mary blest,
By the joys that fill thy breast,
Pray for us that we may prove
Worthy of our Saviour's love.
Chorus.—Hail, &c.

40. The Chorus of the Faithful. 41.

Christ is born! Let *us rejoice* and *adore!* Isa. ix. 6: "A Child is born to us and a Son is given to us . . . and His name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, God the Mighty, the Father of the world to come, the Prince of Peace."

ADESTE FIDELES.

1 Adeste, fidéles,
Læti triumphántes;
Veníte, veníte in Bethlehem;
Nàtum vidéte
Regem angelórum;
Veníte adorémus,
Veníte adorémus,
Veníte adorémus Dominum.

2 Deum de Deo,
Lúmen de Lúmine,
Gestant puellæ viscera:
Deum vérum,
Genitum non fáctum:
Veníte adorémus, &c.

3 Cantet nunc Io
Chorus Angelórum;
Cantet nunc aula cœléstium,
Gloria in excelsis Deo:
Veníte adorémus, &c.

4 Ergo qui nátus
Die hodiérna,
Jesu, Tibi sit glória:
Patris æterni
Verbum caro factum:
Veníte adorémus, &c.

YE FAITHFUL, APPROACH YE.

1 Ye faithful, approach ye
Joyfully triumphing;
O come ye, O come ye, to Bethlehem;
Come and behold ye
Born the King of Angels:
O come, let us worship,
O come, let us worship,
O come, let us worship Christ the Lord.

2 God of God eternal;
Light from light proceeding;
Lo He deigns in the Virgin's womb to lie,
Very God, yea,
Not made but begotten.
O come, let us worship, &c.

3 All ye choirs of angels,
Come, alleluia! sing,
Sing all ye citizens of heaven above,
Glory to God in the highest heavens,
O come, let us worship, &c.

4 Yea, Lord, we greet Thee,
Born this happy morning:
O Jesus, now to Thee be glory given,
Word of the Father,
In our flesh appearing:
O come, let us worship, &c.

42. Hymn for Christmas, at Vespers. 43.

Jesu, Redemptor omnium,
Quem lucis ante originem
Parem paternæ gloriæ
Pater supremus edidit.

1 Jesu! Redeemer of the world!
Who ere the earliest dawn of light
Wast from eternal ages born,
Immense in glory as in might;

Tu lumen et splendor Patris,
Tu spes perennis omnium,
Intende quas fundunt preces
Tui per orbem servuli

Memento, rerum Conditor,
Nostri quod olim corporis,
Sacrata ab alvo Virginis
Nascendo, formam sumpseris.

Testatur hoc præsens dies,
Currens per anni circulum,
Quod solus e sinu Patris
Mundi salus adveneris.

Hunc astra, tellus, æquora,
Hunc omne, quod cœlo subest,
Salutis Auctorem novæ
Novo salutat cantico.

Et nos, beata quos sacri
Rigavit unda sanguinis,
Natalis ob diem tui
Hymni tributum solvimus.

Jesu, tibi sit gloria,
Qui natus es de Virgine,
Cum Patre, et almo Spiritu,
In sempiterna sæcula.
Amen.

2 Immortal Hope of all mankind!
In whom the Father's face we see,
Hear Thou the prayers Thy people pour,
This day throughout the world to Thee.

3 Remember, O Creator Lord!
That in the Virgin's sacred womb
Thou wast conceived, and of her flesh
Didst our mortality assume.

4 This ever-blest recurring day
Its witness bears, that all alone
From Thy own Father's bosom forth,
To save the world Thou camest down.

5 O Day! to which the seas and sky,
And earth and Heaven, glad welcome sing;
O day which healed our misery,
And brought on earth salvation's King.

6 We too, O Lord, who have been cleansed
In Thy own fount of bloom divine,
Offer the tribute of sweet song
On this blest natal day of Thine,

7 O Jesu! born of Virgin bright,
Immortal glory be to Thee;
Praise to the Father infinite,
And Holy Ghost eternally.
Amen.

FIRST VESPERS.

V. Crastina die delebitur iniquitas terræ.
R. Et regnavit super nos Salvator mundi.

V. To-morrow the iniquity of the earth shall be blotted out.
R. And the Saviour of the world shall reign over us.

SECOND VESPERS.

V. Notum fecit Dominus. Alleluia.
R. Salutare suum. Alleluia.

V. The Lord hath made known. Alleluia.
R. His salvation. Alleluia.

HYMNS ON THE INFANCY AND CHILDHOOD OF OUR LORD.

44. The Glorious Maternity of the Blessed Virgin Mary.

O Jesus, "Blessed is the womb that bore Thee, and the paps that gave Thee suck."—Luke xi. 27.
O Mary, "Blessed art thou amongst women, and blessed is the fruit of thy womb."—Luke i. 42.

1 Oft as Thee, my infant Saviour,
In Thy mother's arms I view,
Straight a thousand thrilling raptures
Overflow my heart anew.

Chorus.
Happy Babe! and happy Mother!
O how great your bliss must be!
Each enfolded in the other,
Sipping pure felicity!

2 As the sun from darkness springing
Breathes a charm o'er nature's face;
So the Child to Mary clinging,
Decks her with diviner grace.
Chorus.—Happy Babe! &c.

3 As the limpid dew descending
Lies impearled upon the rose;
So their mutual beauty blending
In transporting union glows.
Chorus.—Happy Babe! &c.

4 As when early spring advances,
Flowers unnumbered throng the mead;
Such the countless loving glances
That in turn from each proceed.
Chorus.—Happy Babe! &c.

5 Lovely Jesu! gentle Brother!
How I wish a smile from Thee,
Meant for Thy immortal Mother,
Only might alight on me!
Chorus.—Happy Babe! &c.

45. Christ newly born is a Model of Obedience and Humility.

Matth. xi. 29: "Learn of me, because I am meek, and humble of heart."

1 DEAR Little One! how sweet Thou art,
Thine eyes how bright they shine,
So bright they almost seem to speak
When Mary's look meets Thine!
How faint and feeble is Thy cry,
Like plaint of harmless dove,
When Thou dost murmur in Thy sleep
Of sorrow and of love!

2 When Mary bids Thee sleep, Thou sleep'st,
Thou wakest when she calls;
Thou art content upon her lap,
Or in the rugged stalls.
Simplest of Babes! with what a grace
Thou dost Thy Mother's will!
Thine infant fashions well betray
The Godhead's hidden skill.

3 When Joseph takes Thee in his arms,
And smoothes Thy little cheek,
Thou lookest up into his face
So helpless and so meek.
Yes! Thou art what Thou seem'st to be,
A thing of smiles and tears;
Yet Thou art God, and heaven and earth
Adore Thee with their fears.

4 Yes! dearest Babe! those tiny hands,
That play with Mary's hair,
The weight of all the mighty worlds
This very moment bear.
Art Thou, weak Babe, my very God?
O I must love Thee then!
Love Thee, and yearn to spread Thy love
Among forgetful men.

46. Christ newly born is a Model of Meekness in carrying all our Human Infirmities.

Isa. liii. 4: "Surely He hath borne our infirmities and carried our sorrows."

1 SLEEP, holy Babe,
Upon Thy mother's breast;
Great Lord of earth and sea and sky,
How sweet it is to see Thee lie
In such a place of rest!
Sleep, holy Babe! Sleep, holy Babe!

2 Sleep, holy Babe!
Thine angels watch around;
All bending low, with folded wings,
Before th' Incarnate King of kings,
In reverent awe profound.
Sleep, holy Babe! Sleep, holy Babe!

3 Sleep, holy Babe!
While I with Mary gaze
In joy upon that face awhile,
Upon the loving infant smile,
Which there divinely plays.
Sleep, holy Babe! Sleep, holy Babe!

4 Sleep, holy Babe!
Ah, take Thy brief repose;
Too quickly will Thy slumbers break,
And Thou to lengthened pains awake,
That death alone shall close.
Sleep, holy Babe! Sleep, holy Babe!

5 Thein must these hands,
Which now so fair I see;
Those little pearly feet of Thine,
So soft, so delicately fine,
Be pierced and rent for me!
O cruel wounds! O cruel wounds!

6 Then must that brow
Its thorny crown receive;
That cheek more lovely than the rose,
Be drenched with blood, and marred with blows,
That I thereby may live?
O cruel sin! O cruel sin!

7 O Lady blest!
Sweet Virgin, hear my cry!
Forgive the wrong that I have done
To thee, in causing thy dear Son
Upon the cross to die!
O Lady blest! O Lady blest!

47. Christ newly born is a Model of Detachment in Poverty.

Luke ix. 58: "The foxes have holes, and the birds of the air nests, but the Son of Man hath not where to lay His head."
"Christ," says St. Bernard, "was poor at His birth, poorer still in His life, extremely poor at His death."

1 O King of Heaven! from starry throne descending,
Thou takest refuge in that wretched cave;
O God of bliss! I see Thee cold and trembling,
What pain it cost Thee, fallen man to save!

Chorus.
Sweet Infant Jesus!
Infant divine!
Make me, oh, make me,
For ever be Thine!

2 Thou, of a thousand worlds the great Creator,
Dost now the pain of cold and want endure;
Thy poverty but makes Thee more endearing,
For well I know 'tis love has made Thee poor.

Chorus.—Sweet Infant Jesus, &c.

3 I see Thee leave Thy heavenly Father's bosom—
But whither has Thy love transported Thee?
Upon a little straw I see Thee lying:
Why suffer thus? 'Tis all for love of me.

Chorus.—Sweet Infant Jesus, &c.

4 But if it is Thy will for me to suffer,
And by these sufferings my heart to move;
Wherefore, my Jesus, do I see Thee weeping?
'Tis not for pain Thou weepest, but for love.

Chorus.—Sweet Infant Jesus, &c.

5 Thou weepest thus, to see me so ungrateful;
My sins have pierced Thee to the very core;
I once despised Thy love—but now I love Thee,
I love but Thee—then, Jesus, weep no more.

Chorus.—Sweet Infant Jesus, &c.

6 Thou sleepest, Lord, but Thy heart ever watches,
No slumber can a heart so loving take;
But tell me, darling Babe, of what Thou thinkest.
"I think," He says, "of dying for thy sake."

Chorus.—Sweet Infant Jesus, &c.

7 Is it for me that Thou dost think of dying?
What then, O Jesus, can I love but Thee!
Mary, my hope! if I love Him too little,
Be not indignant—love Him for me.

Chorus.—Sweet Infant Jesus, &c.

48. Christ newly born! how Loving! how Lovable!

Isa. xxxv. 2: "They shall see the glory of the Lord and the beauty of our God."

1 Oh, how I love Thee, Lord of heaven above!
Too well hast Thou deserved to gain my love;
Sweet Jesus, I would die for love of Thee,
For Thou didst not disdain to die for me;

2 I leave thee, faithless world; farewell,
depart; [my heart.
This lovely Babe has loved and won
I love Thee, loving God, who from
above [my love.
Didst come on earth, a Babe, to gain
3 Thou tremblest, darling Child, and
yet I see [for me:
Thy Heart is all on fire with love
Love makes Thee thus a child, my
Saviour dear, [suffer here.
Love only brought Thee down to
4 Love conquered Thee, great God; love
tied Thy hands, [bands;
A' captive here for me, in swathing
And love, strong love, awaits Thy
latest breath, [death.
To make Thee die for me a cruel

49. Litany Hymn for Christmas.

1 By the word to Mary given,
By Thy first descent from heaven,
By Thine infant form so fair,
Trembling in the midnight air—

Chorus.
Babe of Bethlehem, hear our cry,
Thou wert helpless once as we;
Hear the loving Litany
We, Thy children, sing to Thee.

2 By Thy poor and lowly lot,
By the manger and the grot,
By Thy little feet and hands,
Folded fast in swaddling bands.
Chorus.—Babe of Bethlehem, &c.

3 By the worship shepherds paid,
By the gift that sages made,
Gold and myrrh and incense sweet,
Laid in homage at Thy feet.
Chorus.—Babe of Bethlehem, &c

4 By St. Joseph's thoughts amazed
When he first upon Thee gazed,
And his Lord and Maker saw
Laid upon a bed of straw.
Chorus.—Babe of Bethlehem, &c.

5 And oh! more than all the rest,
By the joy of Mary's breast,
When she, kneeling, first adored
Thee, her child and yet her Lord.
Chorus.—Babe of Bethlehem, &c.

NEW YEAR'S DAY.

Feast of the Circumcision of our Lord, and Octave of Christmas.

Luke ii. 21: "After eight days were accomplished that the child should be circumcised, His name was called Jesus."

Three mysteries fill up the mind of the Church on this day: the first is the circumcision of our Lord; the second is the name of Jesus given to our Saviour; the third is the divine maternity of Mary (as above).

50. Circumcision of our Lord.

"By reason of the exceeding charity wherewith God has loved us, He sent us His Son in the likeness of sinful flesh. Alleluia."—*The Church.*

1 The ancient law departs,
And all its terrors cease;
For Jesus makes with faithful hearts
A covenant of peace.

2 The Light of Light divine,
True brightness undefiled,
He bears for us the shame of sin,
A holy spotless child.
[illegible]fant body now
[illegible] our pain to feel;
Those precious drops of blood that
For death the victim seal. [flow.

4 To-day the name is Thine,
At which we bend the knee;
They call Thee Jesus, child divine!
Our Jesus deign to be.

5 All praise, Eternal Son,
For Thy redeeming love,
With Father, Spirit, ever One
In glorious might above. Amen.

THE MOST HOLY NAME OF JESUS.

Luke i. 31; Matt. i. 21: "And thou shalt call His name Jesus. For He shall save His people from their sins."
St. Aug.: "O Jesus, be Thou to me Jesus, and save me!"

51. Feast of the Most Holy Name of Jesus, at Vespers. 52.

Cant. i. 2: "Thy name is as oil poured out."

Jesu dulcis memoria,
Dans vera cordi gaudia;
Sed super mel et omnia
Ejus dulcis præsentia.

Nil canitur suavius,
Nil auditur jucundius,
Nil cogitatur dulcius,
Quam Jesus Dei Filius.

Jesu spes pœnitentibus,
Quam pius es petentibus!
Quam bonus te quærentibus!
Sed quid invenientibus!

Nec lingua valet dicere,
Nec littera exprimere,
Expertus potest credere,
Quid sit Jesum diligere.

Sis, Jesu, nostrum gaudium,
Qui es futurus præmium:
Sit nostra in te gloria,
Per cuncta semper sæcula.
Amen.

Jesus! the very thought of Thee
With sweetness fills my breast;
But sweeter far Thy face to see,
And in Thy presence rest.

1 Nor voice can sing, nor heart can frame,
Nor can the memory find,
A sweeter sound than that blest Name,
O Saviour of mankind!
Chorus.—Jesus, &c.

2 O hope of every contrite heart,
O joy of all the meek,
To those who fall how kind Thou art;
How good to those who seek!
Chorus.—Jesus, &c.

3 But what to those who find? Ah! this,
Nor tongue nor pen can show;
The love of Jesus, what it is,
None but His loved ones know.
Chorus.—Jesus, &c.

4 Jesus, our only joy be Thou,
As Thou our prize wilt be;
Jesus, be Thou our glory now,
Our hope, our victory.
Chorus.—Jesus, &c.

First and Second Vespers.

V. Sit nomen Domini benedictum. Alleluia.
R. Ex hoc nunc, et usque in sæculum. Alleluia.

V. Blessed be the name of the Lord. Alleluia.
R. From this time forth for evermore. Alleluia.

53. The Most Holy Name of Jesus is the Delight and Comfort of this mortal Life.

St. Bern.: "The name of Jesus is light, and food, and medicine. Light, when it is preached to us; food, when we think upon it; medicine, when we invoke it."

1 Jesus, the only thought of Thee,
With sweetness fills my breast;
But sweeter far it is to see,
And on Thy beauty feast.

2 No sound, no harmony so gay,
Can art or music frame; [say,
No thoughts can reach, no words can
The sweets of Thy blest name.

3 Jesus, our hope, when we repent,
Sweet source of all our grace;
Sole comfort in our banishment,
O! what when face to face!

4 Jesus, that name inspires my mind
With springs of life and light;
More than I ask in Thee I find,
And languish with delight.

5 No art or eloquence of man
Can tell the joys of love;
Only the saints can understand
What they in Jesus prove.

6 Thee then I'll seek retired apart,
From world and business free;
When these shall knock I'll shut my [heart,
And keep it all for Thee.

7 Before the morning light I'll come,
With Magdalen, to find,
In sighs and tears, my Jesu's tomb,
And there refresh my mind.

8 My tears upon His grave shall flow,
My sighs the garden fill;
Then at His feet myself I'll throw,
And there I'll seek His will.

9 Jesus, in Thy blest steps I'll tread,
And walk in all Thy ways;
I'll never cease to weep and plead
To be preserved in grace.

54. The Most Holy Name of Jesus is true Joy ineffable.

Hab. iii. 18: "I will rejoice in the Lord, and I will joy in God my Jesus."

1 O Jesu, Thou the beauty art
Of angel worlds above;
Thy name is music to the heart,
Enchanting it with love.

2 Celestial sweetness unalloyed,
Who eat Thee hunger still;
Who drink of Thee still feel a void,
Which nought but Thou canst fill.

3 O Jesu, Love unchangeable,
For whom my soul doth pine!
O fruit of life celestial!
O sweetness all divine!

4 When once Thou visitest the heart,
Then truth begins to shine;
Then earthly vanities depart;
Then wakens love divine.

5 Jesu! Thy mercies are untold,
Through each returning day;
Thy love exceeds a thousandfold,
Whatever we can say.

6 O joy! O ecstasy of bliss!
More felt than understood;
What pleasure can compare with this,
To love the Son of God?

7 O loving Jesu, hear the sighs
Which unto Thee I send;
To Thee mine inmost spirit cries,
My being's hope and end.

8 Stay with us, Lord, and with Thy light
Illume the soul's abyss;
Dispel the darkness of our night,
And fill the world with bliss.

9 O fairest of the sons of day!
More fragrant than the rose!
O brighter than the dazzling ray
That in the sunbeam glows!

10 May every heart confess Thy name,
And ever Thee adore;
And seeking Thee itself inflame,
To seek Thee more and more.

55. The Most Holy Name of Jesus is our Strength insuperable.

Rom. x. 13: "Whosoever shall call upon the name of the Lord shall be saved."

(Hymn of Thomas à Kempis.)

1 In Christ's dear Name with courage [bear
Whatever ills betide;
For worldly good is oft a snare,
And fills the heart with pride.
What seems a loss will often prove
To be our truest gain;
And pains endured with patient love
A jewelled crown obtain.

2 Brief is this life, and brief its pain,
But long the bliss to come;
And trials borne for Christ attain
A place with martyrdom.
The Christian soul by patience [grows
More perfect day by day,
And brighter still and brighter glows
With Heaven's eternal ray.

Litany of the Most Holy Name of Jesus.

Philip. ii. 9: "God hath given Him a name which is above every name: that in the name of Jesus every knee should bow,—of those that are in heaven, on earth, and under the earth."

KYRIE eleison.	LORD, have mercy on us.
Kyrie eleison.	*Lord, have mercy on us.*
Christe eleison.	Christ, have mercy on us
Christe eleison.	*Christ, have mercy on us.*
Kyrie eleison.	Lord, have mercy on us.
Kyrie eleison.	*Lord, have mercy on us.*
Jesu audi nos.	Jesus, hear us.
Jesu exaudi nos.	*Jesus, graciously hear us.*
Pater de cœlis Deus, *miserere nobis.*	God the Father of heaven, *have mercy on us.*
Fili Redemptor mundi Deus, *miserere nobis.*	God the Son, Redeemer of the world. *have mercy on us.*
Spiritus Sancte Deus,	God the Holy Ghost,
Sancta Trinitas, unus Deus,	Holy Trinity, one God,
Jesu, Fili Dei vivi,	Jesus, Son of the living God,
Jesu, Splendor Patris,	Jesus, Splendour of the Father,
Jesu, Candor lucis æternæ,	Jesus, Brightness of eternal light,
Jesu, Rex gloriæ,	Jesus, King of glory,
Jesu, Sol justitiæ,	Jesus, Sun of Justice,
Jesu, Fili Mariæ Virginis,	Jesus, Son of the Virgin Mary,
Jesu, amabilis,	Jesus, most amiable,
Jesu, admirabilis,	Jesus, most admirable,
Jesu, Deus fortis,	Jesus, mighty God,
Jesu, Pater futuri sæculi,	Jesus, Father of the world to come,
Jesu, magni consilii Angele,	Jesus, Angel of great counsel,
Jesu, potentissime,	Jesus, most powerful,
Jesu, patientissime,	Jesus, most patient,
Jesu, obedientissime,	Jesus, most obedient,
Jesu, mitis et humilis corde,	Jesus, meek and humble of heart,
Jesu, Amator castitatis,	Jesus, Lover of chastity,
Jesu, Amor noster,	Jesus, Lover of us,
Jesu, Deus pacis,	Jesus, God of peace,
Jesu, Auctor vitæ,	Jesus, Author of Life,
Jesu, Exemplar virtutum,	Jesus, Example of virtues,
Jesu, Zelator animarum,	Jesus, zealous Lover of souls,
Jesu, Deus noster,	Jesus, our God,
Jesu, Refugium nostrum,	Jesus, our Refuge,
Jesu, Pater pauperum,	Jesus, Father of the poor,
Jesu, Thesaurus fidelium,	Jesus, Treasure of the faithful,
Jesu, Bone Pastor,	Jesus, Good Shepherd,
Jesu, Lux vera,	Jesus, true Light,
Jesu, Sapientia Æterna,	Jesus, Eternal Wisdom,
Jesu, Bonitas infinita,	Jesus, infinite Goodness,
Jesu, Via et Vita nostra,	Jesus, our Way and our Life,
Jesu, Gaudium Angelorum,	Jesus, Joy of Angels,
Jesu, Rex Patriarcharum,	Jesus, King of Patriarchs,
Jesu, Magister Apostolorum,	Jesus, Master of Apostles,
Jesu, Doctor Evangelistarum,	Jesus, Teacher of Evangelists,
Jesu, Fortitudo Martyrum,	Jesus, Strength of Martyrs,

Miserere nobis.

Have mercy on us.

Jesu, Lumen Confessorum,
Miserere nobis.
Jesu, Puritas Virginum,
Miserere nobis.
Jesu, Corona Sanctorum omnium,
Miserere nobis.
Propitius esto,
Parce nobis, Jesu.
Propitius esto,.
Exaudi nos Jesu.
Ab omni malo, Libera nos, Jesu.
Ab omni peccato,
Ab ira tua,
Ab insidiis diaboli,
A spiritu fornicationis,
A morte perpetua,
A neglectu inspirationum tuarum,
Per mysterium sanctæ Incarnationis tuæ,
Per Nativitatem tuam,
Per Infantiam tuam,
Per divinissimam Vitam tuam,
Per Labores tuos,
Per Agoniam et Passionem tuam,
Per Crucem et Derelictionem tuam,
Per Languores tuos,

Per Mortem et Sepulturam tuam,
Per Resurrectionem tuam,
Per Ascensionem tuam,
Per Gaudia tua,
Per Gloriam tuam,
Agnus Dei, qui tollis peccata mundi,

Parce nobis, Jesu.
Agnus Dei, qui tollis peccata mundi,

Exaudi nos, Jesu.
Agnus Dei, qui tollis peccata mundi,

Miserere nobis, Jesu.
Jesu, audi nos.
Jesu, exaudi, nos.
V. Confitebimur tibi, Deus.
R. Et invocabimus Nomen tuum.

Oremus.

DOMINE Jesu Christe, qui dixisti, "Petite, et accipietis; quærite, et invenietis; pulsate et aperietur vobis;" quæsumus, da nobis petentibus divinissimi tui amoris, affectum ut te toto corde, ore et opere diligamus, et a tua nunquam laude cessemus.

Libera nos, Jesu.

Jesus, Light of Confessors,
Have mercy on us.
Jesus, Purity of Virgins,
Have mercy on us.
Jesus, Crown of all Saints,
Have mercy on us.
Be merciful unto us,
Spare us, O Jesus.
Be merciful unto us,
Graciously hear us, O Jesus.
From all evil, Jesus, deliver us.
From all sin,
From Thy wrath,
From the snares of the devil,
From the spirit of uncleanness,
From everlasting death,
From the neglect of Thy inspirations,
Through the mystery of Thy holy Incarnation,
Through Thy Nativity,
Through Thine Infancy,
Through Thy most divine Life,
Through Thy Labours,
Through Thine Agony and Passion,
Through Thy Cross and Dereliction,
Through Thy Weariness and Faintness,
Through Thy Death and Burial,
Through Thy Resurrection,
Through Thine Ascension,
Through Thy Joys,
Through Thy Glory,
Lamb of God, who takest away the sins of the world,
Spare us, O Jesus.
Lamb of God, who takest away the sins of the world,
Graciously hear us, O Jesus.
Lamb of God, who takest away the sins of the world,
Have mercy on us, O Jesus.
Jesus, hear us.
Jesus, graciously hear us.
V. We will confess to Thee, O God.
R. And we will call upon Thy Name.

Jesus, deliver us.

Let us pray.

O LORD Jesus Christ, who hast said, "Ask, and ye shall receive; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you;" grant, we beseech Thee, to us who ask the gift of Thy divine love, that we may love Thee with our whole heart, in word and work, and never cease from showing forth Thy praise.

Sancti Nominis tui timorem pariter et amorem fac nos habere perpetuum: quia nunquam tua gubernatione destituis, quos in soliditate tuæ dilectionis instituis. Qui vivis et regnas, Deus, in sæcula sæculorum. Amen.

Deus, qui unigenitum Filium tuum constituisti humani generis Salvatorem et Jesum vocari jussisti; concede propitius, ut cujus sanctum Nomen veneramur in terris, ejus quoque aspectu perfruamur in cœlis. Per eumdem Dominum nostrum. Amen.

Grant that we may have a perpetual fear and love of Thy holy Name; for Thou never failest to direct and govern those whom Thou instructest in Thy true and solid love. Who livest and reignest, God, for ever and ever. Amen.

O God, who hast appointed Thine only-begotten Son the Saviour of mankind, and hast commanded that He should be called Jesus, mercifully grant, that we may enjoy in heaven the blessed vision of Him, whose holy Name we venerate upon earth. Through the same our Lord. Amen.

THE EPIPHANY OF OUR LORD.

The word Epiphany means the manifestation or apparition of God to His creatures. The Church commemorates on this day three manifestations of our Lord: the first to the Gentiles in the persons of the Magi: the second to the Jews at the moment of His baptism by St. John; the third to His own disciples by His first miracle at Cana in Galilee. Yet the first of these manifestations is more especially the object of this day's festival, which is called on this account the Kings' Feast.

58. Description of this Day's Mystery.

Isa. lx.: "Arise, be enlightened, O Jerusalem; for thy light is come, and the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee. . . . All they from Saba shall come, bringing gold and frankincense, and showing forth praise to the Lord."

1 The Eastern kings the star have seen,
They hasten on their way;
Long time they've watched and waiting been
The dawning of that day:
The dawning of the day of grace,
The gleam of Jacob's star,
The Virgin's child of Jesse's race
Whom prophets saw afar.
Chorus.—Glory give to God on high!

2 And now they open treasures rare,
Which Indian silks enfold, [air,
Of myrrh which sweetly scents the
Of frankincense and gold.
Their kingly heads they meekly bow
The cradled Babe before,
Their God confess, and kneeling low
In humble faith adore.
Chorus.—Glory give to God on high!

3 With them I come to greet my King,
Yet not with them to part;
No gold, no frankincense I bring,
I offer Him my heart.
With Him to live, with Him to die,
Who by His lowly birth,
Gave glory to our God on high,
And peace to men on earth.
Chorus.—Glory give to God on high!

59. On the Infinite Greatness of the Babe of Bethlehem.

Matt. ii. 6: "And thou, Bethlehem, the land of Juda, art not the least among the princes of Juda: for out of thee shall come forth the Captain that shall rule My people Israel."

1 None of all the noblest cities,
Bethlehem, can with thee compare;
Thou alone the Lord from heaven
Didst for us Incarnate bear.
Fairer than the beam of morning
Was the star that told His birth;
To the lands their God announcing
Hid beneath a form of earth.

2 By its rays divinely guided,
See the Eastern kings appear;
See them bend their gifts to offer,
Gifts of incense, gold, and myrrh.
Sacred types of mystic meaning:
Incense doth the God disclose,
Gold a royal child proclaimeth,
Myrrh a future tomb foreshows.

3 Holy Jesu, in Thy brightness
To the Gentile world revealed,
Still to babes Thyself disclosing,
Ever from the proud concealed,
Honour, glory, virtue, merit,
Be to thee, O Virgin's Son,
With the Father and the Spirit,
While eternal ages run.

60. On the Kingship of the Infant Christ.

Matt. ii. 1: "Behold, there came wise men from the East to Jerusalem, saying: Where is He that is born King of the Jews? For we have seen His star in the East, and are come to adore Him."

1 THEY leave the land of gems and gold,
The shining portals of the East;
For Him, "the Woman's Seed" foretold,
They leave the revel and the feast.

Chorus.

He is a King, and He alone,
Who lifts that infant hand to bless;
Who makes His mother's knee His throne,
Yet rules the starry wilderness.

2 To earth their sceptres they have cast,
And crowns by kings ancestral worn;
They track the lonely Syrian waste;
They kneel before the Babe new-born.
Chorus.—He is a King, &c.

3 O happy eyes that saw Him first!
O happy lips that kissed His feet!
Earth slakes at last her ancient thirst:
With Eden's joy her pulses beat.
Chorus.—He is a King, &c.

4 True kings are those who thus forsake
Their kingdoms for the Eternal King—
Serpent! her foot is on thy neck!
Herod! thou writh'st, but canst not sting!
Chorus.—He is a King, &c.

61. Hymn for Epiphany, at Vespers. 62.

CRUDELIS Herodes, Deum
Regem venire quid times?
Non eripit mortalia,
Qui regna dat cœlestia.

Ibant Magi, quam viderant,
Stellam sequentes præviam:
Lumen requirunt lumine,
Deum fatentur munere.

Lavacra puri gurgitis
Cœlestis Agnus attigit:
Peccata, quæ non detulit,
Nos abluendo sustulit.

Novum genus potentiæ:
Aquæ rubescunt hydriæ,
Vinumque jussa fundere,
Mutavit unda originem.

Jesu, tibi sit gloria,
Qui apparuisti gentibus,
Cum Patre, et almo Spiritu,
In sempiterna sæcula.
Amen.

1 O CRUEL Herod! why thus fear
Thy King and God, who comes below?
No earthly crown comes He to take,
Who heavenly kingdoms doth bestow.

2 The wiser Magi see the star,
And follow as it leads before;
By its pure ray they seek the Light,
And with their gifts that Light adore.

3 Behold at length the heavenly Lamb
Baptized in Jordan's sacred flood;
There consecrating by His touch
Water to cleanse us in His blood.

4 But Cana saw her glorious Lord
Begin His miracles divine;
When water, reddening at His word,
Flowed forth obedient in wine.

5 To Thee, O Jesu, who Thyself
Hast to the Gentile world displayed,
Praise, with the Father evermore,
And with the Holy Ghost, be paid.
Amen.

First and Second Vespers.

V. Reges Tharsis et insulæ munera offerent.
R. Reges Arabum et Saba dona adducent.

V. The kings of Tharsis and the isles shall give presents.
R. The kings of the Arabians and Saba shall bring gifts.

THE PURIFICATION OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN MARY.

This great solemnity, which closes the holy season of Christmas, has been established in commemoration of the two last mysteries of our Saviour's Birth and Infancy.

The most pure and beautiful Virgin, in obedience to the law, presented the child Jesus in the temple, offering a couple of turtle-doves for her purification, and five sicles as a ransom for her first-born, Jesus. On this day is fulfilled the prophecy of Aggeus concerning the Messiah, Agg. ii. 8: "Yet one little while . . . and I will move all nations: and the *Desired of all nations shall come;* and I will fill this house with glory." This day St. Simeon and holy Anna, full of the Holy Ghost, recognise our Lord and welcome Him into the temple, as the Salvation, the Light, and the Peace of the world.

Wax candles are solemnly blessed on this day, in commemoration of our Lord, whom they represent as the Light of the world: "Three things," says St. Anselm of Canterbury, "may be considered in the blest candle: the wax, which is the production of the virginal bee, is the Flesh of our Lord; the wick, which is within, is His Soul; the flame, which burns on the top, is His Divinity." These blest candles are to be carried in procession, in remembrance of that wondrous procession made in the temple by our Lady, St. Joseph, St. Simeon, and holy Anna. They should also be kept, to be used by the faithful either on land or sea, and especially to be lit near the bed of a dying Christian, as a symbol of the immortality merited for us by Christ, and as a pledge of the protection of our Lady.

63. Candlemas.

Luke ii. 29: "Now Thou dost dismiss Thy servant, O Lord, according to Thy Word, in peace. Because my eyes have seen thy salvation, . . . *a Light to the revelation of the Gentiles, and the glory of thy people, Israel.*"

1 The angel-lights of Christmas morn,
Which shot across the sky,
Away they pass at Candlemas,
They sparkle and they die.

2 Comfort of earth is brief at best,
Although it be divine;
Like funeral lights for Christmas gone,
Old Simeon's tapers shine.

3 And then for eight long weeks and more,
We wait in twilight grey,
Till the High Candle sheds a beam
On Holy Saturday.

4 We wait along the penance-tide
Of solemn fast and prayer,
Whilst song is hushed, and lights grow dim
In the sin-laden air.

5 And while the sword in Mary's soul
Is driven home, we hide
In our own hearts, and count the wounds
Of passion and of pride.

6 And still, though Candlemas be spent,
And alleluias o'er,
Mary is music in our need,
And Jesus light in store.

[*The Hymn for the Purification of the Blessed Virgin Mary is to be found in Part III.*]

64. Hymn on the Presentation of Our Lord in the Temple.

Luke ii. 34: "Behold this *Child* is set for the fall, and the resurrection of many in Israel, and for a sign which shall be contradicted."

1 O SION, open wide thy gates;
Let figures disappear;
A Priest and Victim both in one,
The Truth Himself, is here.
No more the simple flock shall bleed;
Behold the Father's Son,
Himself to His own Altar comes
For sinners to atone.

2 All conscious of the God concealed,
The lowly Virgin brings [doves,
Her new-born Babe, with two young
Her tender offerings.
The hoary Simeon sees at last
His Lord so long desired,
And hails, with Anna, Israel's hope,
With sudden rapture fired.

3 But silent knelt the Mother blest
Of the yet silent Word;
And pondering all things in her heart,
With speechless praise adored.
Praise to the Father and the Son;
Praise to the Spirit be;
Praise to the blessed Three in One,
Through all eternity.

SECOND HYMN ON THE LIFE AND IMITATION OF OUR LORD.

65. His Private Life from His Birth to His Baptism.

1 *Poverty of Jesus Christ at His birth.*
JESUS! the spacious world was Thine,
Yet when Thou wouldst Thy head recline,
It scarce found room for Thee;
And oh! shall sinful man be bent
On self-sought greatness, not content
With Christ-like poverty?

2 *Adoration of the Shepherds.*
Jesus! for whom the shepherds sought
As Infant, by the angels taught
From out the midnight sky,
Oh, may I love Thy praise on earth,
That I one day may share the mirth
Of angel hosts on high.

3 *Circumcision.*
Jesus! my God and Saviour, Thou,
Sinless, didst as a sinner bow
To ordinance divine; [eyes,
Oh! curb my loose and wandering
Prune my self-will, and circumcise
This carnal heart of mine.

4 *Epiphany.*
Jesus! before Thy manger, kings
Lay prostrate with their offerings,
A most unworldly throne;
Thou to my cradle camest, Lord,
With gifts invisibly outpoured
From waters of Thine own.

5 *Presentation.*
Jesus! whom Thy meek mother vowed
To God, whose law would have allowed
Her first-born to go free,
Oh, give me such a humble mind,
That in obedience I may find
The choicest liberty.

6 *Flight into Egypt.*
Jesus! sweet Fugitive who fled
From Herod's bloody net outspread,
For Thy dear Infancy,
Give me, O Lord, like modest care
To fly the world when it speaks fair,
To steal Thy grace away.

7 *Finding in the Temple.*
Jesus! whom Thy sad mother sought,
And in the temple found, who taught
The aged in Thy youth:
How blest are they who keep aright,
Or find, when lost, the living light
Of Thine eternal truth!

THIRD HYMN ON THE LIFE AND IMITATION OF OUR LORD.

66. His Public Life from His Baptism until His Passion.

I.

1 *His Baptism.*

JESUS! the Father's words approve
His Son in Jordan, while the Dove,
Bright Witness, hovers down;
So wash me, LORD, that I may be,
At the great day, approved of Thee
Before Thy Father's throne.

2 *His Fast and Temptation.*

Jesus! who in the strength of fast,
Through Adam's three temptations passed,
On Adam's trial ground;
In me let hallowed abstinence,
The issues seal of carnal sense,
And Satan's wiles confound.

3 *The Calling of His Apostles.*

Jesus, Thou didst the fishers call,
Who straightway at Thy voice left all,
To teach the world of Thee;
May I with ready will obey,
Thine inward call, and keep the way,
Of Thy simplicity.

4 *His Kindness to Sinners.*

Jesus! in all the zeal of love,
How amiably didst Thou reprove
Poor wretches lost in sin!
Ah! may I first in penance live,
Rebuking self, then humbly strive
My brother's soul to win.

5 *He preaches—heals and soothes every sorrow.*

Jesus! Thy gracious truth revealing,
All sorrow soothing, sickness healing,
And so requiting hate;
Oh, grant that I may ever be
Like-minded, Blessed Lord! with Thee,
And envy no man's state.

67.

II.

1 *He goes about doing Good.*

JESUS! how toiled Thy blessed feet
O'er hill and dale and stony street,
Through weary want and pain!
Oh! may I rather for Thy sake,
The hardships Thou hast hallowed take
Than joys Thou didst disdain.

2 *The Multiplication of Loaves.*

Jesus! who didst the multitude
Twice nourish with miraculous food,
Of soul and body both;
Give me my daily bread, O Lord,
Thy Flesh, Thyself, Incarnate Word!
Which feeds our heavenly growth.

3 *The Transfiguration of our Lord.*

Jesus! transfigured on the height
Of Thabor in mysterious light
From heaven's eternal fountain,
If such the earthly type, oh, lead,
Lead me where Thou, Thy flock dost feed
Upon the holy mountain.

4 *He weeps over Jerusalem.*

Jesus! who wept over Salem's towers,
Wept for her long and baleful hours
Of misery and sin;
O Love Divine, could I but gain,
From Thine own Heart such strength of pain
As may my pardon win.

5 *He is Betrayed.*

Jesus! and do I now behold
My God, my Saviour, bought and sold,
A traitor's merchandise?
Oh, grant that I may never be
A Judas, dearest Lord, to Thee,
For all that earth can prize.

SEPTUAGESIMA.

The season of Septuagesima comprises the three weeks immediately preceding Lent; they are like the prelude or preparation for this holy time. They should be spent in recollection, in prayer, and in a penitential spirit. Alleluia is no more to be sung until bright Easter Sunday.

68. On the Fall of our First Parents, and the Necessity for Man to do Penance.

Ps. xlviii. 21: "Man when he was in honour, did not understand: he hath been compared to senseless beasts, and made like to them."

1 The Eternal bless'd Adam, and arm'd
And placed him upon earth,
To be His Viceroy in the world,
Of great and noble birth.

2 Woe to thee, man! for he was found
A recreant in the fight;
And lost his heritage of heaven,
And fellowship with light.

3 Above him now the angry sky,
Around the tempest's din;
Who once had angels for his friends,
Had but the brutes for kin.

4 O man, albeit the quickening ray,
Lit from his second birth,
Makes him at length what once he was,
And heaven grows out of earth.

5 Yet still between that earth and heaven,
His journey and his goal,
A double agony awaits
His body and his soul.

6 A double debt he has to pay—
The forfeit of his sins,
The chill of death is past, and now
The penance—fire—begins.

7 Glory to Him who evermore
By truth and justice reigns;
Who tears the soul from out its case
And burns away its stains!

ASH-WEDNESDAY.

On this day, ashes made from the Palms which were blessed on the previous Palm-Sunday, are solemnly blessed and put on the forehead of all the faithful, as a holy emblem of penance, at the same time as the terrible sentence which God Himself pronounced against the first sinner is repeated:
"Remember, man, that thou art dust, and unto dust thou shalt return."

69. *First Anthem.*

(1) Matt. xi. 21. Immutemus habitu, in cinere et cilicio: jejunemus et ploremus ante Dominum quia multum misericors est dimittere peccata nostra, Deus noster.

Let us change our dress for ashes and sackcloth: let us fast and weep in the presence of the Lord: For our God is very merciful to forgive us our sins.

Second Anthem.

Inter vestibulum et altare plorabunt sacerdotes ministri Domini et dicent: "Parce Domine, Parce Populo tuo: et ne claudas ora canentium te, Domine!"

The priests, the ministers of the Lord, shall weep between the porch and the altar, and say: "Spare, O Lord, O spare Thy people; and shut not the mouths of those who praise Thee, O Lord!"

Then may be sung: Parce and Miserere.

The Hymns on Death are to be found at the concluding portion of the Hymn-book.

LENT.

Lent is a time especially consecrated to Penance, in preparation for the great solemnity of Easter.

That Lent was instituted at the very commencement of Christianity, and by the Apostles themselves, is universally believed.

It consists of forty-days' fasting, undoubtedly in imitation of the fasting of Moses and Elias; and also more especially after the example of our Lord Himself, who represents in His own person both the law and the Prophets.

In order to spend Lent according to the Spirit of Holy Church, we should unite prayer and alms to fasting, according to that of Tobias xii. 8: "Prayer is good with fasting and alms, more than to lay up treasures of gold." And indeed, by these three, man offers to God a perfect sacrifice of all he possesses: namely, of his soul by prayer; of his body by fasting; of his outward possessions by almsgiving.

The Way of the Cross, and the Meditation on the Sufferings of Christ, are amongst the most acceptable devotions of Lent.

70. The Mystery of Lent.

Matt. iv. 2. "And when He had fasted forty days and forty nights, afterwards He was hungry."

"Fasting is the school of continence, the staff of chastity, the soul of virtue, the grace of old age, the guardian of youth."—St. Ambrose.

1 Now with the slow revolving year,
Again the fast we greet,
Which in mystic circle moves
Of forty days complete.

2 That fast by law and prophets taught,
By Jesus Christ restored;
Jesus, of seasons and of times
The Maker and the Lord.

3 Henceforth more sparing let us be
Of food, of words, of sleep;
Henceforth beneath a stricter guard
The roving senses keep.

4 And let us shun whatever things
Distract the careless heart;
And let us shut the soul against
The tyrant tempter's art;

5 And weep before the Judge, and strive
His vengeance to appease;
Saying to Him with contrite voice,
Upon our bended knees:

6 "Much have we sinned, O Lord! and still
We sin each day we live;
Yet pour Thy pity from on high,
And of Thy grace forgive.

7 Remember that we still are Thine,
Though of a fallen frame;
And take not from us in Thy wrath
The glory of Thy name.

8 Undo past evil; grant us, Lord,
More grace to do aright;
So may we now and ever find
Acceptance in Thy sight."

9 Blessed Trinity in Unity!
Vouchsafe us, in Thy love,
To gather from these fasts below
Immortal fruit above. Amen.

HYMNS FOR RETREATS AND MISSIONS,

USUALLY GIVEN DURING THE HOLY SEASON OF LENT.

71. Welcome to the Mission.

2 Cor. vi. 2: "Behold, now is the acceptable time: behold, now is the day of salvation."

1 Hail, holy Mission, hail!
Sighing we turn to thee,
For weary have we found
The path of sin to be.

2 Hail, holy Mission, hail!
Sent to us from above:
When Jesus with His cross
Comes to win back our love.

3 Hail, holy Mission, hail!
Time of repentant tears;
When to the soul returns
The peace of former years.

4 Hail, holy Mission, hail!
Sweet time of humble prayer;
When rests the soul on God,
Freed from this dark world's care.

5 Hail, holy Mission, hail!
Time of all others blest;
When in the loving soul,
Jesus takes up His rest.

6 Hail, holy Mission, hail!
Foretaste of joys above;
O! Jesus, make our hearts
Burn with Thy tender love.

FIRST MOTIVE FOR CONVERSION.

72. The Thought of Death and the Fear of Hell.

Luke xvi. 22: "And the rich man also died, and he was buried in hell."

1 WHY serve the world, thy enemy,
And from thy thankless heart dethrone
That God, whose love created thee
To love and serve Himself alone?

2 Slave of a tyrant thou dost live;
He promises, and breaks his word;
And for thy service nought can give
But bitter thorns as thy reward.

3 Remember, death will come one day,
His touch thy fragile life destroys;
Then, then, alas! will fade away
Earth's cheating hopes and empty joys.

4 All worldly pleasures then will be
To thee but weariness and woe;
The scene of life must close for thee,
Thy part is played, and thou must go.

5 Forth flies the spirit from this clay,
Alone before its God to stand;
The soul scarce yet has passed away,
The Judge already is at hand.

6 Ah! miserable, thoughtless one!
Say, what excuse thou darest bring
Before that gaze of brightest sun,
The face of thy offended King.

7 What horror then the soul shall pierce,
When, spurned away by heavenly ire,
'Tis hurled into the torment fierce
Of never, never-ending fire.

8 Think, then, ere yet this life is o'er,
On that whereon thy all depends;
That evermore or nevermore,
Eternity which never ends.

SECOND MOTIVE FOR CONVERSION.

73. To delay Repentance is to expose Oneself to Destruction.

Eccles. v. 8, 9: "Delay not to be converted to the Lord, and defer it not from day to day. For His wrath shall come on a sudden, and in the time of vengeance He will destroy thee."

Chorus.
AWAKE, O soul, awake!
From sinful slumber break;
Life hurries by, oh, hear the cry!
Awake and tarry not—thy end is nigh!

1 Awake, O man, awake:
If but one sin may take [goal—
Thy dreaming soul to death's dark
How canst thou sleep with sin upon thy soul?
Chorus.—Awake, &c.

2 If but one mortal sin
An endless doom will win;
Can slumber be so sweet to thee
Upon the brink of thine eternity?
Chorus.—Awake, &c.

3 Awake—put off thy sin,
A better life begin!
And, oh, confess thy sinfulness,
Lest, waking, thou shouldst wake to wretchedness.
Chorus.—Awake, &c.

4 Arise, O man, arise!
Think how each moment flies;
Ah! dare not say—delay, delay—
Since thou to judgment mayst be called to-day.
Chorus.—Awake, &c.

5 Oh, think, unhappy one!
That ere the set of sun,
Souls there will be, as brave as thee,
Cast out to weep for all eternity!
Chorus.—Awake, &c.

6 Oh, rest not on thy bed
Again thy weary head,
Till thou hast striven to be forgiven—
Till thou thy wand'ring eyes hast turned to heaven.
Chorus.—Awake, &c.

7 Oh, look,—as yet thy God
Withholds the chastening rod!
How patiently He waits to be
Entreated that His love may shine on thee!
Chorus.—Awake, &c.

THIRD MOTIVE FOR CONVERSION.

74. The Infinite Goodness and Love of God towards us.

Rom. viii. 32: "He that spared not even His own Son; but delivered Him up for us all, how hath He not also, with Him, given us all things."

1 Oh, come to the merciful Saviour that calls you, [and forgets;
Oh, come to the Lord who forgives
Though dark be the fortune on earth that befals you,
There's a bright home above where the sun never sets.

2 Oh, come then to Jesus, whose arms are extended [embrace!
To fold His dear children in closest
Oh, come, for your exile will shortly be ended,
And Jesus will show you His beautiful face.

3 Have you sinned as none else in the world have before you?
Are you blacker than all other creatures in guilt?
Oh, fear not! oh, fear not! the mother that bore you
Loves you less than the Saviour whose blood you have spilt!

4 Oh, come, then, to Jesus and say how you love Him,
And swear at His feet you will keep in His grace;
For one tear that is shed by a sinner can move Him,
And your sins will drop off in His tender embrace.

5 Then come to His feet, and lay open your story [and of shame;
Of suffering and sorrow, of guilt
For the pardon of sin is the crown of His glory, [to His name.
And the joy of our Lord to be true

FOURTH MOTIVE FOR CONVERSION.

75. The Infinite Yearning of Jesus Christ for our Salvation.

Matt. xxiii. 37: "Jerusalem, Jerusalem, how often would I have gathered together thy children, as the hen doth gather her chickens under her wings, and thou wouldst not."

1 Souls of men! why will ye scatter
Like a crowd of frightened sheep?
Foolish hearts! why will ye wander
From a love so true and deep?

2 Was there ever kindest shepherd
Half so gentle, half so sweet
As the Saviour who would have us
Come and gather at His feet?

3 There's a wideness in God's mercy,
Like the wideness of the sea:
There's a kindness in His justice,
Which is more than liberty.

4 There is no place where earth's sorrows
Are more felt than up in heaven;
There is no place where earth's failings
Have such kindly judgment given.

5 There is welcome for the sinner,
And more graces for the good;
There is mercy with the Saviour;
There is healing in His blood.

6 For the love of God is broader
Than the measure of man's mind,
And the Heart of the Eternal
Is most wonderfully kind.

7 There is plentiful redemption
In the Blood that has been shed;
There is joy for all the members
In the sorrow of the Head.

8 If our love were but more simple,
We should take Him at His word;
And our lives would be all sunshine
In the sweetness of our Lord.

76. The Work of Grace.

Ps. xciv. 8: "To-day if you shall hear His voice, harden not your hearts!"

1 How the light of heaven is stealing
Gently o'er the trembling soul!
And the shades of bitter feeling
From the lightened spirit roll!
Sweetly stealing, sweetly stealing,
See how grace its way doth feel.

2 Fairer than the pearly morning
Comes the softly struggling ray;
Ah, it is the very dawning
That precedes eternal day!
Sweetly stealing, &c.

3 See the tears, the blessed trouble,
Doubts and fears, and hopes and smiles!
How the guilt of sin seems double,
And how plain are Satan's wiles!
Sweetly stealing, &c.

4 Now the light is growing brighter,
Fear of hell and hate of sin;
Another flash! the heart is lighter;
Love of God hath entered in.
Sweetly stealing, &c.

5 See, more light! the spirit tingles
With contrition's piercing dart;
More, and love divinely mingles
Ease and gladness with the smart.
Sweetly stealing, &c.

6 Free! the joyous light of heaven
Comes with full and fair release;
O God, what light! all sin forgiven;
Jesus, Mary, love, and peace.
Sweetly stealing, &c.

77. Colloquy between the Good Shepherd and the Sinner.

Luke xv. 4, 5: "What man is there of you that hath an hundred sheep, and if he shall lose one of them, doth he not leave the ninety-nine in the desert, and go after that which is lost until he find it? and when he hath found it, lay it upon his shoulders rejoicing."

The Good Shepherd.

1 Return to God, poor sinner, it is meet—
Delay no more to bend thy rebel knee.
His holy law thou'st broken; I entreat,
Return to Him, who seeketh after thee.

Sinner.

2 Behold, O Lord! this lost and straying sheep [oh! how long!
Whom Thou didst deign to seek for,
Aroused at last from its long deadly sleep, [wrong.
Guilty, confused, this heart repents its

The Good Shepherd.

3 To call thee back My voice has long resounded, [and near.
I've followed thee with blessings far
Wounding thy God's—a Father's heart thou'st wounded, [hear?
Ungrateful still wilt thou refuse to

Sinner.

4 Ah! dearest Lord! I sought, but sought in vain [of Thee,
A spot where I might lose the dread
Wand'ring and lost, how could I know but pain,
Estranged from Thee—and Thou estranged from me?

The Good Shepherd.

5 Now grief, now joy; now terror and remorse, [o'er.
In tender love I sent thee o'er and
With grace I tried to stay thy head-long course, [offer more.
My grace was spurned—but still I

Sinner.

6 My Lord! I do repent me sore and sadly, [Thee kind heaven.
Yea, Father! tho' I've sinned 'gainst
Forgive, forget the course I've run so madly,
And breathe the blest, the sweet word—thou'rt forgiven.

The Good Shepherd.

7 Repentant child, thy heart is all I seek,
And when thy heart is given all to Me,
My mercy takes thy service, rendered meek, [ceasingly.
And rains down grace and love un-

Sinner.

8 My God! how good Thou art to all of those, [implore;
Who with sincere repentance Thee
With grief and love my swelling heart o'erflows,
Oh, give me grace to love Thee evermore.

78. Hymn of Thanks to the Good Shepherd by one who has been brought back to the Fold.

John x. 14: "I am the Good Shepherd, and I know Mine and Mine, know Me."

1 I was wandering and weary,
When my Saviour came unto me;
For the ways of sin grew dreary, [me.
And the world had ceased to woo
And I thought I heard Him say,
As He came along His way,
O silly souls, come near Me;
My sheep should never fear Me;
I am the Shepherd true.

2 At first I would not hearken,
And put off till the morrow;
But life began to darken,
And I was sick with sorrow;
And I thought I heard Him say,
As He came along His way,
O silly souls, come near Me;
My sheep should never fear Me;
I am the Shepherd true!

3 At last I stopped to listen,
His voice could not deceive me;
I saw His kind eyes glisten,
So anxious to relieve me:
And I thought I heard Him say,
As He came along His way,
O silly souls, come near Me;
My sheep should never fear me;
I am the Shepherd true!

4 He took me on His shoulder,
And tenderly He kissed me;
He bade my love be bolder,
And said how He had missed me;
And I'm sure I heard Him say,
As He went along His way,
O silly souls, come near Me;
My sheep should never fear Me;
I am the Shepherd true!

5 I thought His love would weaken,
As more and more He knew me;
But it burned like a beacon, [me;
And its light and heat go through
And I ever hear Him say,
As He goes along His way,
O silly souls, come near Me;
My sheep should never fear Me;
I am the Shepherd true!

6 Let us do, then, dearest Brothers, [us,
What will best and longest please
Follow not the ways of others,
But trust ourselves to Jesus;
We shall ever hear Him say,
As He goes along His way,
O silly souls, come near Me;
My sheep should never fear Me;
I am the Shepherd true!

79. Act of Contrition.

Psa. lxviii. 14: "In the multitude of Thy mercy, hear me, O Lord.

1 God of mercy and compassion!
Look with pity upon me!
Father! let me call Thee Father!
'Tis Thy child returns to Thee!

Chorus

Jesus! Lord! I ask for mercy,
Let me not implore in vain!
All my sins—I now detest them
Never will I sin again.

2 By my sins I have deserved
Death and endless misery;
Hell, with all its pains and torments,
And for all eternity!
Chorus.—Jesus! Lord! &c.

3 By my sins I have abandoned
Right and claim to heaven above;
Where the saints rejoice for ever
In a boundless sea of Love.
Chorus.—Jesus! Lord! &c.

4 See our Saviour, bleeding, dying,
On the Cross of Calvary; [Him,
To that Cross my sins have nailed
Yet He bleeds and dies for me.
Chorus.—Jesus! Lord! &c.

80. Act of Supplication—Sorrow for Sin.

Psa. l. 19: "A contrite and humbled heart, O God, Thou wilt not despise."

1 JESUS, my Lord, behold at length the time [crime.
When I resolve to turn away from
Oh, pardon me, Jesus;
Thy mercy I implore;
I will never more offend Thee,
No, never more.

2 Since my poor soul Thy Precious
Blood hath cost,
Suffer me not for ever to be lost.
Oh, pardon, &c.

3 Kneeling in tears, behold me at Thy feet; [treat.
Like Magdalene, forgiveness I en-
Oh, pardon, &c.

81. Act of Sorrow for Sin—Regret of the Past.

Ps. l. 11: "Turn away Thy face from my sins, and blot out all my iniquities."

1 MY God, grant by my tears,
The sins of years
I may efface;
Thy mercies still increase,
And all my bonds release;
I can no longer live in Thy disgrace.
Have mercy, Jesus! Sovereign Good!
Spare me through Thy Precious Blood.

2 Alas! in sinful ways
I've passed my days,
From earliest youth:
E'en until now my time
Hath been one course of crime.
Oh, how I've strayed from Thee, Eternal Truth!
Have mercy, Jesus! Sovereign Good!
Spare me through Thy Precious Blood.

3 How oft on me, Thy child,
Thy grace hath smiled
To win my love!
But cold and heartless I
Did from my Father fly; [above.
And turn my back on Thee, my God
Have mercy, Jesus! Sovereign Good!
Spare me through Thy Precious Blood.

4 Alas! how near my share
Was black despair,
In endless pains!
My God! that dreadful fire,
Enkindled by Thine ire! [in chains!
How could I dwell therein bound down
Have mercy, Jesus! Sovereign Good!
Spare me through Thy Precious Blood.

5 Behold me at Thy feet,
Spare I entreat
Thy suppliant child.
For me was pierced the side
Of Jesus crucified;
In mercy look upon His face so mild.
Have mercy, Jesus! Sovereign Good!
Spare me through Thy Precious Blood.

82. Act of Detestation of Sin, and firm Purpose of Amendment for the Future.

Ps. cxviii. 163: "I have hated and abhorred iniquity."

1 MY God, who art nothing but mercy and kindness,
Oh, shut not Thine ear to the penitent's prayer;
'Tis Thy grace that hath cured me, dear Lord, of my blindness,
Thy love that hath lifted me up from despair.

2 There is not one evil that sin hath not brought me,
There is not one good that hath come in its train;
It hath cursed me through life, and its sorrows have sought me,
Each day that went by, in want, sickness, or pain.

3 I abjure the dark spirit who fondles yet hates me;
I abjure mortal sin, the black gift he hath given;
I hate it for fear of the fire that awaits me,
I hate it for hope of God's beautiful heaven.

4 I hate it because the dear Lord that would ease us
Sweated Blood when He thought of the horror of sin;
I hate it because it hath crucified Jesus,
Who hath done all He can the worst sinners to win.

5 And I swear to Thee, yes, dearest Jesus, oh, let me,
In the strength of Thy grace, swear an oath unto Thee;
No sin! never more! if Thou wilt not forget me,
But in Thy sweet mercy have mercy on me.

83. Penitential Hymn for Lent.

Joel ii. 12: "Now, therefore, saith the Lord: Be converted to Me with all your heart, in fasting and in weeping and in mourning."

1 Now are the days of humblest prayer,
When consciences to God lie bare,
And mercy most delights to spare.
Oh, hearken when we cry,
Chastise us with Thy fear;
Yet, Father, in the multitude
Of Thy compassions, hear.
[*After each verse.*]

2 Now is the season, wisely long,
Of sadder thought and graver song,
When ailing hearts grow well and strong.

3 The feast of penance! Oh, so bright,
With true conversion's heavenly light,
Like sunrise after stormy night.

4 O happy time of blessed tears!
Of surer hopes, of chastening fears
Undoing all our evil years.

5 We, who have loved the world, must learn
Upon that world our backs to turn,
And with the love of God to burn.

6 Vile creatures of such little worth,
Than we, oh, there are none on earth
More fallen from their Christian birth.

7 Full long in sin's dark ways we went;
Yet now our steps are heavenward bent,
And grace is plentiful in Lent.

8 All glory to redeeming grace,
Disdaining not our evil case,
But showing us our Saviour's face.

84. Hymn for Lent, at Vespers. 85.

Audi benigne Conditor,
Nostras preces cum fletibus
In hoc sacro jejunio
Fusas quadragenario.

Scrutator alme cordium,
Infirma tu scis virium:
Ad te reversis exhibe
Remissionis gratiam

1 Thou loving Maker of mankind,
Before Thy throne we pray and weep;
Oh, strengthen us with grace divine,
Duly this sacred Lent to keep.

2 Searcher of hearts! Thou dost our ills
Discern, and all our weakness know:
Again to Thee with tears we turn;
Again to us Thy mercy show.

Multum quidem peccavimus,
Sed parce confitentibus:
Ad nominis laudem tui
Confer medelam languidis.

Concede nostrum conteri
Corpus per abstinentiam:
Culpæ ut relinquant pabulum
Jejuna corda criminum.

Præsta beata Trinitas,
Concede simplex Unitas;
Ut fructuosa sint tuis
Jejuniorum munera.

Amen.

3 Much have we sinned; but we confess
Our guilt, and all our faults deplore;
Oh, for the praise of Thy great Name,
Our fainting souls to health restore!

4 And grant us, while by fasts we strive
This mortal body to control,
To fast from all the food of sin,
And so to purify the soul.

5 Hear us, O Trinity thrice blest!
Sole Unity! to Thee we cry:
Vouchsafe us from these fasts below
To reap immortal fruit on high.

Amen.

V. Angelis suis Deus mandavit de te.
R. Ut custodiant te in omnibus viis tuis.

V. God hath given His angels charge over thee.
R. To keep thee in all thy ways.

86. Invocation for Lent and other Penitential Seasons.

(*To be repeated three times.*)

Solo:—Parce, Domine,
Parce populo tuo;
Chorus:—Ne in æternum irascaris nobis.

Spare, O Lord,
Spare Thy people,
And be not angry with us for ever.

Miserere. Ps. l.

Miserere mei, Deus: secúndum magnam misericórdiam tuam.
Et secúndum multitúdinem miserationum tuárum: dele iniquitátem meam.
Amplius lava me ab iniquitáte mea; et a peccáto meo munda me.
Quoniam iniquitátem meam ego cognósco: et peccátum meum contra me est semper.
Tibi soli peccávi, et malum coram te feci: ut justificéris in sermónibus tuis, et vincas cum judicáris.

Ecce enim in iniquitátibus concéptus sum: et in peccátis concepit me mater mea.
Ecce enim veritátem dilexísti: incérta et occúlta sapiéntiæ tuæ, manifestásti mihi.

Aspérges me hyssópo, et mundábor: lavábis me, et super nivem dealbábor.

Have mercy upon me, O God: according to Thy great mercy.
And according to the multitude of Thy tender mercies: blot out my iniquity.
Wash me yet more from my iniquity, and cleanse me from my sin.
For I acknowledge my iniquity, and my sin is always before me.

Against Thee only have I sinned, and done evil in Thy sight: that Thou mayest be justified in Thy words, and mayest overcome when Thou art judged.
For behold, I was conceived in iniquities, and in sins did my mother conceive me.
For behold, Thou hast loved truth, the uncertain and hidden things of Thy wisdom Thou hast made manifest unto me.
Thou shalt sprinkle me with hyssop, and I shall be cleansed: Thou shalt wash me, and I shall be made whiter than snow.

Audítui meo dabis gaudium et lætitiam: et exultábunt ossa humiliáta.

Avérte fáciem tuam a peccátis meis: et omnes iniquitátes meas dele.

Cor mundum crea in me, Deus: et spíritum rectum innova in viscéribus meis.

Ne projícias me a fácie tua: et Spíritum sanctum tuum ne aúferas a me.

Redde mihi lætitiam salutáris tui: et spíritu principáli confirma me.

Docébo iníquos vias tuas: et impii ad te converténtur.

Líbera me de sanguínibus, Deus, Deus salútis meæ: et exultábit lingua mea justitiam tuam.

Domine, lábia mea apáries: et os meum annuntiábit laudem tuam.

Quoniam si voluísses sacrifícium, dedissem utique: holocaústis non delectáberis.

Sacrifícium Deo spíritus contribulátus: cor contrítum et humiliátum, Deus, non despícies.

Benígne fac, Dómine, in bona voluntáte tua Sion: ut ædificéntur muri Jerúsalem.

Tunc acceptabis sacrificium justitiæ, oblationes, et holocausta: tunc imponent super altare tuum vitulos.

Gloria Patri, &c.

Thou shalt make me hear of joy and gladness: and the bones that were humbled shall rejoice.

Turn away Thy face from my sins; and blot out all my iniquities.

Create in me a clean heart, O God: and renew a right spirit within my bowels.

Cast me not away from Thy presence: and take not Thy Holy Spirit from me.

Restore unto me the joy of Thy salvation: and strengthen me with a perfect spirit.

I will teach the unjust Thy ways: and the wicked shall be converted unto Thee.

Deliver me from bloodguiltiness, O God, Thou God of my salvation: and my tongue shall extol Thy justice.

Thou shalt open my lips, O Lord: and my mouth shall declare Thy praise.

For if Thou hadst desired sacrifice, I would surely have given it: with burnt offerings Thou wilt not be delighted.

The sacrifice of God is an afflicted spirit; a contrite and humble heart, O God, Thou wilt not despise.

Deal favourably, O Lord, in Thy good will with Sion: that the walls of Jerusalem may be built up.

Then shalt Thou accept the sacrifice of justice, oblations, and whole burnt-offerings: then shall they lay calves upon Thine altars.

Glory be to the Father, &c.

87. Attende.

(*To be sung during Lent and other Penitential Seasons.*)

ATTENDE, Domine, et miserere, quia peccavimus tibi.

Chorus, Repeat: Attende, &c.

Recordare, Domine, quid acciderit nobis; peccavimus cum patribus nostris, injuste egimus; multiplicatæ sunt super capillos capitis iniquitates nostræ.

Chorus: Attende, &c.

Contristati sumus in exercitatione nostra et conturbati sumus a voce inimici et a tribulatione peccatorum: in proximo est perditio nostra, et non est qui adjuvet; formido mortis cecidit super nos.

Chorus: Attende, &c.

Look down on us, O Lord, and take pity; for we have sinned against Thee.

Chorus, Repeat: Look down, &c.

Remember, O Lord, what is come upon us; we have sinned with our fathers: we have acted unjustly; and our iniquities are multiplied above the hairs of our head.

Chorus: Look down, &c.

We are grieved in our exercise; and we are troubled at the voice of the enemy, and at the tribulation of sinners: our perdition is at hand, for there is no one to help us; and the fear of death is fallen upon us.

Chorus: Look down, &c.

Cor contritum et humiliatum ne despicias, Domine: in jejunio et fletu te deprecamur nos. Eleemosynam concludimus in sinu pauperum, et ipsa exorabit te pro nobis: convertimur ad te, quoniam multus es ad ignoscendum.

Chorus: Attende, &c.

Audi, popule meus, et considera: vinea mea electa, domus Israel: Ego te plantavi, quomodo facta est in amaritudinem? expectavi ut faceres judicium, et ecce iniquitas, et justitiam, et ecce clamor.

Chorus: Attende, &c.

Revertere, revertere ad Dominum Deum tuum, et auferam jugum captivitatis tuæ; redimam te; lavabo iniquitates tuas in sanguine meo; et ero victima tua, et Redemptor tuus.

Chorus: Attende, &c.

A contrite and humbled heart do not despise, O Lord; in fasting and weeping we pray to Thee. Alms we will shut up in the heart of the poor, and it shall obtain help for us from Thee. We return to Thee; for Thou art bountiful to forgive.

Chorus: Look down, &c.

Hearken, O my people, and consider, My chosen vineyard, O house of Israel: I planted thee: how then art thou turned into bitterness? And I looked that Thou shouldst do judgment, and behold iniquity: and do justice, and behold a cry.

Chorus: Look down, &c.

Return, O return to the Lord thy God, O My people, and I shall take away the yoke of thy captivity; I shall redeem thee, and wash thy iniquities in My Blood; and I shall be thy Victim, and thy Redeemer.

Chorus: Look down, &c.

88. Feast of the Transfiguration, at Vespers. 89.

(*August 6th.*)

Quicumque Christum quæritis,
Oculos in altum tollite:
Illic licebit visere
Signum perennis gloriæ.

Illustre quiddam cernimus,
Quod nesciat finem pati,
Sublime, celsum, interminum,
Antiquius cœlo et chao.

Hic ille Rex est Gentium
Populique Rex judaici,
Promissus Abrahæ patri;
Ejusque in ævum semini.

Hunc et prophetis testibus,
Iisdemque signatoribus,
Testator et pater jubet
Audire nos, et credere.

Jesu, tibi sit gloria,
Qui te revelas parvulis,
Cum Patre, et almo Spiritu,
In sempiterna sæcula.
Amen.

1 All ye who seek, in hope and love,
For your dear Lord, look up above:
Where, traced upon the azure sky,
Faith may a glorious form descry.

2 Lo! on the trembling verge of light
A something all divinely bright:
Immortal, infinite, sublime!
Older than chaos, space, or time:

3 Hail, Thou, the Gentiles' mighty Lord!
All hail, O Israel's King adored!
To Abraham sworn in ages past,
And to his seed while earth shall last.

4 To Thee the prophets witness bear;
Of Thee the Father doth declare,
That all who would His glory see,
Must hear and must believe in Thee.

5 To Jesus, from the proud concealed,
But evermore to babes revealed,
All glory with the Father be,
And Holy Ghost, eternally.
Amen.

First and Second Vespers.

V. Gloriosus apparuisti in conspectu Domini.
R. Propterea decorem induit te Dominus.

V. Glorious didst thou appear in the sight of the Lord.
R. Therefore hath God clothed thee with beauty.

PASSION-TIDE AND HOLY WEEK.

"*He suffered under Pontius Pilate, was crucified, dead, and buried.*"

Philip. ii. 8: "Christ became for our sakes, obedient unto death, even to the death of the cross."

The two last weeks of Lent are especially dedicated to the commemoration of the Passion of Christ.

Their pervading characteristic is a profound grief at seeing the Just One persecuted by His enemies even to death, and an energetic indignation against the deicides. It also prompts us to a salutary fear on account of the terrible punishment of the Jews, and to a great sorrow for our sins.

90. The Mystery of the Cross and Passion of Christ.

Col. ii. 14: "Blotting out the hand-writing of the decree that was against us . . . . fastening it to the cross."

1 Sing, my tongue, the Saviour's glory;
Tell His triumph far and wide;
Tell aloud the famous story
Of His body crucified;
How upon the cross a victim,
Vanquishing in death, He died.

2 Eating of the tree forbidden,
Man had sunk in Satan's snare;
When his pitying Creator
Did the second Tree prepare;
Destined many ages later,
That first evil to repair.

3 Such the order God appointed,
When for sin He would atone;
To the serpent thus opposing
Schemes yet deeper than his own;
Thence the remedy procuring,
Whence the fatal wound had come.

4 Thus did Christ to perfect manhood,
In our mortal flesh attain:
Then of His free choice He goeth
To a death of bitter pain;
And as a Lamb, upon the altar
Of the cross, for us is slain.

5 Lo, with gall His thirst He quenches!
See the thorns upon His brow!
Nails His tender flesh are rending!
See His side is opened now!
Whence, to cleanse the whole creation,
Streams of blood and water flow.

6 Lofty tree, bend down thy branches,
To embrace thy sacred load;
Oh, relax the native tension
Of that all too rigid wood;
Gently, gently bear the members
Of thy dying King and God.

7 Tree, which solely wast found worthy
Earth's great Victim to sustain;
Harbour from the raging tempest!
Ark, that saved the world again!
Tree, with Sacred Blood anointed,
Of the Lamb for sinners slain.

91. Passion and Palm Sunday, at Vespers. 92.

Vexilla Regis prodeunt:
Fulget crucis mysterium,
Qua vita mortem pertulit,
Et morte vitam protulit.

1 Forth comes the standard of the King:
All hail, thou Mystery adored!
Hail, Cross! on which the Life Himself
Died, and by death our life restored.

Quæ vulnerata lancea
Mucrone diro, criminum
Ut nos lavaret sordibus,
Manavit unda et sanguine.

Impleta sunt quæ concinit
David fideli carmine,
Dicendo nationibus:
Regnavit a ligno Deus.

Arbor decora et fulgida,
Ornata regis purpura,
Electa digno stipite
Tam sancta membra tangere.

Beata, cujus brachiis
Pretium pependit sæculi,
Statera facta corporis,
Tulitque prædam tartari.

O Crux ave, spes unica,
Hoc Passionis tempore
Piis adauge gratiam,
Reisque dele crimina.

Te, fons salutis Trinitas,
Collaudet omnis spiritus:
Quibus crucis victoriam
Largiris, adde premium.
Amen.

V. Eripe me, Domine, ab homine malo.
R. A viro iniquo eripe me.

2 On which our Saviour's holy side,
Rent open with a cruel spear,
Of blood and water poured a stream,
To wash us from defilement clear.

3 O sacred wood! in thee fulfilled
Was holy David's truthful lay!
Which told the world, that from a tree
The Lord should all the nations sway.

4 Most royally empurpled o'er,
How beautiful thy stem doth shine;
How glorious was its lot to touch
Those Limbs so holy and divine!

5 Thrice blest upon those arms outstretched
The Saviour of the world reclined;
Balance sublime! upon whose beam
Was weighed the Ransom of mankind.

6 Hail, cross! thou only hope of man,
Hail on this holy Passion-day!
To saints increase the grace they have;
From sinners purge their guilt away.

7 Salvation's spring, blest Trinity,
Be praise to Thee through earth and skies:
Thou through the Cross the victory
Dost give; oh, also give the prize!
Amen.

V. Deliver me, O Lord, from the wicked man.
R. And save me from the evil doer.

PALM SUNDAY AND HOLY WEEK.

This week is called the great, the Holy week, because in it the Church commemorates the holiest and the greatest of all the mysteries of our Redemption —"the Institution of the Holy Eucharist and Holy Mass on Maunday Thursday, and the Cruel Passion and Bitter Death of Christ on Good Friday."

Moreover, it is in this week that she blesses the materials for her greatest mysteries; viz., the water for baptism, the oils for extreme unction, confirmation, ordination, and the consecration of altars and churches. This week is also particularly appropriate for the reception and baptism of converts, reconciliation of sinners to God by penance, consecration of ministers for the altar, and the reception of the Most Holy Sacrament on Maunday Thursday.

The faithful should be therefore most particularly intent upon sanctifying this holy time by giving themselves up to stricter fasting and closer watch over their senses; by meditating more frequently on the Passion and Sufferings of Christ, and giving up for love of Him crucified every kind of amusement and recreation.

What a cruel and horrid mockery of their crucified Saviour's love it is that Catholics should join the crowd of the impious, the incredulous, or the thoughtless, and spend Good Friday in frivolous or sinful amusements, thus resembling the Jews of old, *who rejoiced over the death of their enemy.*

93. Hymn for Palm Sunday at the Procession. 94.

By welcoming Jesus Christ in the streets of Jerusalem with palm branches and hosannas, the Jewish people accomplished on this day the prophecy of Zachary, saying:—

"Zach. ix. 9: "Rejoice greatly, O daughter of Sion! Shout for joy, O daughter of Jerusalem! Behold thy King will come to thee, the Just and the Saviour. He is poor, and riding upon an ass and upon a colt the foal of an ass." Let our adoration and praise of Christ come from truer and more stedfast hearts than those fickle-minded people possessed.

GLORIA, laus, et honor, tibi sit, Rex Christe, Redemptor: [pium.
Cui puerile decus prompsit Hosanna
Israel es tu Rex, Davidis et inclyta proles: [venis.
Nomine qui in Domini, Rex benedicte omnis,
R. Gloria, laus.
Cœtus in excelsis te laudat cœlicus
Et mortalis homo, et cuncta creata simul.
R. Gloria, laus. [venit;
Plebs Hebræa tibi cum palmis obvia
Cum prece, voto, hymnis adsumus ecce tibi.
R. Gloria, laus. [laudis:
Hi tibi passuro solvebant munia
Nos tibi regnanti pangimus ecce melos.
R. Gloria, laus.
Hi placuere tibi, placeat devotio nostra:
Rex bone, Rex clemens, cui bona cuncta placent. Amen.
R. Gloria, laus.

To Thee, O Christ, be glory, praises loud,
To Thee, Hosanna, cried the Jewish crowd, [claim:
We Israel's monarch, David's Son pro-
Thou com'st, blest King, in God's most holy name.
R. To Thee, &c. [choir,
Angels and men in one harmonious
To sing Thy everlasting praise conspire.
R. To Thee, &c.
Thee, Israel's children met with conquering palms; [psalms:
To Thee our vows we pay in loudest
R. To Thee, &c.
For Thee, on earth with boughs they strewed the ways: [praise.
To Thee in heaven we sing melodious
R. To Thee, &c. [bring,
Accept this tribute, which to Thee we
As Thou didst theirs, O good and gracious King. Amen.
R. To Thee, &c.

95. The Agony and Prayer of Our Lord in the Garden.

Luke xxii. 43: "And being in an agony, He prayed the longer."

1 PITYING the miseries which with the fall
In paradise began,
Prostrate upon the earth, the Lord of all
Entreats for ruined man.

2 That garden where of old our guilt began,
Wrought cruel death and pain;
But this, where Jesus prays by night for man,
Brings life and joy again.

3 Hither, of His own will, our Lord for all
Is coming to atone;
And stay the thunderbolts about to fall
From the dread Father's throne.

4 Oh, bitter then was our Redeemer's lot,
While whelmed in griefs unknown:
"Father," He cries, "remove this cup; yet not
My will, but Thine be done."

5 While, a dread anguish pressing down His heart,
He faints upon the ground;
And from each bursting pore the blood-drops start;
Moistening the earth around.

6 But quickly from high heaven an angel came,
To soothe the Saviour's woes;
And strength returning to His languid frame,
Up from the earth He rose.

7 Praise to the Son, to whom a Name above
All other names is given.
Praise to the Father and the Spirit of love
From all in earth and heaven.

GOOD FRIDAY.

With what heartfelt sorrow and spirit of penance should we not spend this day, in the contemplation of the sorrows and supreme agonies of Christ, the Just One, crucified and dying for *us poor wretched miserable sinners!*

SECT. I.—HYMNS ON THE SUFFERINGS OF CHRIST.

HIS PASSION, CRUCIFIXION, AND DEATH.

96. Jesus Christ is Crucified.

Luke xxiii. 33: "And when they were come to the place which is called Calvary, they crucified Him there."

PART I.

1 O COME and mourn with me awhile;
See, Mary calls us to her side;
O come and let us mourn with her;
Jesus, our Love, is crucified!

2 Have we no tears to shed for Him,
While soldiers scoff and Jews deride;
Ah! look how patiently He hangs;
Jesus, our Love, is crucified!

3 How fast His hands and feet are nailed,
His blessed tongue with thirst is tied,
His failing eyes are blind with blood;
Jesus, our Love, is crucified!

4 His Mother cannot reach his face;
She stands in helplessness beside;
Her heart is martyred with her Son's;
Jesus, our Love, is crucified!

5 Seven times He spoke, seven words of love,
And three long hours His silence cried
For mercy on the souls of men,
Jesus, our Love, is crucified!

6 What was Thy crime, my dearest Lord?
By earth, by heaven, Thou hast been tried,
And guilty found of too much love;
Jesus, our Love, is crucified!

PART II.

7 FOUND guilty of excess of love,
It was Thine own sweet will that tied
Thee tighter far than helpless nails;
Jesus, our Love, is crucified!

8 Death came, and Jesus meekly bowed;
His failing eyes He strove to guide
With mindful love to Mary's face;
Jesus, our Love, is crucified!

9 O break, O break, hard heart of mine,
Thy weak self-love and guilty pride
His Pilate and His Judas were;
Jesus, our Love, is crucified!

10 Come, take thy stand beneath the cross,
And let the blood from out His side
Fall gently on thee drop by drop:
Jesus, our Love, is crucified!

11 A broken heart, a fount of tears,
Ask, and they will not be denied:
A broken heart love's cradle is;
Jesus, our Love, is crucified!

12 O love of God! O sin of man!
In this dread act your sin is tried;
And victory remains with love,
For He, our Love, is crucified!

97. Jesus Christ Dies.

Matt. xxvii. 50: "And Jesus again crying with a loud voice, yielded up the Ghost."

1 O'ERWHELMED in depths of woe,
Upon the tree of scorn
Hangs the Redeemer of mankind,
With racking anguish torn.

2 See! how the nails those hands
And feet so tender rend;
See! down His face, and neck, and breast,
His Sacred Blood descend.

3 Hark! with what awful cry
His spirit takes its flight;
That cry, it pierced the Mother's heart,
And whelmed her soul in night.

4 Earth hears, and to its base
Rocks wildly to and fro;
Tombs burst; seas, rivers, mountains quake;
The veil is rent in two.

5 The sun withdraws his light;
The midday heavens grow pale;
The moon, and stars, the universe,
Their Maker's death bewail.

6 Shall man alone be mute?
Come, youth! and hoary hairs!
Come, rich and poor! come, all mankind!
And bathe those feet in tears.

7 Come! fall before His cross,
Who shed for us His Blood:
Who died the victim of pure love,
To make us Sons of God.

8 Jesu! all praise to Thee,
Our joy and endless rest!
Be Thou our guide while pilgrims here,
Our crown amid the blest.

98. The chief Sufferings that Our Lord endured in His Body during His Passion.

We were His executioners.

Ephes. v. 2: "(He) hath delivered Himself for us, an oblation and a sacrifice to God for an odour of sweetness."

1 MY Jesus! say, what wretch has dared
Thy sacred hands to bind?
And who has dared to buffet so
Thy face so meek and kind?

Chorus.

'Tis I have thus ungrateful been,
Yet, Jesus! pity take!
Oh, spare and pardon me, my Lord,
For Thy sweet mercy's sake!

2 My Jesus! who with spittle vile
Profaned Thy sacred brow?
Or whose unpitying scourge has made
Thy precious blood to flow?
Chorus.—'Tis I have thus, &c.

3 My Jesus! whose the hands that wove
That cruel thorny crown?
Who made that hard and heavy cross
That weighs Thy shoulders down?
Chorus.—'Tis I have thus, &c.

4 My Jesus! who has mocked Thy thirst
With vinegar and gall;
Who held the nails that pierced Thy hands,
And made the hammer fall?
Chorus.—'Tis I have thus, &c.

5 My Jesus! say, who dared to nail
Those tender feet of Thine;
And whose the arm that raised the lance
To pierce that Heart divine.
Chorus.—'Tis I have thus, &c.

6 And, Mary! who has murdered thus,
Thy loved and only One?
Canst thou forgive the blood-stained hand
That robbed thee of thy Son?

Chorus.

'Tis I have thus ungrateful been
To Jesus and to thee;
Forgive me for thy Jesus' sake,
And pray to Him for me.

FIFTH HYMN ON THE LIFE AND IMITATION OF OUR LORD.

99. The chief Sufferings that Our Lord endured in His Soul during His Passion.

1 *He is deserted by His apostles.*
Jesus! who saw'st on that sad night
Thine own, Thy chosen, take to flight,
And leave their Lord by stealth;
Oh, may we learn in grief and care
Those harder trials still to bear,
Prosperity and wealth.

2 *He keeps silent before His accusers.*
Jesus! who meekly silent stood
Before the accusing multitude,
Do Thou my tongue control;
Set on my busy lips Thy seal,
Ascetic silence oft can heal
The sickness of the soul.

3 *St. Peter's denial of Him.*
Jesus! whom Peter then denied,
Thou with one gentle look didst chide
The weak disciple's fears;
If ever I deny Thy name,
Thy cross, oh, send me speedy shame,
Oh! give me Peter's tears.

4 *He is treated as a mock king.*
Jesus! the Judge of quick and dead,
Thyself, when falsely judged, wert led
In mock regalia clad;
May I my solemn office fill,
Judge of myself and think no ill,
Not even of the bad.

5 *Barabbas is preferred before Him.*
Jesus! for whom the wicked Jews,
A vile and blood-stained robber choose,
Have mercy, Lord, on me,
And keep me from a choice so base
As taking wealth, or ease, or place,
Barabbas, Lord, for Thee.

6 *He is stripped before the multitude.*
Jesus! on that most doleful day
How were Thy garments stripped away,
Thy holy limbs laid bare;
Oh, may no works or ways unclean
Despoil me of that modest mien
Thy servants, Lord, should wear.

7 *His mother's sorrows.*
Jesus! Thy Passion's bitter smart
Pierced like a sword Thy mother's heart,
As Simeon prophesied.
So fix my heart unto Thy cross,
That I may count all gain but loss
For Jesus crucified!

100. Stabat Mater. 101.

Lam. i. 12: "Oh, all ye that pass by the way, attend, and see if there be any sorrow like to my sorrow."

Stabat Mater dolorosa
Juxta crucem lacrymosa,
Dum pendebat Filius.
Cujus animam gementem,
Contristatam, et dolentem,
Pertransivit gladius.

O quam tristis et afflicta
Fuit illa benedicta
Mater Unigeniti.
Quæ mœrebat, et dolebat,
Pia Mater, dum videbat
Nati pœnas inclyti.

Quis est homo qui non fleret,
Matrem Christi si videret
In tanto supplicio?

1 At the cross her station keeping,
Stood the mournful Mother weeping
Close to Jesus to the last;
Through her heart His sorrow sharing,
All His bitter anguish bearing,
Now at length the sword had passed.

2 Oh, how sad and sore distressed
Was that Mother highly blest
Of the sole-begotten One!
Christ above in torment hangs
She beneath beholds the pangs
Of her dying glorious Son.

3 Is there one who would not weep,
Whelmed in miseries so deep,
Christ's dear Mother to behold?

Quis non posset contristari,
Christi Matrem contemplari
Dolentem cum Filio?

Pro peccatis suæ gentis
Vidit Jesum in tormentis,
Et flagellis subditum.
Vidit suum dulcem Natum
Moriendo desolatum,
Dum emisit spiritum.

Pia Mater, fons amoris,
Me sentire vim doloris
Fac, ut tecum lugeam.
Fac ut ardeat cor meum
In amando Christum Deum,
Ut sibi complaceam.

Sancta Mater, istud agas,
Crucifixi fige plagas
Cordi meo valide.
Tui Nati vulnerati,
Tam dignati pro me pati,
Pœnas mecum divide.

Fac me tecum pie flere,
Crucifixo condolere,
Donec ego vixero,
Juxta Crucem tecum stare,
Et me tibi sociare
In planctu desidero.

Virgo virginum præclara,
Mihi jam non sis amara;
Fac me tecum plangere.
Fac ut portem Christi mortem,
Passionis fac consortem,
Et plagas recolere.

Fac me plagis vulnerari,
Fac me Cruce inebriari,
Et cruore Filii.
Flammis ne urar succensus,
Per te, Virgo, sim defensus
In die judicii.

Christe, cum sit hinc exire
Da per Matrem me venire
Ad palmam victoriæ.
Quando corpus morietur,
Fac ut animæ donetur
Paradisi gloria.

Amen.

V. Christus factus est pro nobis obediens usque ad mortem.
R. Mortem autem crucis.

Can the human heart refrain
From partaking in her pain,
In that Mother's pain untold?

4 Bruised, derided, cursed, defiled,
She beheld her tender child
All with bloody scourges rent,
For the sins of His own nation,
Saw Him hang in desolation,
Till His spirit forth He sent.

5 O thou Mother! fount of love!
Touch my spirit from above,
Make my heart with thine accord;
Make me feel as thou hast felt;
Make my soul to glow and melt
With the love of Christ my Lord.

6 Holy Mother! pierce me through;
In my heart each wound renew,
Of my Saviour crucified:
Let me share with thee His pain,
Who for all my sins was slain,
Who for me in torments died.

7 Let me mingle tears with thee,
Mourning Him who mourned for me,
All the days that I may live:
By the cross with thee to stay,
There with thee to weep and pray,
Is all I ask of thee to give.

8 Virgin of all virgins best;
Listen to my fond request:
Let me share thy grief divine;
Let me, to my latest breath,
In my body bear the death
Of that dying Son of thine.

9 Wounded with His every wound,
Steep my soul till it hath swooned
In His very blood away:
Be to me, O Virgin, nigh,
Lest in flames I burn and die
In His awful judgment day.

10 Christ, when Thou shalt call me hence,
Be Thy Mother my defence,
Be Thy cross my victory;
While my body here decays,
May my soul Thy goodness praise,
Safe in Paradise with Thee.

Amen.

V. Christ was made for us obedient unto death.
R. Even unto the death of the cross.

SIXTH HYMN ON THE LIFE AND IMITATION OF OUR LORD.

102. The seven last Words of our Lord on the Cross.

1 Luke xxiii. 34: "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do."

JESUS, who to the Father prayed
For those who all Thy love repaid
With this dread cup of woes:
Teach me to conquer, Lord, like Thee,
By patience and benignity,
The thwarting of my foes.

2 Luke xxiii. 43: "Amen, I say to thee, This day thou shalt be with Me in Paradise."

Jesus! who came to seek and save,
Absolved the thief, and promise gave,
Of peace among the blest;
Oh! do Thou give me penitence
Like this, that I, when summoned hence,
In Paradise may rest.

3 John xix. 26: "He saith to His mother: Woman, behold thy Son. After that He saith to the disciple, Behold thy mother."

Jesus, who bade the Virgin John
Thy mother take, when Thou wert gone,
And in Thy stead to be;
Oh, when I yield my parting breath,
Be Thou beside me, and in death,
Good Lord, remember me.

4 Matt. xxvii. 46: "Eli, Eli, Lamma Sabacthani," that is, "My God, My God, why hast Thou forsaken Me?"

Jesus! true man, who cried aloud,
Toward the ninth hour, My God, My God,
Oh, why am I forsaken?
Lord! may I never fall from Thee,
Nor e'en in life's extremity
My humble trust be shaken.

5 John xix. 28: "I thirst."

Jesus! athirst, the soldiers think
To mock Thee, giving Thee to drink
What might inflame thy pain;
Oh! mindful of the loathsome draught,
Which for my sins my Saviour quaffed,
May I my flesh restrain.

6 John xix. 36: "It is consummated."

Jesus! Redeemer, all the price
Of Adam's sin Thy sacrifice
Did more than fully pay;
May I my stewardship fulfil,
With equal strictness, and Thy will
With scrupulous love obey.

7 Luke xxiii. 46: "Father, into Thy hands I commend My spirit"—and saying this He gave up the ghost.

Jesus! Thy Passion at an end,
Thou didst Thy blameless soul commend
Unto the Father's care;
When my last hour is come, may I
Hasten with meek alacrity
To do Thy will elsewhere.

SEVENTH HYMN ON THE LIFE AND IMITATION OF OUR LORD.

103. The Five particular Circumstances in which our Lord shed His Most Precious Blood during His Passion.

1 *His Agony in the Garden.*

JESUS! who in the Garden felt
The bloody sweat, yet patient knelt
To do Thy Father's will,
To me give such a zealous mind
To suffer, such a heart resigned
Thy statutes to fulfil.

2 *His Scourging at the Pillar.*

Jesus! when scourged and buffeted
And spit upon, Thy sacred head
Was bowed to earth for me;
Oh! may I pardon find and bliss,
And expiating love in this
My Lord's indignity.

3 *His being crowned with Thorns.*
Jesus! with crown of ruddy thorn,
The Jews Thy tortured brow adorn,
And, jeering, Hail Thee King;
May I, O Lord, with heart sincere,
My humble zeal, my love and fear,
And real homage bring.

4 *His Carriage of the Cross.*
Jesus! along Thy proper road
Of sorrows, with Thy weary load,
How didst Thou toil and strain!
O may I bear the cross like Thee,
Or rather, Lord, do Thou in me
The blessed weight sustain.

5 *His Crucifixion and Death.*
Jesus! what direst agony
Was Thine upon the bitter tree,
With healing virtues rife!
Oh! may I count all things but loss,
All for the glory of the cross,
The sinner's tree of life.

Amen.

104. The Litany of the Passion of Christ.

1 By the blood that flowed from Thee
In Thy bitter agony,
By the scourge so meekly borne,
By Thy purple robe of scorn—

Chorus.

Jesu, Saviour, hear our cry!
Thou wert suffering once as we:
Hear the loving litany
We Thy children sing to Thee.

2 By the thorns that crowned Thy head,
By Thy sceptre of a reed,
By Thy footstep faint and slow,
Weighed beneath Thy cross of woe—
Chorus.—Jesu, Saviour, &c.

3 By the nails and pointed spear,
By Thy people's cruel jeer,
By Thy dying prayer which rose
Begging mercy for Thy foes—
Chorus.—Jesu, Saviour, &c.

4 By the darkness thick as night,
Blotting out the sun from sight;
By the cry with which in death
Thou didst yield Thy parting breath—
Chorus.—Jesu, Saviour, &c.

5 By Thy weeping mother's woe,
By the sword that pierced her through,
When in anguish standing by,
On the cross she saw Thee die—
Chorus.—Jesu, Saviour, &c.

SECT. II.—HYMNS CONCERNING PARTICULAR DEVOTIONS TO THE PASSION OF OUR LORD.

105. The Wounds of our Lord.

Ps. xxi. 17: "They have dug My hands and feet . . . They have numbered all My bones."

1 HAIL wounds! which through eternal years
The love of Jesus show;
Hail wounds! from whence encrimsoned rills
Of blood for ever flow.
More precious than the gems of Ind,
Than all the stars more fair;
Nor honeycomb, nor fragrant rose,
Can once with you compare.

2 Through you is opened to our souls
A refuge safe and calm,
Whither no raging enemy
Can reach to work us harm.
What countless stripes did Christ receive
Naked in Pilate's hall!
From His torn flesh what streams of blood
Did all around Him fall!

3 How doth th' ensanguined thorny crown
That beauteous brow transpierce!
How do the nails those hands and feet
Contract with tortures fierce!
He bows His head, and forth at last
His loving spirit soars;
Yet even after death His heart
For us its tribute pours.

4 Beneath the wine-press of God's wrath
His blood for us He drains;
Till for Himself, O wondrous love!
No single drop remains.

Oh, come all ye in whom are fixed
The deadly stains of sin!
Come! wash in this all-saving blood,
And ye shall be made clean.

106. The Most Precious Blood of Jesus.

1 Pet. i. 28: "You were not redeemed with corruptible things as gold or silver . . . but with the precious blood of Christ, as of a lamb unspotted and undefiled."

1 BLOOD is the price of heaven;
All sin that price exceeds;
Oh, come to be forgiven:
He bleeds, my Saviour bleeds!

2 Under the olive-boughs,
Falling like ruby beads,
The blood drops from His brows;
He bleeds, my Saviour bleeds!

3 While the fierce scourges fall,
The precious blood still pleads;
In front of Pilate's hall,
He bleeds, my Saviour bleeds!

4 Beneath the thorny crown
The crimson fountain speeds;
See how it trickles down:
He bleeds, my Saviour bleeds!

5 Bearing the fatal wood,
His band of saints He leads,
Marking the way with blood:
He bleeds, my Saviour bleeds!

6 On Calvary His shame
With blood still intercedes;
His open wounds proclaim
He bleeds, my Saviour bleeds!

7 He hangs upon the tree,—
Hangs there for my misdeeds;
He sheds His blood for me:
He bleeds, my Saviour bleeds!

8 His blood is flowing still:
My thirsty soul it feeds;
He lets me drink my fill:
He bleeds, my Saviour bleeds!

107. Praise to the Most Precious Blood.

Heb. xii. 24: "But you are come to Jesus the mediator of the New Testament, and to the sprinkling of blood, which speaketh better than that of Abel."

1 HAIL, Jesus! hail! who for my sake
Sweet blood from Mary's veins didst take,
And shed it all for me;
Oh, blessed be my Saviour's blood,
My life, my light, my only good,
To all eternity.

2 To endless ages let us praise
The Precious Blood, whose price could raise
The world from wrath and sin;
Whose streams our inward thirst appease,
And heal the sinner's worst disease,
If he but bathe therein.

3 O Sweetest Blood, that can implore
Pardon of God, and heaven restore,
The heaven which sin had lost;
While Abel's blood for vengeance pleads,
What Jesus shed still intercedes
For those who wronged Him most.

4 Oh, to be sprinkled from the walls
Of Christ's own Sacred Blood excels
Earth's best and highest bliss;
The ministers of wrath divine
Hurt not the happy hearts that shine
With those red drops of His!

5 Ah, there is joy amid the saints,
And hell's despairing courage faints
When this sweet song we raise:
Oh, louder then, and louder still,
Earth with one mighty chorus fill,
The Precious Blood to praise!

108. Another Hymn of Praise to the Most Precious Blood.

1 John i. 7: "And the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth us from all sin."

1 GLORY be to Jesus,
Who in bitter pains,
Poured for me the life-blood,
From His sacred veins!
Grace and life eternal
In that blood I find;
Blest be His compassion,
Infinitely kind!

Chorus.

Lift ye, then, your voices;
Swell the mighty flood;
Louder still and louder,
Praise the precious blood.

2 Blest through endless ages
Be the precious stream,
Which from endless torment
Doth the world redeem!
There the fainting spirit
Drinks of life her fill;
There as in a fountain
Laves herself at will.
Chorus.—Lift ye, then, &c.

3 Oh, the blood of Jesus
Soothes the Father's ire;—
Opes the gate of heaven;—
Quells eternal fire.
Abel's blood for vengeance
Pleaded to the skies;
But the blood of Jesus
For our pardon cries.
Chorus.—Lift ye, then, &c.

4 Oft as it is sprinkled
On our guilty hearts,
Satan in confusion
Terror-struck departs:
Oft as earth exulting
Wafts its praise on high,
Hell with terror trembles;
Heaven is filled with joy.
Chorus.—Lift ye, then, &c.

109. Feast of the Most Precious Blood at Vespers. 110.

(*First Sunday of July.*)

FESTIVIS resonent compita vocibus,
Cives lætitiam frontibus explicent,
Tædis flammiferis ordine prodeant,
Instructi pueri et senes.

Quem dura moriens Christus in arbore
Fudit multiplici vulnere Sanguinem,
Nos facti memores dum colimus, decet
Saltem fundere lacrymas.

Humano generi pernicies gravis
Adami veteris crimines contigit:
Adami integritas et pietas novi
Vitam reddidit omnibus.

Clamorem validum summus ab æthere
Languentis Geniti si Pater audiit,
Placari potius sanguine debuit,
Et nobis veniam dare.

Hoc quicumque stolam sanguine proluit,
Abstergit maculas, et roseum decus
Quo fiat similis protinus Angelis,
Et regi placeat, capit.

1 FORTH let the long procession stream,
And through the streets in order wend;
Let the bright waving line of torches gleam,
The solemn chant ascend.

2 While we, with tears and sighs profound,
That memorable blood record,
Which, stretched on His hard cross, from many a wound
The dying Jesus poured.

3 By the first Adam's fatal sin
Came death upon the human race;
In this new Adam doth new life begin,
And everlasting grace.

4 For scarce the Father heard from
The cry of His expiring Son, [heaven
When in that cry our sins were all for-
And boundless pardon won. [given,

5 Henceforth, whose in that dear blood
Washeth, shall lose his every stain:
And in immortal roseate beauty robed,
An angel's likeness gain.

A recto instabilis tramite postmodum
Se nullus retrahat, meta sed ultima
Tangatur: tribuet nobile præmium,
Qui cursum Deus adjuvat.

Nobis propitius sis Genitor potens,
Ut quos unigenæ Sanguine Filii
Emisti, et placido Flamine recreas,
Cœli ad culmina transferas.
Amen.

6 Only run thou with courage on
Straight to the goal set in the skies;
He who assists thy course will give thee soon
The everlasting prize.

7 Father supreme! vouchsafe that we,
For whom Thine only Son was slain,
And whom thy Holy Spirit sanctifies,
May heavenly joys attain. Amen.

FIRST VESPERS.

V. Redemisti nos, Domine, in sanguine tuo.
R. Et fecisti nos Deo nostro regnum.

V. Thou hast redeemed us, O Lord, in Thy blood.
R. And hast made of us a kingdom unto our God.

SECOND VESPERS.

V. Te ergo quæsumus tuis famulis subveni.
R. Quos pretioso sanguine redemisti.

V. We therefore pray thee help Thy servants.
R. Whom Thou hast redeemed with Thy precious blood.

111. The Cross of Christ.

Gal. vi. 14:—"God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ."

"When we rise, the cross; when we lie down, the cross; in our studies, the cross; everywhere and at every time, the cross—shining more glorious than the sun."—*St. Chrysostom.*

1 O CHILD of God, remember,
When thou to Christ wast born,
How then across thine infant breast
His sacred sign was drawn.

2 And when confirming Chrism
Upon thy brow was laid,
How in that sign the Holy Ghost
His grace upon thee shed.

3 Therefore, when sleep invites thee
To take thy needful rest,
Be sure that with the sacred cross
Thou sign thy brow and breast.

4 The cross hath wondrous virtue
All evil to control;
To scatter darkness, and to calm
The tempest of the soul.

5 What though in sleep this body
May helpless seem to lie?
I nothing fear, assured that One
Stronger than all is nigh.

6 On Him my heart shall ponder,
E'en while my rest I take;
My shield and shelter while I sleep,
My joy when I awake.

112. The Wonderful Power of the Cross of Christ.

1 Cor. i. 23: "To the Jews a stumbling-block and to the Gentiles foolishness; but to them that are called it is the power of God"—"in that sign thou shalt conquer."

1 THE cross, the cross! oh, bid it rise,
'Mid clouds about it curled,
In bold relief against the skies,
Beheld by all the world;
A sign to myriads far and wide,
On every holy fane—
Meet emblem of the Crucified,
For our transgressions slain.

2 The cross, the cross! with solemn vow
And fervent prayer to bless,
Upon the new-born infant's brow
The hallowed seal impress;
A token that in coming years,
All else esteemed but loss,
He will press on through foes and fears,
The soldier of the cross.

3 The cross, the cross! upon the heart
O seal the signet well,
A safeguard sweet against each art
And stratagem of hell;
A hope when other hopes shall cease,
And worth all hopes beside—
The Christian's blessedness and peace,
His joy and only pride.

4 The cross, the cross! ye heralds blest,
Who in the saving name,
Go forth to lands with sin opprest,
The cross of Christ proclaim!
And so 'mid idols lifted high,
In truth and love revealed,
It may be seen by every eye,
And stricken souls be healed.

5 The cross, dear Church, the world is dark,
And wrapt in shades of night;
Yet, lift but up within thy ark
This source of living light—
This emblem of our heavenly birth
And claim to things divine—
So thou shalt go through all the earth,
And "conquer in this sign."

113. The Most Holy Crown of Thorns.

Matt. xxvii. 29: "And platting a crown of thorns, they put it upon His Head.'

1 DAUGHTERS of Sion! royal maids!
Come forth to see the crown,
Which Sion's self, with cruel hands,
Hath woven for her Son.

2 See! how amid His gory locks
The jagged thorns appear;
See! how His pallid countenance
Foretells that death is near.

3 Oh, savage was the earth that bore
Those thorns so sharp and long!
Savage the hand that gathered them
To work this deadly wrong.

4 But now that Christ's redeeming blood
Hath tinged them with its dye,
Fairer than roses they appear,
Or palms of victory.

5 Jesu! the thorns which pierced Thy brow,
Sprang from the seed of sin;
Pluck ours, we pray Thee, from our hearts,
And plant Thine own therein.

114. The Most Holy Spear and Nails.

John xix. 34: "But one of the soldiers with a spear opened His side, and immediately there came out blood and water."

1 WHAT tongue, most holy spear, can duly sound
Thy praise, in heaven or earth?
Thou, who didst open that life-giving wound
From whence the Church had birth.

2 From Adam, sunk in an ecstatic sleep,
Came Eve, divinely framed;
From Christ, His spouse; when from that wound so deep
The blood and water streamed.

3 And equal thanks to you, blest nails, whereby,
Fast to the sacred rood, [to die
The sentence dread that doomed us
Was blotted out in blood.

4 To Him who still retains in highest heaven
The wounds which here He bore,
Be glory, with th' Eternal Father, given,
And Spirit evermore.

115. The Most Holy Winding-Sheet.

Luke xxiii. 53: "And taking Him down, he wrapped Him in fine linen and laid Him in a sepulchre."

1 THE glories of that sacred winding-sheet
Let every tongue record;
Which from the cross received with honour meet
The body of the Lord.

2 O Dear Memorial! on which we see,
In bloody stains impressed,
The form, sublime in awful majesty,
Of our Redeemer blest.

3 How doth the grievous sight of Thee recall
Those dying throes to mind,
Which Christ, compassionating Adam's fall,
Endured for lost mankind.

4 His wounded side, His hands and feet pierced through,
Mirrored in Thee appear;
His lacerated limbs, His gory brow
And thorn-entangled hair.

5 Ah! who, beholding these sad images,
Can tears control?
Can check the throbs of swelling grief that rise
Up from his inmost soul?

6 Jesu! my sin it was that laid Thee low,
And through Thy death I live;
That life, which to Thy torments sore I owe,
Henceforth to Thee I give.

7 Glory to Him who to redeem us bore
Such bitter dying pains; [more,
Who with th' Eternal Father ever-
And Holy Spirit reigns.

EIGHTH HYMN ON THE LIFE AND IMITATION OF OUR LORD.

116. The particular Circumstances which occurred from our Lord's Death to His Resurrection.

1 *He dies.*
Jesus! all hail, who for my sin [win
Didst die, and by that death didst Eternal life for me;
Send me Thy grace, good Lord! that I
Unto the world and flesh may die,
And hide my life with Thee.

2 *His side is pierced through.*
Jesus! from out Thy open side,
Thou hast the thirsty world supplied
With endless streams of love;
Come ye who would your sickness quell,
Draw freely from this sacred well:
Its heavenly virtues prove.

3 *The inscription upon the Cross.*
Jesus! around Thy sacred head
There is an ominous brightness shed,
The name which Pilate wrote;
Save us, Thou royal Nazarene!
For in Thy Threefold Name are seen
The gifts Thy Passion brought.

4 *He is buried.*
Jesus! in spices wrapped, and laid
Within the garden's rocky shade,
By jealous seals made sure,
Embalm me with Thy grace, and hide
Thy servant in Thy wounded side,
A heavenly sepulture!

5 *He descends into Hell.*
Jesus! who to the spirits went,
And preached the new enfranchisement
Thy recent death had won;
Absolve me, Lord, and set me free
From self and sin, that I may be
Bondsman to Thee alone.

117. The Descent of Jesus Christ to Limbus.

"He descended into Hell."

Ps. xv. 10: "Thou wilt not leave My soul in hell; nor wilt Thou give Thy Holy One to see corruption."

1 Thousand of years had come and gone,
And slow the ages seemed to move
To those expectant souls that filled
That prison-house of patient love.

2 It was a weary watch of theirs,
But onward still their hopes would press;
Captives they were, yet happy too,
In their contented weariness.

3 As noiseless tides the ample depths
Of some capacious harbour fill,
So grew the calm of that dread place
Each day with increase swift and still.

4 But see! how hushed the crowd of souls!
Whence comes the light of upper [day?
What glorious form is this that finds
Through central earth its ready way?

5 'Tis God! 'tis Man! the living soul
Of Jesus, beautiful and bright,
The first-born of created things,
Flushed with a pure resplendent light.

6 'Tis Mary's Child! Eve saw Him come;
She flew from Joseph's haunted side,
And worshipped, first of all that [crowd,
The soul of Jesus crucified.

7 So after four long thousand years,
Faith reached her end, and Hope her aim,
And from them as they passed away,
Love lit her everlasting flame!

EASTER-TIDE.

"The third day He rose again from the dead."

Of all the seasons of the liturgical year Easter-Tide is, by far, the richest in mystery. Easter, we might even say, is the summit of the mystery of the sacred liturgy—the *feast of feasts*—the *solemnity of solemnities*. The holy longings of Advent, the sweet joys of Christmas, the severe truths of Septuagesima, the contrition and penance of Lent, the heart-rending sight of the Passion,—all were given us as preliminaries, as paths to the sublime and glorious Pasch, which is now ours. On Easter Day God regains, by the resurrection of the Man-God, His creation renewed;—on this day the whole human race hath risen to immortality together with Jesus. Cor. xv. 21: "By a man came death; and by a man the resurrection of the dead; and, as in Adam all die, so also in Christ all shall be made alive." On this day the old law is abolished and the new law begins; the figures have given place to the reality. The anniversary of the Resurrection is, therefore, a great day, a day of joy, the day by excellence, the holiest of days, the Lord's day. Let us sing therefore—

Ant. (x.) Hæc dies, quam fecit Dominus: exultemus et lætemur in ea.

Ant. This is the day which the Lord hath made: let us be glad and rejoice therein.

Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia.
Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia.
Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia.

118. The Description of the Resurrection of Jesus Christ. 119.

Chorus.—Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia.

1 O Filii et filiæ,
Rex cœlestis, Rex gloriæ,
Morte surrexit hodie, Alleluia.
Chorus.—Alleluia, &c.

2 Et mane prima Sabbati
Ad ostium monumenti
Accesserunt discipuli, Alleluia.
Chorus.—Alleluia, &c.

1 Ye sons and daughters of the Lord,
The King of heaven, the King adored,
From death this day Himself restored.
Alleluia.

2 On Sunday morn at break of day
The holy women went their way,
To see the tomb where Jesus lay,
Alleluia.

3 In albis sedens angelus
Prædixit mulieribus:
"In Galilœa est Dominus, Alleluia."
Chorus.—Alleluia, &c.

4 Discipulis adstantibus,
In medio stetit Christus, [luia.
Dicens: "pax vobis omnibus," Alle-
Chorus.—Alleluia, &c.

5 Ut intellexit Dydimus,
Quia surrexerat Jesus,
Remansit fere dubius, Alleluia.
Chorus.—Alleluia, &c.

6 Vide, Thoma, vide latus,
Vide pedes, vide manus,
Noli esse incredulus, Alleluia.
Chorus.—Alleluia, &c.

7 Quando Thomas vidit Christum
Pedes, manus, latus suum:
Dixit, tu es Deus meus, Alleluia.
Chorus.—Alleluia, &c.

8 Beati qui non viderunt,
Et firmiter crediderunt;
Vitam æternam habebunt, Alleluia.
Chorus.—Alleluia, &c.

9 In hoc festo sanctissimo,
Sit laus et jubilatio,
Benedicamus Domino, Alleluia.
Chorus.—Alleluia, &c.

3 An angel clad in white they see,
Who sat, and spake unto the three:
"Your Lord hath gone to Galilee."
Alleluia.

4 That night th' Apostles met in fear,
But Christ did in the midst appear:
"My peace," He saith, "be on all here!"
Alleluia.

5 But Thomas, when of this he heard,
Was doubtful of his brethren's word;
Wherefore again there came the Lord:
Alleluia.

6 "Behold My side, O Thomas, see;
My hands, My feet, I show to thee;
Not faithless, but believing be."
Alleluia.

7 When Thomas saw that wounded side,
The truth no longer he denied;
"Thou art my Lord and God," he cried. Alleluia.

8 Oh, blest are they who have not seen
Their Lord, and yet believe in Him;
Eternal life awaiteth them.
Alleluia.

9 On this most holy Day of days,
To God your hearts and voices raise
In laud and jubilee and praise.
Alleluia. Amen.

120. The Sequence for Easter Sunday at Mass.

VICTIMÆ paschali laudes
Immolent Christiani.
Agnus redemit oves:
Christus innocens Patri
Reconciliavit peccatores.
Mors et vita duello
Confixere mirando:
Dux vitæ mortuus,
Regnat vivus.
Dic nobis, Maria,
Quid vidisti in via?
Sepulchrum Christi viventis,
Et gloriam vidi resurgentis:
Angelicos testes,
Sudarium et vestes.
Surrexit Christus spes mea:
Præcedet vos in Galilæam.
Scimus Christum surrexisse
A mortuis vere:
Tu nobis, victor Rex, miserere,
Amen. Alleluia.

FORTH to the paschal Victim, Christians, bring
Your sacrifice of praise:
The Lamb redeems the sheep;
And Christ, the sinless One,
Hath to the Father sinners reconciled.
Together Death and Life
In a strange conflict strove;
The Prince of Life, who died,
Now lives and reigns.
What thou sawest, Mary, say,
As thou wentest on the way.
I saw the tomb wherein the Living One had lain;
I saw His glory as He rose again;
Napkin and linen clothes, and angels twain:
Yea, Christ is risen, my hope and He
Will go before you into Galilee.
We know that Christ indeed has risen from the grave:
Hail, thou King of Victory!
Have mercy, Lord, and save.

121. Christ hath truly risen. Alleluia.

Matt. xxviii. 5: "You seek Jesus, who was crucified: He is not here, for He is risen, as He said."

1 CHRIST the Lord is risen to-day;
Christians, haste your vows to pay:
Offer ye your praises meet
At the Paschal Victim's feet;
For the sheep the Lamb hath bled,
Sinless in the sinner's stead.
Christ the Lord is risen on high;
Now He lives, no more to die.
Chorus.—Alleluia. Alleluia. Alleluia.

2 Christ, the Victim undefiled,
Man to God hath reconciled:
When in strange and awful strife
Met together death and life;
Christians, on this happy day
Haste with joy your vows to pay,
Christ the Lord is risen on high;
Now He lives, no more to die.
Chorus.—Alleluia. Alleluia. Alleluia.

3 Say, O wond'ring Mary, say,
What thou sawest on thy way.
"I beheld, where Christ had lain,
Empty tomb and angels twain;
I beheld the glory bright
Of the rising Lord of light:
Christ my hope is risen again;
Now He lives, and lives to reign."
Chorus.—Alleluia. Alleluia. Alleluia.

4 Christ, who once for sinners bled,
Now the first-born from the dead,
Throned in endless might and power,
Lives and reigns for evermore.
Hail, eternal hope on high;
Hail, thou King of victory;
Hail, thou Prince of life adored:
Help and save us, gracious Lord.
Chorus.—Alleluia. Alleluia. Alleluia.

122. Christ is risen! the Conqueror of Death.

1 Cor. xv. 55: "Christ is risen from the dead, the first-fruits of them that sleep: O Death, where is thy victory? O Death, where is thy sting?"

1 ALL hail! dear Conqueror! All hail!
O what a victory is Thine!
How beautiful Thy strength appears,
Thy crimson wounds how bright they shine!

2 Thou camest at the dawn of day;
Armies of souls around Thee were,
Blessed spirits thronging to adore
Thy flesh, so marvellous, so fair.

3 The everlasting Godhead lay
Shrouded within those limbs Divine,
Nor left untenanted one hour
That sacred human heart of Thine.

4 They worshipped Thee, those ransomed souls,
With the fresh strength of love let free;
They worshipped joyously, and thought
Of Mary while they looked on Thee.

5 And Thou too, soul of Jesus, Thou
Towards that sacred flesh didst yearn,
And for the beatings of that heart
How ardently Thy love did burn!

6 They worshipped while the beauteous soul
Paused by the body's wounded side:—
Bright flashed the cave—before them stood
The living Jesus glorified.

7 Down, down, all lofty things on earth,
And worship Him with joyous dread!
O sin! thou art undone by love!
O death! thou art discomfited!

8 Ye heavens, how sang they in your courts,
How sang the angelic choirs that day,
When from His tomb the imprisoned God,
Like the strong sunrise broke away!

9 Oh, I am burning so with love,
I fear lest I should make too free;
Let me lie silent, and adore
Thy glorified Humanity.

10 Ah! now Thou sendest me sweet tears;
Fluttered with love my spirits fail—
What shall I say? Thou know'st my heart;
All hail! dear Conqueror! all hail.

123. Christ is risen! the Prince of Peace.

John xx. 19: "Now when it was late, that same day, the first of the week, and the doors were shut, where the disciples were gathered together for fear of the Jews, Jesus came and stood in the midst, and said to them, Peace be to you."

To Christ, the Prince of Peace,
And Son of God most High;
The Father of the world to come,
Sing we with holy joy.

1 Deep in His heart for us
The wound of love He bore;
That love with which He still inflames
The hearts that Him adore.

2 O Jesu! Victim blest!
What else but love divine
Could Thee constrain to open thus
That sacred heart of Thine?

3 O fount of endless life!
O spring of waters clear!
O flame celestial, cleansing all
Who unto Thee draw near.

4 Hide me in Thy dear heart,
For thither do I fly;
There seek Thy grace through [death
Thine immortality.

5 Praise to the Father be;
Praise to His only Son;
Praise to the blessed Paraclete,
While endless ages run.

124. Christ is risen! the Good Shepherd.

John x. 14: "The Good Shepherd giveth His life for His sheep."

1 I MET the Good Shepherd but now on the plain,
As homeward He carried His lost one [again:
I marvelled how gently His burden He bore,
And as He passed by me I knelt to [adore.

2 O Shepherd, Good Shepherd, Thy wounds they are deep;
The wolves have sore hurt Thee in saving Thy sheep;
Thy raiment all over with crimson is [dyed,
And what is this rent they have made in Thy side?

3 Ah me, how the thorns have entangled Thy hair
And cruelly riven that forehead so [fair!
How feebly Thou drawest Thy faltering breath,
And, lo, on Thy face is the paleness of death!

4 O Shepherd, Good Shepherd, and is it for me
Such grievous affliction hath fallen [on Thee?
Oh, then, let me strive, for the love Thou hast borne,
To give Thee no longer occasion to [mourn.

125. Christ is our Shepherd infinitely loving.

John x. 27: "My sheep hear My voice; and I know them, and they follow Me; and I give them life everlasting, and they shall not perish for ever, and no man shall pluck them out of My hand."

1 LOVING Shepherd of Thy sheep,
Keep me, Lord, in safety keep;
Nothing can Thy power withstand,
None can pluck me from Thy hand.
Loving Shepherd, Thou didst give
Thine own life that I might live;
May I love Thee day by day,
Gladly Thy sweet will obey.

2 Loving Shepherd, ever near,
Teach me still Thy voice to hear;
Suffer not my step to stray
From the strait and narrow way.
Where Thou leadest may I go,
Walking in Thy steps below;
Then before Thy Father's throne,
Jesu, claim me for Thine own.

126. Hymn for Low Sunday, at Vespers. 127.

Ad regias agni dapes
Stolis amicti candidis,
Post transitum maris Rubri
Christo canamus Principi.

Divina cujus Charitas
Sacrum propinat sanguinem,
Almique membra corporis
Amor sacerdos immolat.

Sparsum cruorem postibus
Vastator horret angelus:
Fugitque divisum mare:
Merguntur hostes fluctibus.

Jam Pascha nostrum Christus est,
Paschalis idem victima,
Et pura puris mentibus
Sinceritatis azyma.

O vera cœli victima,
Subjecta cui sunt tartara,
Soluta mortis vincula,
Recepta vitæ præmia.

Victor subactis inferis
Trophæa Christus explicat,
Cœloque aperto, subditum
Regem tenebrarum trahit.

Ut sis perenne mentibus
Paschale Jesu gaudium,
A morte dira criminum
Vitæ renatos libera.

Deo Patri sit gloria,
Et Filio, qui a mortuis
Surrexit, ac Paraclito
In sempiterna sæcula.
Amen.

V. Mane nobiscum Domine. Alleluia.
R. Quoniam advesperascit. Alleluia.

1 Now at the Lamb's high royal feast
In robes of saintly white we sing,
Through the Red Sea in safety brought
By Jesus our immortal King.

2 O depth of love! for us He drinks
The chalice of His agony;
For us a Victim on the Cross
He meekly lays Him down to die.

3 And as the avenging angel passed
Of old the blood-besprinkled door;
As the cleft sea a passage gave, [o'er:
Then closed to whelm th' Egyptians

4 So Christ our Paschal Sacrifice,
Has brought us safe all perils through;
While for unleavened bread we need
But heart sincere and purpose true,

5 Hail, purest Victim Heaven could find,
The powers of Hell to overthrow!
Who didst the chains of Death destroy;
Who dost the prize of Life bestow.

6 Hail, victor Christ! hail, risen King;
To Thee alone belongs the crown:
Who hast the heavenly gates unbarred,
And dragged the Prince of darkness down.

7 O Jesu! from the death of sin
Keep us, we pray; so shalt Thou be
The everlasting paschal joy
Of all the souls new-born in Thee.

8 Now to the Father and the Son,
Who rose from death, be glory given;
With Thee, O holy Comforter,
Henceforth by all in earth and Heaven. Amen.

V. Abide with us, Lord. Alleluia.
R. For it is now towards evening. Alleluia.

128. Litany of the Resurrection of Jesus.

1 By the first bright Easter-day,
When the stone was rolled away;
By the glory round Thee shed
At Thy rising from the dead,—

Chorus.

King of glory, hear our cry;
Make us soon Thy joys to see;
Hear the loving Litany
We Thy children sing to Thee.

2 By Thy Mother's fond embrace;
By her joy to see Thy face,
When all bright in radiant bloom,
Thee she welcomed from the tomb,
Chorus.—King of glory, &c.

3 By the joy of Magdalen,
When she saw Thee once again,
And, entranced in rapture sweet,
Knelt to kiss Thy sacred feet,—
Chorus.—King of glory, &c.

4 By their joy who greeted Thee
'Mid the hills of Galilee;
By Thy keys of might divine,
Vested in St. Peter's line,—
Chorus.—King of glory, &c.

5 By Thy parting blessing given
As Thou didst ascend to heaven;
By the cloud of living light
That received Thee out of sight,—
Chorus.—King of glory, &c.

THE ASCENSION OF OUR LORD JESUS CHRIST.

"He ascended into Heaven."

"This solemnity," says St. Bernard, "is both a glorious one for Christ and one full of sweetness for us. It is, indeed, the consummation of all the mysteries of our Saviour's life, the happy termination of His mission in this world, and one of the greatest proofs of His Divinity. To us it brings comfort to think that Christ has entered into His glory; and that He has ascended into heaven our King and Saviour, our Father, our Precursor, our Chief, our Advocate, our Mediator, our Pontiff."

129. Description of the Ascension of our Lord.

Acts i. 9: "And when He had said these things, while they looked on, He was raised up, and a cloud received Him out of their sight."

1 Twice twenty days have come and gone,
Since Thou didst pass the sealed stone;
O Jesus, live for ever!
Now on the brow of Olivet yet;
With that loved band Thou lingerest
Sweet Jesus, live for ever!

2 Soft is the summer sun, and high
Floateth a cloud in deep blue sky;
O Jesus, live for ever! stands,
Once more Thy mother near Thee
With tender gaze and folded hands;
Sweet Jesus, live for ever!

3 Th' Eternal gates of Heaven unbar,
They spy the victor from afar,
O Jesus, live for ever!
One blessing more—earth sinks away,
The cloud receives Him! Mother, pray!
Sweet Jesus, live for ever!

4 Bright angels throng the pomp to swell,
With souls set free from death and hell,
O Jesus, live for ever!
Earth may Thy flight no longer stay.
Man triumphs, heaven is won for aye,
Sweet Jesus, live for ever!

5 Oh, glorious train rejoicing move
On wings of gladness, wings of love;
O Jesus, live for ever!
To Thee Redeemer, Man Divine,
Praise in the highest, Lord, be Thine!
Sweet Jesus, live for ever!

130. On the Joy of Ascension Day.

John xiv. 28: "If you loved Me, you would indeed be glad, because I go to the Father."

1 Why is thy face so lit with smiles,
O blessed Mother, why?
And wherefore is thy beaming look
So fixed upon the sky?
From out thine overflowing eyes
Bright lights of gladness part,
As though some gushing fount of joy
Had broken in thy heart.

2 Mother, how canst thou smile to-day?
How can thine eyes be bright,
When He, thy Life, thy Love, thine All,
Hath vanished from thy sight?
The feet which thou hast kissed so oft,
Those living feet, are gone; kiss
And now thou canst but stoop and
Their print upon the stone.

3 Yes, He hath left thee, Mother dear;
His throne is far above;
How canst thou be so full of joy,
When thou hast lost thy love?
Ah, no! thy love is rightful love,
From all self-seeking free;
The change that is such gain to Him
Can be no loss to thee.

4 'Tis sweet to feel a Saviour's love,
To feel His Presence near;
Yet loyal love His glory holds
A thousand times more dear.
Ah! never is our love so pure
As when refined by pain,
Or when God's glory upon earth
Finds in our loss its gain.

131. Hymn for Ascension, at Vespers. 132.

Salutis humanæ Sator,
Jesu voluptas cordium,
Orbis redempti conditor,
Et casta lux amantium.

Qua victus es clementia,
Ut nostra ferres crimina:
Mortem subires innocens,
A morte nos ut tolleres?

Perrumpis infernum chaos
Vinctis catenas detrahis,
Victor triumpho nobili
Ad dexteram Patris sedes.

Te cogat indulgentia,
Ut damna nostra sarcias:
Tuique vultus compotes
Dites beato lumine.

Tu dux ad astra, et semita,
Sis meta nostris cordibus,
Sis lacrymarum gaudium,
Sis dulce vitæ præmium.
Amen.

1 O Thou pure light of souls that love,
True joy of every human breast,
Sower of life's immortal seed,
Our Maker, and Redeemer blest!

2 What wondrous pity Thee o'ercame,
To make our guilty load Thine own,
And sinless, suffer death and shame,
For our transgressions to atone!

3 Thou, bursting Hades open wide,
Didst all the captive souls unchain:
And thence to Thy dread Father's side
With glorious pomp ascend again.

4 Jesu! may pity Thee compel
To heal the wounds of which we die;
And take us in Thy Light to dwell,
Who for Thy blissful Presence sigh.

5 Be Thou our guide, be Thou our goal;
Be Thou our pathway to the skies;
Our joy, when sorrow fills the soul;
In death our everlasting prize.
Amen.

First Vespers.

V. Ascendit Deus in jubilatione. Alleluia.
R. Et Dominus in voce tubæ. Alleluia.

V. God hath gone up with triumph. Alleluia.
R. And the Lord with the sound of the trumpet. Alleluia.

Second Vespers.

V. Dominus in cœlo. Alleluia.
R. Paravit sedem suam. Alleluia

V. In heaven the Lord. Alleluia.
R. Hath prepared His throne. Alleluia.

Anthem.

O Rex Gloriæ, Domine virtutum qui triumphator hodie super omnes cœlos ascendisti, ne derelinquas nos orphanos: sed mitte Promissum Patris in nos, Spiritum Veritatis. Alleluia.

O King of Glory, Lord of hosts, who didst this day ascend in triumph above all the heavens: leave us not orphans; but send upon us the Spirit of Truth, promised by the Father. Alleluia.

133. Jesus Christ takes possession of the Throne of God.

"Sitteth at the right hand of God the Father Almighty."

Mark xvi. 19: "And the Lord Jesus . . . was taken up into heaven, and sitteth on the right hand of God."

Ps. xxiii. 7: "Lift up your gates, O ye princes, and be ye lifted up, O eternal gates; and the King of glory shall enter in . . . lxxi. 8: and He shall rule from sea to sea."

1 Rise, glorious Victor, rise
Into Thy native skies,—
Assume Thy right;
And where in many a fold
The clouds are backward rolled,
Pass through those gates of gold,
And reign in light.

2 Enter, Incarnate God;
No feet but Thine have trod
The serpent down;
The full-voiced trumpets blow,
Wider the portals throw;
Saviour, triumphant go,
And take Thy crown.

3 O Lord, ascend Thy throne;
For Thou shalt rule alone,
Beside Thy Sire
And blessed Paraclete,
The Three in One complete,
Before Whose awful feet
All foes expire.

134. Jesus is our Advocate and our High Priest.

Heb. viii. 1: "We have such an High Priest, who is set on the right hand of the throne of majesty in the heavens."

1 Rise, O Advocate almighty!
Rise, O Priest and Victim both!
Named of old High-Priest for ever,
By the Father's steadfast oath!
Swiftly, swiftly speed Thy way
Back to golden realms of day.

2 Lo, 'tis done! o'er death victorious,
Christ ascends His starry throne;
There, from all His labours resting,
Still He travails for His own;
Still our fate His heart employs
E'en amid eternal joys.

3 There He sits in tranquil glory;
There He stands His aid to lend;
There He offers to His Father
Every single prayer we send;
There Himself receives each sigh
As Omniscient Deity.

4 Hail to Thee, High-Priest eternal;
Priest without a spot of sin;
Veiled of old in mystic figures,
Holy, Infinite, Divine!
Thou art He Whose blood alone
Can for human guilt atone!

135. Jesus is our God.

Heb. i. 8: "But to the Son (He saith): Thy throne, O God, is for ever and ever."

1 Jesus is God! the solid earth;
The ocean broad and bright,
The countless stars, like golden dust,
That strew the skies at night;
The wheeling storm, the dreadful fire,
The pleasant gladsome air,
The summer's sun, the winter's frost,
His own creations were.

2 Jesus is God! the glorious bands
Of golden angels sing
Songs of adoring praise to Him,
Their Maker and their King.
He was true God in Bethlehem's crib,
On Calvary's cross true God;
He Who in heaven eternal reigned,
In time on earth abode.

3 Jesus is God! let sorrow come,
And pain, and every ill;
All are worth while, for all are meant
His glory to fulfil;
Worth while a thousand years of life,
To speak one little word,
If only by our faith we own
The Godhead of our Lord.

4 Jesus is God! Oh, could I now
But compass land and sea,
To teach and tell this single truth,
How happy should I be!
Oh, had I but an angel's voice,
I would proclaim aloud,
Jesus, the good, the beautiful,
Is everlasting God.

5 Jesus is God! If on the earth
This blessed faith decays,
More tender must our love become,
More plentiful our praise.
We are not angels, but we may
Down in earth's corners kneel,
And multiply sweet acts of love,
And murmur what we feel.

136. Jesus is our King.

Ps. xliv. 7: "The sceptre of Thy Kingdom is a sceptre of uprightness. Thou hast loved justice and hated iniquity. Therefore God, Thy God, hath anointed Thee with the oil of gladness above Thy fellows."

1 CROWN Him, the Virgin's Son,
The God Incarnate born,
Whose arm those crimson trophies [won
Which now His brow adorn.
Awake, my soul, and sing
Of Him Who died for thee;
And hail Him as thy glorious King
Through all Eternity.

2 Crown Him, the Lord of Love;
Behold His hands and side,—
Rich wounds, still visible above
In beauty glorified:
No angel in the sky
Can fully bear that sight, [eye
But downward bends his burning
At mysteries so bright.

3 Crown Him, the Lord of Peace,
Whose power a sceptre sways
From pole to pole, that wars may cease,
Absorbed in prayer and praise:
His reign shall know no end,
And round His pierced feet
Fair flowers of Paradise extend
Their fragrance ever sweet.

137. Jesus Christ reigns! The Eternal King Most High.

Apoc. xix. 16: "And He hath on His garment and on His thigh written: King of kings and Lord of lords."

1 O THOU eternal King most high,
Who didst the world redeem,
And conqu'ring death and hell receive
A dignity supreme;

2 Thou to Thy heavenly throne above
Didst in Thy might ascend;
Thenceforth to reign in sov'reign [pow'r
And glory without end.

3 There, seated in Thy majesty,
To Thee submissive bow [heaven,
The spacious earth, the highest
The depths of hell below.

4 There, waiting for Thy faithful souls,
Be Thou to us, O Lord,
Our peerless joy while here we stay,
In heaven our great reward.

5 Renew our strength; our sins
Our miseries efface; [forgive;
And lift our souls aloft to Thee
By Thy celestial grace.

6 So, when Thou shinest on the clouds
With Thy angelic train,
May we be saved from vengeance due,
And our lost crowns regain.

138. Jesus Christ reigns! The King of Glory and of Love.

Ps. xlvi. 7: "Sing praises to our King, sing ye. For God is the King of all the earth."

1 O JESU, King most wonderful,
Thou Conqueror renowned,
Thou sweetness most ineffable,
In Whom all joys are found;
Thee may our tongues for ever bless,
Thee may we love alone;
And ever in our lives express
The image of Thine own.

2 O King of glory, King of might,
From Whom all graces come;
O Beauty, Honour infinite,
Of our celestial home;
Thy lovely presence shines so clear
Through every sense and way,
That souls which once have seen Thee near,
See all things else decay.

3 O King of Love, Thy blessèd fire,
Does such sweet flames excite,
That first it raises the desire,
Then fills it with delight.
When once Thou visitest the heart,
Then truth begins to shine;
Then earthly vanities depart;
Then kindles love divine.

4 Come then, dear Lord, possess my heart,
Chase thence the shades of night;
Come, pierce it with Thy flaming dart
And ever-shining light.
Then I'll for ever Jesus sing,
And with the saints rejoice:
And both my heart and tongue shall bring
Their tribute to my King.

5 O Jesu, Light of all below,
Thou Fount of life and fire,
Surpassing all the joys we know,
And all we can desire:
O Jesu, spotless virgin flower,
Our life and joy; to Thee
Be praise, beatitude, and power,
Through all eternity.

139. Jesus Christ reigns! The God of goodness infinite! our Friend, our Spouse, our Love.

Wisd. i. 1: "Think of the Lord in goodness, and seek Him in the simplicity of heart."

1 My God, O Goodness Infinite,
My life's true Life art Thou;
Flame of my heart, my Spouse most sweet,
My love to Thee I vow.
Jesus, my sweetest Lord!
Jesus, my sweetest Lord!
My Good, my Spouse adored!

2 Jesus, for Thee I pine away,
My love, and my desire;
And, more enamoured day by day,
I burn with heavenly fire.
Jesus, my sweetest Lord, &c.

3 Ah, Jesus, I would ever weep
That I offended Thee;
Mine was ingratitude too deep,
And basest treachery.
Jesus, my sweetest Lord, &c.

4 My Jesus, when I call to mind
That such a wretch as I
Have crucified a God so kind,
I fain of grief would die.
Jesus, my sweetest Lord, &c.

5 O Thou my Hope, make me remain
Faithful for evermore:
Better to die than be again
As I have been before.
Jesus, my sweetest Lord, &c.

6 While night and day my foes allure,
In Thee do I confide;
Take Thou and place my heart secure
Within Thy piercèd side.
Jesus, my sweetest Lord, &c.

7 With Thy sweet chains, O Jesus, bind
My rebel heart to Thee:
Till death, my safety I will find
In such captivity.
Jesus, my sweetest Lord, &c.

140. Jesus Christ is to be our Judge.

"From thence He shall come to judge the living and the dead."

Matt. xxiv. 30: "And they shall see the Son of Man coming in the clouds of heaven with great power and majesty."

1 O Jesu Christ, remember,
When Thou shalt come again,
Upon the clouds of heaven,
With all Thy shining train;
When every eye shall see Thee
In Deity revealed,
Who now upon this altar
In silence art concealed;—

2 Remember, then, O Saviour,
I supplicate of Thee,
That here I bowed before Thee
Upon my bended knee;
That here I owned Thy Presence,
And did not Thee deny;
And glorified Thy greatness,
Though hid from human eye.

3 Accept, divine Redeemer,
The homage of my praise;
Be Thou the light and honour
And glory of my days;
Be Thou my consolation
When death is drawing nigh;
Be Thou my only treasure
Through all eternity.

"My sweetest Jesus, be not Thou my Judge but my Saviour." Fifty days' indulgence.

NINTH HYMN ON THE LIFE AND IMITATION OF OUR LORD.

141. From His Resurrection until the last Judgment.

1 *He rises from the dead.*
Jesus! who from the dead arose,
And straightways sought to comfort those
Whose weak faith mourns for Thee:
Oh, may I rise from sin and earth,
And so make good that second birth
Which Thou hast wrought in me.

2 *He manifests Himself to the Disciples at Emmaus.*
Jesus! who wert at Emmaus known
In breaking bread, and thus art shown
Unto Thy people now:
O may my heart within me burn,
When at the altar I discern
Thy body, Lord, and bow.

3 *His ascension.*
Jesus! amid yon olives hoar,
Thy forty days of sojourn o'er,
Thou didst ascend on high;
Oh, thither may my heart and mind,
Ascend, their home and harbour find
With Jesus in the sky.

4 *He sits at the right hand of God.*
Jesus! Who at this very hour
At God's right hand in pomp and power
Our nature still doth wear;
Oh! let Thy wounds still intercede,
And by their simple silence plead
Thy countless merits there.

5 *He shall come to Judge the living and the dead.*
Jesus! Who shalt in glory come
With angels to the final doom,
Men's works and wills to weigh,
Since from that pomp I cannot flee,
Be pitiful, great Lord! to me,
In that tremendous day.

WHITSUNDAY OR PENTECOST.

"I believe in the Holy Ghost."

The Christian Pentecost, prefigured by the ancient one of the Jews, is of the number of the feasts that were instituted by the Apostles. It ranks in the Liturgy on an equality with the Paschal solemnity. The Pasch is the redemption of man by the victory of Christ; Pentecost is the Holy Ghost taking possession of man redeemed. *Sunday*, already made holy by the creation of the light, and by the Resurrection of Jesus, receives to-day its final consecration by bringing to us the *Fulness* of God. On this day is accomplished the promise of our Saviour Who had said: "I am come to cast fire on the earth" (Luke xii. 49). On this day the Holy Ghost begins His mission into this world which, henceforward, is to be under His law. On this day the

Church of Christ is established and the new law promulgated by St. Peter as by another Moses. On this day Mary, Mother of the Infant Church, receives a new sanctification in receiving a new title (Ps. xlv. 5). On this day all the Apostles of Christ are endued with power from on high, and made ready for the great battle they are going to engage in (Luke xxiv. 49).

Oh! if we knew the gift of God, with what thanks and love we should welcome this grand and beautiful day, in which the Love of God has given Himself to the world and to us.

142. Hymn to the Eternal Spirit.

John xiv. 26: "The Holy Ghost, whom the Father will send in My name, He will teach you all things."

1 FOUNTAIN of Love! Thyself true God,
Who through eternal days [flowed
From Father and from Son hast
In uncreated ways!

2 O Majesty unspeakable!
O Person all divine!
How in the Threefold Majesty
Doth Thy procession shine!

3 Proceeding, yet of equal age
With Those Whose love Thou art;
Proceeding, yet distinct, from those
From whom Thou seem'st to part.

4 An undivided Nature, shared
With Father and with Son;
A Person by Thyself; with Them
Thy simple essence One!

5 I dread Thee, Unbegotten Love!
True God! Sole Fount of Grace!
And now before Thy blessèd throne
My sinful self abase.

6 Thou art a God of fire, that doth
Create while He consumes!
A God of light, whose rays on earth
Darken where He illumes!

7 O Spirit, beautiful and dread!
My heart is fit to break
With love of all Thy tenderness
For us poor sinners' sake.

8 Thy love of Jesus I adore:
My comfort this shall be.
That when I serve my dearest Lord
That service worships Thee!

143. Description of the Mystery of Pentecost.

Acts ii. 3: "And there appeared to them parted tongues as it were of fire, and it sat upon every one of them; and they were all filled with the Holy Ghost."

1 ABOVE the starry spheres
To where He was before, [high
Christ had gone up, soon from on
The Father's gift to pour.

2 And now had fully come,
On mystic cycle borne
Of seven times seven revolving days,
The Pentecostal morn;

3 When, as the Apostles knelt
At the third hour in prayer,
A sudden rushing sound proclaimed
The God of glory near.

4 Forthwith a tongue of fire
Alights on every brow; [light,
Each breast receives the Father's
The world's enkindling glow.

5 The Holy Ghost on all
Is mightily outpoured;
Who straight in divers tongues de-
The wonders of the Lord. [clare

6 While strangers of all climes
Flock round from far and near,
And with amazement, each at once
Their native accents hear.

7 But faithless still, the Jews
Deny the hand divine,
And madly jeer the saints of Christ,
As drunk with new-made wine.

8 Till Peter in the midst
Stood up and spake aloud;
And their perfidious falsity
By Joel's witness showed.

9 Praise to the Father be!
Praise to the Son Who rose!
Praise, Holy Paraclete, to Thee,
While age on ages flow.

144. The Mother of the Son of God becomes the Mother of the Infant Church.

Ps. xlv. 5: "The stream of the river maketh the city of God joyful: the Most High hath sanctified His own tabernacle."

1 THE Mother sits all worshipful
With her majestic mien;
The princes of the infant Church
Are gathered round their Queen.
And now she prays her mighty prayer
In accents meek and faint,
And highest Heaven is quick to own
The beautiful constraint.

2 Then for His love of worthless men,
His love of Mary's worth,
His beauteous wings the Dove out-spread,
And winged His flight to earth.
He comes, He comes, that mighty Breath
From heaven's eternal shores;
His uncreated freshness fills
His bride as she adores.

3 The Spirit came into the Church
With His unfailing power:
He is the Living Heart That beats
Within her at this hour.
Oh, let us fall and worship Him,
The Love of Sire and Son,
The consubstantial Breath of God,
The co-eternal One.

145. Sequentia for Pentecost, at Mass. 146.

(Indulgence of a hundred days, each time. Plenary once a month.)

1 VENI, Sancte Spiritus,
Et emitte cœlitus
Lucis tuæ rádium.

2 Veni, Pater paúperum,
Veni, dator múnerum,
Veni, lumen córdium.

3 Consolátor óptime,
Dulcis hospes ánimæ,
Dulce refrigérium.

4 In labóre réquies
In æstu tempéries,
In fletu solátium.

5 O lux beatissima,
Reple cordis intima,
Tuórum fidélium.

6 Sine tuo númine,
Nihil est in hómine,
Nihil est innóxium.

7 Lava quod est sórdidum,
Riga quod est áridum,
Sana quod est sáucium.

8 Flecte quod est rigidum,
Fove quod est frigidum
Rege quod est dévium.

9 Da tuis fidélibus
In te confidéntibus,
Sacrum septenárium.

10 Da virtútis méritum,
Da salútis éxitum
Da peréane gaúdium.
Amen. Alleluia.

1 HOLY Spirit! Lord of Light!
From the clear celestial height
Thy pure beaming radiance give.

2 Come, Thou Father of the poor!
Come with treasures which endure;
Come Thou light of all that live!

3 Thou of all consolers best,
Visiting the troubled breast,
Dost refreshing peace bestow;

4 Thou in toil art comfort sweet;
Pleasant coolness in the heat;
Solace in the midst of woe.

5 Light immortal! Light divine!
Visit Thou these hearts of Thine,
And our inmost being fill:

6 If Thou take Thy grace away,
Nothing pure in man will stay,
All his good is turned to ill.

7 Heal our wounds—our strength renew,
On our dryness pour Thy dew;
Wash the stains of guilt away:

8 Bend the stubborn heart and will;
Melt the frozen, warm the chill;
Guide the steps that go astray.

9 Thou on those who evermore
Thee confess and Thee adore,
In Thy sevenfold gifts descend:

10 Give them comfort when they die;
Give them life with Thee on high;
Give them joys which never end.
Amen. Alleluia.

147. Veni Sancte Spiritus—Another Translation.

Rom. viii. 14: "Whosoever are led by the Spirit of God, they are the sons of God; . . . 26: Likewise the Spirit also helpeth our infirmity."

1 COME, Holy Ghost, send down those beams
Which sweetly flow in silent streams
From Thy bright throne above;
O come, Thou Father of the poor;
O come, Thou source of all our store;
Come, fill our hearts with love.

2 O Thou of comforters the best;
O Thou, the soul's delightful guest,
The pilgrim's sweet relief;
Thou art true rest in toil and sweat,
Refreshment in th' excess of heat,
And solace in our grief.

3 Thrice-blessèd light, shoot home Thy darts,
And pierce the centre of those hearts
Whose faith aspires to Thee;
Without Thy Godhead nothing can
Have any price or worth in man,
Nothing can harmless be.

4 Lord, wash our sinful stains away,
Refresh from heaven our barren clay,
Our wounds and bruises heal;
To Thy sweet yoke our stiff necks bow,
Warm with Thy fire our hearts of [snow,
Our wand'ring feet repeal.

5 Grant to Thy faithful, dearest Lord,
Whose only hope is Thy sure word,
The seven gifts of Thy Spirit;
Grant us in life Thy helping grace,
Grant us at death to see Thy face,
And endless joy inherit.

148. Hymn for Whit Sunday at Vespers. 149.

(Indulgence of one hundred days each time. Plenary once a month.)

VENI, Creator Spiritus,
Mentes tuorum visita,
Imple superna gratia,
Quæ tu creasti pectora.

Qui diceris Paraclitus,
Altissimi donum Dei,
Fons vivus, ignis, charitas,
Et spiritalis unctio.

Tu septiformis munere,
Digitus Paternæ dexteræ,
Tu rite promissum Patris,
Sermone ditans guttura.

Accende lumen sensibus,
Infunde amorem cordibus,
Infirma nostri corporis
Virtute firmans perpeti.

Hostem repellas longius,
Pacemque dones protinus;
Ductore sic te prævio
Vitemus omne noxium.

Per te sciamus da Patrem,
Noscamus atque Filium,
Teque utriusque Spiritum
Credamus omni tempore.

1 COME, O Creator Spirit blest!
And in our souls take up Thy rest;
Come with Thy grace and heavenly aid,
To fill the hearts which Thou hast made.

2 Great Paraclete! to Thee we cry,
O highest gift of God most high!
O Fount of Life! O Fire of Love!
And sweet anointing from above!

3 Thou in Thy sevenfold gifts art known;
The finger of God's hand we own;
The promise of the Father Thou!
Who dost the tongue with power endow.

4 Kindle our senses from above,
And make our hearts o'erflow with love;
With patience firm, and virtue high,
The weakness of our flesh supply.

5 Far from us drive the foe we dread,
And grant us Thy true peace instead;
So shall we not, with Thee for guide,
Turn from the path of life aside.

6 Oh, may Thy grace on us bestow,
The Father and the Son to know,
And Thee through endless times confessed,
Of both th' eternal Spirit blest.

Deo Patri sit gloria,
Et Filio, qui a mortuis
Surrexit, ac Paraclito,
In sæculorum sæcula.
Amen.

7 All glory while the ages run
Be to the Father, and the Son
Who rose from death, the same to Thee,
O Holy Ghost, eternally.
Amen

FIRST VESPERS.

V. Repleti sunt omnes Spiritu Sancto. Alleluia.
R. Et cœperunt loqui. Alleluia.

V. They were all filled with the Holy Ghost. Alleluia.
R. And began to speak. Alleluia.

SECOND VESPERS.

V. Loquebantur variis linguis Apostoli. Alleluia.
R. Magnalia Dei. Alleluia.

V. The Apostles spake in divers tongues. Alleluia.
R. The wonderful works of God. [Alleluia.

150. Veni Creator Spiritus—Another Translation.

John xiv. 16: "I will ask the Father, and He shall give you another Paraclete, that He may abide with you for ever, the Spirit of truth."

1 Come, Holy Ghost, Creator, come,
From Thy bright heavenly throne:
Come, take possession of our souls,
And make them all Thy own.

2 Thou who art called the Paraclete,
Best gift of God above;
The living Spring, the living Fire,
Sweet Unction and true Love.

3 Thou who art sevenfold in Thy grace:
Finger of God's right hand;
His promise teaching little ones
To speak and understand.

4 Oh! guide our minds with Thy blest light,
With love our hearts inflame;
And with Thy strength which ne'er decays
Confirm our mortal frame.

5 Far from us drive our hellish foe,
True peace unto us bring;
And through all perils lead us safe
Beneath Thy sacred wing.

6 Through Thee may we the Father know,
Through Thee th' Eternal Son,
And Thee the Spirit of them both,
Thrice blessèd Three in One

7 All glory to the Father be,
With His co-equal Son,
The like to Thee, great Paraclete,
While endless ages run. Amen.

151. Invocation to the Holy Ghost.

Ps. ciii. 30: "Thou shalt send forth Thy Spirit, and they shall be created: and Thou shalt renew the face of the earth."

Chorus.
O Holy Ghost on us descend,
Thy Spirit with our souls to blend;
Inspire our hearts with burning love,
And to us all Thy goodness prove.
(*Repeat two last lines.*)

1 Without Thee all is vanity,
Where Thou art not we wander all astray;
Oh! dissipate our ignorance we pray,
Protect us with Thy ever-watchful eye.
Chorus.—O Holy Ghost, &c.

2 Hell's demons all endeavour to destroy
The faithful by this world's seductive snare,
To undermine our heart's celestial joy;
Be Thou our heav'nly Sov'reign and our Guide,
All sin to cure, all sorrow to repair.
Chorus.—O Holy Ghost, &c.

3 Teach us Thy heavenly wisdom, Lord, we pray,
For that alone our mortal life can bless,
Along her path the young their mirth display,
And old age dwells in peaceful happiness.
Chorus.—O Holy Ghost, &c.

152. Another Invocation to the Holy Ghost.

Rom. viii. 26: "The Spirit Himself asketh for us with unspeakable groanings."

Chorus.
HOLY Ghost, come down upon Thy children,
Give us grace, and make us Thine;
Thy tender fires within us kindle,
Blessèd Spirit! Dove Divine!

1 For all within us good and holy
Is from Thee, Thy precious gift;
In all our joys, in all our sorrows,
Wistful hearts to Thee we lift.
Chorus.—Holy Ghost, &c.

2 For Thou to us art more than father,
More than sister, in Thy love,
So gentle, patient, and forbearing,
Holy Spirit! heavenly Dove!
Chorus.—Holy Ghost, &c.

3 Oh, we have grieved Thee, gracious Spirit,
Wayward, wanton, cold are we;
And still our sins, new every morning,
Never yet have wearied Thee.
Chorus.—Holy Ghost, &c.

4 Dear Paraclete! how hast Thou waited
While our hearts were slowly turned!
How often hath Thy love been slighted
While for us it grieved and burned.
Chorus.—Holy Ghost, &c.

5 Now if our hearts do not deceive us,
We would take Thee for our Lord;
O dearest Spirit! make us faithful
To Thy least and slightest word.
Chorus.—Holy Ghost, &c.

6 Ah! sweet Consoler, though we cannot
Love Thee as Thou lovest us,
Yet if Thou deign'st our hearts to kindle,
They will not be always thus.
Chorus.—Holy Ghost, &c.

7 With hearts so vile how dare we venture,
King of kings, to love Thee so?
And how canst Thou, with such compassion,
Bear so long with things so low?
Chorus.—Holy Ghost, &c.

153. Hymn after Confirmation.

Ephes. i. 13: "You were signed with the Holy Spirit of promise who is the pledge of our inheritance."

1 SIGNED with the cross that Jesus bore,
We kneel, and trembling ly adore
Our King upon His throne.
The lights upon the altar shine
Around His Majesty divine,
Our God and Mary's Son.

2 Now, in that presence dread and sweet,
His own dear Spirit we entreat,
Who sevenfold gifts hath shed
On us, who fall before Him now,
Bearing the cross upon our brow,
On which our Master bled.

3 Spirit of wisdom, turn our eyes
From earth and earthly vanities
To heavenly truth and love.
Spirit of understanding true,
Our souls with heavenly light endue,
To seek the things above.

4 Spirit of counsel be our guide;
Teach us, by earthly struggles tried,
Our heavenly crown to win.
Spirit of fortitude, Thy power
Be with us in temptation's hour,
To keep us pure from sin.

5 Spirit of knowledge, lead our feet
In Thine own paths so safe and sweet,
By angel footsteps trod; [be,
Where Thou our Guardian true shalt
Spirit of gentle piety,
To keep us close to God.

6 But most of all, be ever near,
Spirit of God's most holy fear,
Within our inmost shrine;
Our souls with awful reverence fill,
To worship His most holy will,
All-righteous and divine.

7 So, dearest Lord, through peace or strife,
Lead us to everlasting life,
Where only rest can be;
And grant where'er our lot is cast,
We may in peace be brought at last
To Mary and to Thee.

HYMNS ON THE CHURCH AND THE POPE.

"The Holy Catholic Church."

The Church of Christ is the congregation or society of all the true followers of Jesus Christ throughout the whole world, united together in one body, under one Head.
Rom. xii. 5: "We being many are one body in Christ, and every one members one of another."

154. There is only One Church.

Ephes. iv.: "One body, one spirit, one Lord, one faith, one baptism." John x. 16: "There shall be one fold and one Shepherd."

1 One Body, one Spirit, and Lord,
And one Faith for all ages was given,
One Baptism, framed to accord
With one God, and one Father in Heaven;
One Church—the sole Pillar and Ground
Of the Truth—an immovable Rock;
One Shepherd by all to be owned,
And one Fold for that primitive Flock!

2 One ark in whose refuge to trust
In the tempests that faith has to brave,
While others are swayed by each gust
Of opinion, or lost in its wave.
One house for the people of God,
One theme for the sinner in prayer,
One Path to the blessed abode
Of the saints who now plead for us there.

3 That house, if the malice of hell
Or the madness of earth could destroy,
Had fallen and crushed as it fell
The belief in all truth, and its joy.
The rain fell upon it, and falls, rage;
And the floods came in torrents of
The winds blew and beat on its walls,
But it fell not, nor trembles from age.

155. The Church is Holy.

Ephes. v.: "Christ loved the Church, and delivered Himself up for it, that He might sanctify it . . . that it should be holy and without blemish."

1 I love the Church of God,
The holy guiding light,
On the path our fathers trod,
For ever shining bright.
The Church where saint and sage
Have found in every clime,
Rest on their pilgrimage,
In many a weary time.

2 Her everlasting fanes,
Built up with holy skill,
Where she in beauty reigns,
All earth with glories fill.
The ark of God is there,
Shrine of the King of kings,
Where children bent in prayer,
Are screened by angels' wings.

3 Come to the Church of God,
The house wherein is laid
The blooming mystic rod,
For which the Prophets prayed.
Her priests have power divine,
To feed the chosen flock,
By Apostolic line,
Linked to Saint Peter's rock.

4 Her daily sacrifice,
On holy altars spread,
Ascendeth to the skies,
For the living and the dead.
Her lamp burns seven-fold,
With oil sent from above;
Its rays are living gold,
The sacraments of love.

5 Her fair monastic band,
In robes of purest white,
Shine on the darkened land,
A lamp of quenchless light.
Her children of the lyre,
With burning seraph tongue,
And breast of living fire,
Still wake the raptured song.

6 The noble sons of art
Along her pathway cast
Gifts of the hand and heart
Now, as in ages past.

Oh! follow ye the Bride
Upon her journey blest,
For Jesus is her guide,
And leadeth her to rest.

156. The Church is Catholic, that is, Universal.

Matt. xxviii.: "Go ye, and teach all nations."
Mark xvi.: "Going into the world, preach the gospel to every creature."

1 HOLY Church Catholic! Joy of the earth,
In whom the nations have had a new birth!
Bond of the universe, binding in one,
All the wide empires under the sun!
All believers afar and near,
Who adore in spirit and truth sincere!
Glory and praise, O Bride of the Lord,
To Thee the heirs of glory accord.

2 O happy kingdom, for ever to last,
O sweet shelter from misery's dark blast!
Offering to souls however distressed,
However tempted, a refuge and rest!
Always to all the human race
A pillar of truth and fountain of grace,
Triumph of Jesus! bought with His blood!
Thou hast the promises of our God.

3 In Thee I trust and do wholly believe;
Thy words are His who can never deceive.
Thee, whom Jesus indeed loveth so well,
Deeper I myself love than words can tell.
Thee, whom the world hateth so sore,
For that very hatred I love the more.
Thee, in Thy sufferings, Thee in Thy shame,
I praise, I love, and honour the same!

157. The Church of Rome alone stands the One Holy Catholic and Apostolic Church.

Therefore she *alone* is "the true Church of Christ, the house of the living God, the pillar and ground of the Truth."—1 Tim. iii. 15.

1 WHO is she that stands triumphant,
Rock in strength upon the Rock,
Like some city crowned with turrets,
Braving storm and earthquake shock?
Who is she her arms extending
In blessing o'er a world restored;
All the anthems of creation
Lifting to creation's Lord?

Chorus.
Hers the kingdom, hers the sceptre!
Kneel, ye nations, at her feet!
Hers that truth whose fruit is freedom;
Light her yoke; her burthen sweet! } *Repeat.*

2 As the moon that takes its splendour
From a sun unseen all night,
So from Christ, the Sun of Justice,
Evermore she draws her light.
Hers alone the hand of healing,
The Bread of Life, the absorbing key:
The Word Incarnate is her Bridegroom,
The Spirit hers, His temple, she.
Chorus.—Hers the kingdom, &c.

3 Empires rise and sink like billows;
Their place knoweth them no more:
Glorious as the star of morning
She o'erlooks the wild uproar.
Hers the household all embracing;
Hers the vine that shadows earth:
Blest thy children, mighty mother!
Save the stranger at thy hearth!
Chorus.—Hers the kingdom, &c.

158. Rather Die than Forsake the Church.

Ps. cxxxvi. 5: "If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand be forgotten; let my tongue cleave to my jaws, if I do not remember thee."

1 I'LL never forsake thee, and never will I be,
O true Church of the Saints, an apostate from thee,
Though friends may entice me, and though fortune may frown,
My faith, my holy Church, until death I will own.

2 They may boast of their wealth, they may talk of their gold,
I'll be true to the faith like the Martyrs of old,
"A Catholic I'll live, a Catholic I'll die,"
Be this my life's watchword, and at death my last cry.

3 I may lose some advantage and forfeit some gain,
I may meet with unkindness and suffer some pain,
But Jesus and Mary they will surely bestow
Richer gifts than from sin and apostasy flow.

4 They call me a Papist and they laugh at my creed,
'Tis the faith that will save in the dread hour of need;
Let them talk, let them laugh, but when death is at hand
The priest is to be found the true friend in the land.

5 Then we'll cling to the priest, and we'll cling to the Pope;
We'll cling to Christ's Vicar, for Christ is our hope;
We'll fight a good battle, and Mary all the while,
From her throne in the skies, on her children will smile.

159. The Joy of the Soul who has found the True Church of Christ.

Matt. xvi. 18: "Thou art Peter; and upon this rock I will build My Church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it."

1 O HAPPY I,
Who, spent by baffling surge,
Have now at length my foot
Upon the rock of Peter firmly set;
Round which the waves
Tumultuous rage in vain;
Vainly have raged of old, ages yet.
And still in vain shall rage through

2 Now let the hills
Be swept into the sea;
Let the floods lift their voice,
And mountains shake before the roaring deep;
I on the Rock
Of Ages safe from harm,
Will lay me down in peace,
And all amid the wreck securely sleep.

3 Thou o'er my head
Lulling the fretful sea,
Star of the deep! shine down,
Still evermore the same in storms or calms!
And send sweet dreams
Of Paradise to me,
Taking my happy rest
Safe in my Everlasting Father's arms.

160. God Bless our Pope!

"Happy Rome! on which the Apostles poured out all their doctrine with their blood; where Peter had a like passion with the Lord; where Paul was crowned with an end like the Baptist's."—*Tertullian.*

1 FULL in the panting heart of Rome,
Beneath the Apostle's crowning dome,
From pilgrims' lips that kiss the ground,
Breathes in all tongues one only sound:
"God bless our Pope, the great, the good."

2 The golden roof, the marble wall,
The Vatican's majestic halls,
The note redouble: till it fills
With echoes sweet the seven hills:
"God bless our Pope, the great, the good."

3 Then surging through each hallowed gate,
Where martyrs glory, in peace, await,
It sweeps beyond the solemn plain,
Peals over Alps, across the main:
"God bless our Pope, the great, the good."

4 From torrid South to frozen North,
The wave harmonious stretches forth;
Yet strikes no chord more true to Rome's,
That rings within our hearts and homes:
"God bless our Pope, the great, the good."

5 For like the sparks of unseen fire,
That speak along the magic wire,
From home to home, from heart to heart,
These words of countless children dart:
"God bless our Pope, the great, the good."

HYMNS CONCERNING THE TWO GREAT PRIVILEGES OF THE CHURCH OF CHRIST.

"The Communion of Saints."

"By the Communion of Saints we mean that all the members of the Church in heaven, on earth, and in purgatory, are in communion with each other, as being one body in Jesus Christ." Rom. xii. 5: "We being many, are one body in Christ, and every one members one of another."

"We are in communion with the Saints in heaven by honouring them as the glorified members of the Church; and also by our praying to them, and by their praying for us."—*Catechism.*

161. Hymn for All Saints, at Vespers. 162.

PLACARE, Christe servulis,
Quibus Patris clementiam
Tuæ ad Tribunal gratiæ
Patrona Virgo postulat.

Et vos beata, per novem
Distincta gyros Agmina:
Antiqua cum præsentibus,
Futura damna pellite.

Apostoli cum Vatibus
Apud severum Judicem,
Veris reorum fletibus
Exposcite indulgentiam.

Vos purpurati Martyres,
Vos candidati præmio
Confessionis, exules
Vocate nos in patriam.

Chorea casta Virginum,
Et quos eremus incolas
Transmisit astris Cœlitum
Locate nos in sedibus.

O CHRIST, Thy guilty people spare!
Lo, bending at Thy gracious throne,
Thy Virgin Mother pours her prayer,
Imploring pardon for her own.

Ye Angels, happy evermore!
Who in your circles nine ascend,
As ye have guarded us before,
So still from harm our steps defend.

Ye Prophets and Apostles high!
Behold our penitential tears;
And plead for us when death is nigh,
And our all-searching Judge appears.

Ye Martyrs all! a purple band,
And Confessors, a white-robed train;
Oh, call us to our native land,
From this our exile, back again.

And ye, O choirs of Virgins chaste:
Receive us to your seats on high;
With Hermits whom the desert waste
Sent up of old into the sky.

Auferte gentem perfidam
Credentium de finibus;
Ut unus omnes unicum
Ovile nos Pastor regat.

Deo Patri sit gloria,
Natoque Patris unico,
Sancto simul Paraclito,
In sempiterna sæcula.
Amen.

Drive from the flock, O Spirits blest!
The false and faithless race away;
That all within one fold may rest,
Secure beneath one Shepherd's sway.

To God the Father glory be,
And to His sole-begotten Son;
The same, O Holy Ghost, to Thee,
While everlasting ages run.
Amen.

FIRST VESPERS.

V. Lætamini in Domino, et exultate justi.
R. Et gloriamini omnes recti corde.

V. Be glad, O ye just, and rejoice in the Lord.
R. And be joyful all ye that are right of heart.

SECOND VESPERS.

V. Exultabunt Sancti in gloria.
R. Lætabuntur in cubilibus suis.

V. Thy Saints shall rejoice in glory.
R. And shall be joyful in their beds.

163. The Feast of All Saints.

Apoc. vii. 9: "After this I saw a great multitude, which no man could number, of all nations, and tribes, and people, and tongues, standing before the throne, and in sight of the Lamb, clothed with white robes and palms in their hands."

1 All hail! bright feast of jubilation!
Falling like heavenly ray o'er earth's drear gloom;
Hail! glorious sons of Christ's salvation!
Trophies of heaven's eternal harvest home.

Chorus.

Let myriad voices raise,
Triumphant songs of praise,
Glory to Sion's King be given,
While glorious armies bright
All thrill with joyous light
Of love's eternal gaze in heaven.

2 See! see! angelic hosts are soaring,
Triumphant armies swell the heavenly throng; [adoring,
List! while they bend, the Lamb
"Sanctus" resounds in one undying song.
Chorus.—Let myriad, &c.

3 Lo! nine vast rings in circling choir
Round where the light of God resplendent glows; [higher,
High soars their praise, and now still
More jubilant the song of rapture grows.
Chorus.—Let myriad, &c.

4 On highest throne, all brilliant glowing, [queen;
Supremely rules a bright majestic
How swift bright streams of grace are flowing, [seen.
While Mary's love for exiled sons is
Chorus.—Let myriad, &c.

5 O blessed throngs, as incense burning, [throne;
Let prayer ascend to great Jehovah's
Sweet mercy asks and soothes our yearning, [are flown.
Till toil-worn spirits to their rest
Chorus.—Let myriad, &c.

6 Earth's joys all fade, and life grows weary, [home of love;
Whene'er our hearts are turned to
And while the shades of night fall drearly, [above.
We sigh for realms of endless days
Chorus.—Let myriad, &c.

7 Yet bravely on! at nought repining,
Though night be dark and dreary, tempests roar, [shining,
While guardian saints, like stars are
Love's strength will bear us to the eternal shore.
Chorus.—Let myriad, &c.

164. Colloquy Between the Church Militant and the Church Triumphant.

Ps. xxx. 20: "Oh! how great is the multitude of Thy sweetness, O Lord, which Thou hast hidden for them that fear Thee!"

QUESTION.—*Solo.*

1 FROM your blissful thrones of glory
Look on us, O ye elect;
Tell us what repays your combat,
Tell us what we may expect?

ANSWER.—*Chorus.*

Our delights no one can utter,
Eye hath not seen, ear hath not heard;
Nor can mortals feel the pleasure,
That for us God hath reserved.

QUESTION.—*Solo.*

2 Ye, bright martyr throng, whose courage
Never quailed amid the strife;
What is now to be your portion
After giving up your life?

ANSWER.—*Chorus.*

We, with waving palms, all standing,
And with banners bright unfurled,
Sing for ever, alleluia,
To the Saviour of the world.

QUESTION.—*Solo.*

3 Famous doctors, ye, whose voices
Have resounded here below, [trines
By what new and wondrous doc-
Are your minds enlightened now?

ANSWER.—*Chorus.*

From the everlasting fountain
Of the unerring truth of God,
We are learning untold secrets
Ever in our blest abode.

QUESTION.—*Solo.*

4 Ye, whose unabated penance
Made the desert so renowned,
Hermits, tell us, for your rigours
What delight ye now have found?

ANSWER.—*Chorus.*

For the pleasures we relinquished,
For our homes and friends below,
Joys delicious, pour in torrents,
Fill our hearts and overflow.

QUESTION.—*Solo.*

5 Ye, the virgins, whose betrothals
Bound you to a heavenly spouse,
With what favours does He own you,
Faithful to your threefold vows?

ANSWER.—*Chorus.*

Happy brides, in spotless garments,
Close beside our Lord we throng;
Where the Lamb goes, there we follow,
While we sing the "unknown song."

QUESTION.—*Solo.*

6 As we gaze upon your glory,
Saints of God, in Heaven's own light,
Teach us how we too may join you,
How to win those crowns so bright?

ANSWER.—*Chorus.*

Would you come where we have entered, [power;
Fight with all your strength and
Would you live the life eternal,
Die to self at every hour?

QUESTION.—*Solo.*

7 Ah! we shrink from pain and sorrow,
We are frightened when we hear;
We must live in constant struggles,
We must die to all that's dear.

ANSWER.—*Chorus.*

If the path be rough and thorny,
At the end all pain shall cease;
If the battle be a fierce one,
There shall be eternal peace!

PURGATORY.

By Purgatory we mean a place where souls suffer for a time after death on account of their sins. 1 Cor. iii. 15: "Some shall be saved, yet so as by fire." We are in communion with the souls in Purgatory by helping them with our prayers and good works.—*Catechism.*

165. An Intercessory Prayer of the Church Militant for the Church Suffering in Purgatory.

2 Mach. xii. 46: "It is a holy and wholesome thought to pray for the dead, that they may be loosed from sins."

1 Ye souls of the faithful!
Who sleep in the Lord;
But as yet are shut out
From your final reward!
Oh! would I could lend you
Assistance to fly;
From your prison below,
To your palace on high:

2 O Father of mercies!
Thine anger withhold;
These works of Thy hand
In Thy mercy behold;
Too oft from Thy path
They have wandered aside:
But Thee, their Creator,
They never denied.

3 O tender Redeemer!
Their misery see;
Deliver the souls
That were ransomed by Thee;
Behold how they love Thee,
Despite of their pain:
Restore them, restore them
To favour again.

4 O Spirit of grace!
O Consoler divine!
See how for Thy presence
They longingly pine;
Ah, then, to enliven
Their sadness, descend;
And fill them with peace,
And with joy in the end.

5 O Mother of mercy!
Dear soother in grief!
Lend thou to their torments
A balmy relief;
Attemper the rigour
Of justice severe;
And soften their flames
With a pitying tear.

6 All ye who would honour
The Saints and their Head,
Remember, remember,
To pray for the dead;
And they, in return,
From their misery freed,
To you will be friends
In the hour of need.

166. Intercession for the Faithful Departed.

1 Cor. iii. 15: "He himself shall be saved, yet so as by fire."

1 Help, Lord, the souls which Thou hast made,
The souls to Thee so dear,
In prison, for debt unpaid
Of sins committed here.

2 Those holy souls, they suffer on,
Resigned in heart and will,
Until Thy high behest is done,
And justice has its fill.

3 For daily falls, for pardoned crime,
They joy to undergo
The shadow of Thy cross sublime,
The remnant of Thy woe.

4 Oh, by their patience of delay,
Their hope amid their pain,
Their sacred zeal to burn away
Disfigurement and stain;

5 Oh, by their fire of love, not less
In keenness than the flame,
Oh, by their very helplessness,
Oh, by Thy own great Name,

6 Good Jesu, help! sweet Jesu, aid
The souls to Thee most dear,
In prison, for the debt unpaid
Of sins committed here.

167. Supplication to Jesus for the Faithful Departed.

Job xix. 21: "Have pity on me, have pity on me, at least you my friends, because the hand of the Lord hath touched me."

1 THE souls, O Lord, by justice torn from Thee,
Who penitent ardently crave for Thee,
Wrapped in sin-cleansing flame who mourn for Thee, [Thee.
Let Thy sweet mercy now recall to
O Jesu! Miserere Domine.

2 Font that dost wash all stains of earth away, [clear as day,
And none so dark, but Thou mak'st
The pangs of these meek suffering souls allay, [dead, we pray.
Stretch out Thy hand; raise up the
O Jesu! Miserere Domine.

3 O Jesus! who in mercy redeemed all,
Release Thy captives from their fiery thrall; [a fall,
E'en the least worthy, lamed by many
With saints and martyrs to Thy banquet call.
O Jesu! Miserere Domine.

4 O Jesu! spare these souls so dear to Thee, [Thee;
Who, in prison, so calmly wait for
Hasten, O Lord, and bid them come to Thee, [Thee!
Their glorious home, to gaze ever on
O Jesu! Miserere Domine.

168. Supplication to our Lady for the Souls in Purgatory.

"How canst thou, O Mary, refuse to relieve the miserable, since thou art the Queen of Mercy?"—*St. Bernard.*

1 O TURN to Jesus, Mother, turn,
And call Him by His tenderest names;
Pray for the holy souls that burn
This hour among the cleansing flames.

2 Ah! they have fought a gallant fight;
In death's cold arms they persevered;
And after life's uncheery night
The harbour of their rest is neared.

3 In pains beyond all earthly pains,
Favourites of Jesus! there they lie,
Letting the fire wear out their stains,
And worshipping God's purity.

4 Spouses of Christ they are, for He
Was wedded to them by His blood;
And angels over their destiny
In wondering adoration brood.

5 They are the children of thy tears;
Then hasten, Mother! to their aid;
In pity think each hour appears
An age while glory is delayed.

6 See, how they bound amid their fires;
While pain and love their spirits fill;
Then with self-crucified desires
Utter sweet murmurs and lie still.

7 O Mary, let thy Son no more
His lingering spouses thus expect;
God's children to their God restore,
And to the Spirit His elect.

8 Pray, then, as thou hast ever prayed,
Angels and souls all look to thee;
God waits thy prayers, for He hath made
Those prayers His law of charity.

169. De Profundis.—Ps. cxxix.

DE profundis clamavi ad te, Domine:*
Domine, exaudi vocem meam.

Fiant aures tuæ intendentes* in
vocem deprecationis meæ.

Si iniquitates observaveris, Domine:*
Domine, quis sustinebit?

Quia apud te propitiatio est:* et
propter legem tuam sustinui te, Domine.

OUT of the depths have I cried unto
Thee, O Lord: Lord, hear my voice.

Let thine ears be attentive to the
voice of my supplication.

If Thou, O Lord, wilt mark iniquities: Lord, who shall abide it?

For with Thee there is merciful forgiveness: and because of Thy law I
have waited for Thee, O Lord.

Sustinuit anima mea in verbo ejus :* speravit anima mea in Domino.

A custodia matutina usque ad noctem :* speret Israel in Domino.

Quia apud Dominum misericordia :* et copiosa apud eum redemptio.

Et ipse redimet Israel, * ex omnibus iniquitatibus ejus.

V. Requiem æternam dona eis Domine.
R. Et lux perpetua luceat eis.

V. Requiescant in pace.
R. Amen.

FIDELIUM Deus omnium Conditor et Redemptor, animabus famulorum famularumque tuarum remissionem cunctorum tribue peccatorum : ut indulgentiam, quam semper optaverunt, piis supplicationibus consequantur. Qui vivis, &c.

V. Requiem æternam dona eis Domine.
R. Et lux perpetua luceat eis.
V. Fidelium animæ per misericordium Dei requiescant in pace.

R. Amen.

My soul hath waited on His word: my soul hath hoped in the Lord.

From the morning watch even until night: let Israel hope in the Lord.

For with the Lord there is mercy: and with Him is plenteous redemption.

And He shall redeem Israel from all his iniquities.

V. Eternal rest give to them, O Lord.
R. And let perpetual light shine upon them.
V. May they rest in peace.
R. Amen.

O GOD, the Creator and Redeemer of all the faithful, give to the souls of Thy servants departed the remission of all their sins; that through pious supplications they may obtain the pardon which they have always desired. Who livest, &c.

V. Eternal rest give to them, O Lord.
R. And let perpetual light shine upon them.
V. May the souls of the faithful departed, through the mercy of God, rest in peace.
R. Amen.

"The Forgiveness of Sin."

170. The Sweet Wonders of a Good Confession.

John xx. 22: "He breathed upon them, and said, Receive ye the Holy Ghost; whose sins ye shall forgive, they are forgiven them; and whose sins ye shall retain, they are retained."

1 THE chains that have bound me are flung to the wind;
By the mercy of God the poor slave is set free;
And the strong grace of Heaven breathes fresh o'er the mind,
Like the bright winds of summer that gladden the sea.

2 There was nought in God's world half so dark or so vile
As the sin and the bondage that fettered my soul;
There was nought half so base as the malice and guile
Of my own sordid passions, or Satan's control.

3 I cried out for mercy, and fell on my knees,
And confessed, while my heart with keen sorrow was wrung;
'Twas the labour of minutes, and years of disease
Fell as fast from my soul as the words from my tongue.

4 All hail, then, all hail, to the dear precious blood
That hath worked these sweet wonders of mercy in me;
May each day countless numbers throng down to its flood,
And God have His glory, and sinners go free.

171. The Triumphs of Grace.

Ps. cii. 12: "As far as the east is from the west, so far hath He removed our iniquities from us."

Luke xv. 7: "I say to you that even so there shall be joy in heaven upon one sinner that doth penance."

1 Joy, joy to the choir celestial
When a soul is restored to grace,
God owns a new throne terrestrial
When weak man in truth seeks His face—
Joy, joy to the pardoned sinner,
Whom God in His mercy hath blest;
With His love, above all other,
And the promise of endless rest.

Chorus.

Singing praise to our God,
Singing praise to His grace,
We'll seek, we'll seek, the path His Saints trod,
We'll seek, we'll seek, His will to embrace.

2 Thrice blest is the state of grace,
For 'tis peace and joy to the mind,
And hope that can sorrow efface
Teaching patience of every kind—
Then God's grace alone we will prize,
As our life and our heavenly light;
For who but the fool would despise
The gift of love's infinite might?

Chorus.

Singing praise to our God,
Singing praise to His grace,
We'll love, we'll love, the path His Saints trod,
We'll love, we'll love, His will to embrace.

3 Blessed too, the prize grace ensures
When the end of our work is shown,
The reward to love that endures
In the glory of heaven is known—
For then Jesus will crown His own
With a crown unspeakably bright,
Which He gives to His brethren alone,
Who have stood with Him in the fight.

Chorus.

Singing praise to our God,
Singing praise to His grace,
We'll run, we'll run, the path His Saints trod,
We'll run, we'll run, His will to embrace.

HYMNS CONCERNING THE TWO GREATEST MYSTERIES OF THE LAST DAY.

"The Resurrection of the Body."

1 Cor. xv. 51: "Behold I tell you a mystery. We shall all indeed rise again; but we shall not all be changed. In a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, at the last trumpet: for the trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall rise again incorruptible."

172. The Sequence of the Dead. 173.

Dies iræ, dies illa
Solvet sæclum in favilla;
Teste David cum Sybilla.

Quantus tremor est futurus
Quando Judex est venturus,
Cuncta stricte discussurus!

Tuba mirum spargens sonum
Per sepulchra regionum,
Coget omnes ante thronum.

Day of wrath!—That day of woe,
Doomed to melt all things below,
Psalms and Sybil songs foreshow.

On each breast what terrors lie,
When descending from the sky,
Comes the Judge our souls to try!

Dread and strange the trumpet's tone,
Loud through death's dominions blown,
Gathers all around the throne.

HYMNS CONCERNING THE MYSTERIES OF LAST DAY.

Mors stupebit et natura,
Cum resurget creatura,
Judicanti responsura.

Liber scriptus proferetur,
In quo totum continetur,
Unde mundus judicetur.

Judex ergo cum sedebit,
Quidquid latet, apparebit:
Nil inultum remanebit.

Quid sum miser tunc dicturus?
Quem patronum rogaturus?
Cum vix justus sit securus.

Rex tremendæ majestatis,
Qui salvandos salvas gratis,
Salve me, fons pietatis.

Recordare, Jesu pie,
Quod sum causa tuæ viæ;
Ne me perdas illa die.

Quærens me sedisti lassus,
Redemisti crucem passus;
Tantus labor non sit cassus.

Juste Judex ultionis,
Donum fac remissionis
Ante diem rationis.

Ingemisco tanquam reus,
Culpa rubet vultus meus,
Supplicanti parce Deus.

Qui Mariam absolvisti,
Et latronem exaudisti,
Mihi quoque spem dedisti.

Preces meæ non sunt dignæ.
Sed tu bonus fac benigne,
Ne perenni cremer igne.

Inter oves locum præsta,
Et ab hœdis me sequestra.
Statuens in parte dextra.

Confutatis maledictis,
Flammis acribus addictis,
Voca me cum benedictis.

Oro supplex et acclinis,
Cor contritum quasi cinis:
Gere curam mei finis.

Lacrymosa dies illa,
Qua resurget ex favilla.
Judicandus homo reus.
Huic ergo parce Deus;

Pie Jesu Domine,
Dona eis requiem. Amen.

Death and nature in surprise
See the trembling creature rise,
Summoned to that last assize.

Now the written Book appears
Which the faithful records bears,
Whence the world its sentence hears.

When the Judge assumes the throne,
Every hidden thought is known,
Unavenged sins are none.

How shall I that day endure?
What kind patron's voice secure,
When the righteous scarce are sure?

King of dreadful majesty,
Granting souls their ransom free,
Fount of pity, save Thou me.

Recollect, sweet Lord, I pray,
Thou for me didst tread life's way,
Save me in that bitter day.

Seeking me Thou sat'st forlorn,
Saved me on the tree of scorn.
Shall such love meet no return?

Just avenging Judge, I pray,
Take my countless sins away
Ere the awful reck'ning day.

Lo, I mourn the guilt which Thou
Seest on my crimsoned brow;
Spare, O God, Thy suppliant now.

Thou who Magdalene didst free,
And the thief call unto Thee,
Hope dost likewise give to me.

Worthless though my feeble cry,
Help me, gracious Lord, or I
Burn in flames that never die.

Bid me with Thy sheep to stand,
Severed from the goat's lost band,
Placed secure at Thy right hand.

When at last Thy righteous ire
Binds the damned in chains of fire,
Call me to Thy chosen choir.

Hear my prayer low bending down,
This crushed heart like ashes grown,
Guard my end, and claim Thine own.

Day of weeping, day of doom,
When man riseth from the tomb,
Called to meet the Judge divine!
Save this soul and make it Thine.

Unto all, O Jesu blest,
Grant Thine everlasting rest. Amen.

"And Life everlasting. Amen."

174. The Yearnings of a Faithful Soul after Life Eternal.

Matt. xxv. 34: "Come, ye blessed of My Father, possess ye the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world."
Rom. vi. 22: "You have your fruit unto sanctification, and the end life everlasting."

1 LIFE eternal! Life eternal! "
Words that pierce the heart with [fire!
Life eternal! Life eternal!
How my soul doth thee desire!

2 Life eternal! Life eternal!
Hope of hopes to mortal man!
Life eternal! Life eternal!
I will grasp thee if I can

3 Life eternal! Life eternal!
Depth of depth of bliss unknown!
Life eternal! Life eternal!
Thee I seek in Christ alone.

PART II.—HOPE.

Christian Hope fights its way to God and to heaven, by relying on God's infinite mercy and on the infinite merits of Christ, which actually overflow in prayer, the Sacraments, Holy Mass, the Sacred Heart, &c. Hence this part contains:

I. Hymns on the Goodness of God and merits of Jesus Christ, the foundation of Christian Hope.
II. Hymns which may be used as prayers.
III. Hymns used at Holy Mass for Children.
IV. Hymns concerning the Blessed Sacrament, Holy Communion, Benediction, &c.
V. Hymns on the Sacred Heart.
VI. Hymns on the sacred thirst of Jesus for guilds and associations of Temperance.
VII. Hymns concerning the heavenly fruits and advantages of Christian Hope.
VIII. Hymns especially adapted to awake and stir up a true and earnest yearning after the possession of God and His service, and thereby to entertain and develop a firm and solid Hope.

N.B.—Many of the Hymns of this Second Part are especially adapted for children.

SECT. I.—HYMNS ON THE GOODNESS OF GOD AND MERITS OF JESUS CHRIST THE FOUNDATION OF CHRISTIAN HOPE.

175. Trust in God, His Providence will never fail thee.

Matt. vi. 31: "Be not solicitous, therefore, saying: What shall we eat, or what shall we drink, or wherewith shall we be clothed? . . . For your Father knoweth that you have need of all these things."

1 BEHOLD the lilies of the field,
They neither toil nor sow;
Yet God does all things needful yield,
That they may bud and blow.

Chorus.
Oh! then away with fear and care,
For all that may betide;
And turn to God in trustful prayer,
And in His love confide.

2 Not Solomon in glory shone
Like one of these poor flowers
That look to God, and God alone,
For sunshine and for showers.
Chorus.—Oh! then away, &c.

3 And does His mercy value less,
The offspring of His grace;
And will a Father's love not bless
The child that seeks His face.
Chorus.—Oh! then away, &c.

4 He is our Father, and He knows
His earthly children's need;
On all our daily wants and woes
He looks with careful heed.
Chorus.—Oh! then away, &c.

176. Trust in Jesus Christ! His Grace and His Merits are Infinite.

Ephes. iv. 7: "To every one of us is given grace according to the measure of the giving of Christ."

1 O Jesu, my beloved King,
I give all thanks to Thee,
Who by Thy cross hast merited
Celestial grace for me.

Chorus.

O Jesu, on whose grace alone
I by Thy grace depend;
Grant me the grace to persevere
In grace unto the end.

2 O gift of love, O gift immense,
Surpassing nature's law;
What strength to will and to perform
From this pure fount I draw!
Chorus.—O Jesu, &c.

3 By this to me is opened wide,
Through death's inviting door,
A brighter realm, a nobler crown
Than Adam lost of yore.
Chorus.—O Jesu, &c.

177. Trust in Jesus Christ, and praise His Goodness! His Love for us is Infinite.

Philip. iv. 13: "I can do all things in Him who strengtheneth me."

1 O brightness of eternal light,
I worship at Thy feet;
Though all unworthy in Thy sight,
Thy mercies I repeat.

Chorus.

In Thee, sweet Lord, I put my trust;
Oh, guard me while I live;
And when this dust returns to dust,
My soul in heaven receive.

2 To save our souls from sin and strife
Is still Thy work divine;
The gates of everlasting life,
O gracious Lord, are Thine.
Chorus.—In Thee, &c.

3 I love to praise Thee when the sun
Pours forth his early light,
And when the bright stars one by one
Come twinkling out at night.
Chorus.—In Thee, &c.

4 If I am free from care and loss,
I love to praise Thy name;
If I am called to bear Thy cross,
I bless Thee all the same.
Chorus.—In Thee, &c.

5 If roses on my path I meet,
I feel the gift is Thine;
If thorns spring up to pierce my feet,
I still will not repine.
Chorus.—In Thee, &c.

6 The blessings sent to win my love,
O Lord, I freely take;
The trials sent my faith to prove,
I bear for Thy dear sake.
Chorus.—In Thee, &c.

7 Then let me on my journey go,
And fear not for the end;
It matters not who is my foe,
If Jesus be my friend.
Chorus.—In Thee, &c.

178. Hope, without Good Works, is Vain.

Trust in God! and "Labour the more, that by good works you may make sure your calling and election."—2 Pet. i. 10.

1 If thou wouldest life attain;
If with Christ thou wouldest reign;
Reaping wisdom from the past,
Know that long as life may last,
Toil and conflict thee await
In thy present earthly state.

2 He who with no help of thine,
Made thee by His might divine;
Will not save thee as thou art,
But by labour on thy part;
Labour, then, and look to heaven
For assistance timely given.

3 Labour, while it yet is day;
Labour, while you labour may;
Labour, for the night is long;
Labour, for the foe is strong;
Labour, for the prize is great;
Labour, for the hour is late.

4 Soon the struggle will be past;
Calm and peace will come at last:
Soon through death's Elysian door,
All thy pains and labours o'er,
Thou shalt go to join the blest
In the realms of endless rest.

5 Rest from toil and carking care:
Rest from earthly wear and tear;
Rest from ever-present sin;
Rest without and rest within;
Rest which no abatement knows;
Rest and infinite repose.

SECT. II.—HYMNS WHICH MAY BE USED AS PRAYERS.

Prayer is the first, universal, and most necessary means to obtain grace, the love of God, and salvation through the merits of Jesus Christ.

Matt. xxi. 22: "All things whatsoever ye shall ask in prayer, believing, you shall receive."

Ps. xxxii. 22: "Let Thy mercy be upon us, O Lord, as we have hoped in Thee."

179. Morning Hymn.

Ps. v. 4: "For to Thee will I pray, O Lord, in the morning Thou shalt hear my voice."

1 The star that heralds in the morn
Is fading in the skies,
The darkness melts; O Thou true light,
Upon our souls arise.
Jesu, be near us when we wake,
And at the break of day
With Thy blest touch awake the soul,
Her meed of praise to pay.

2 Oh, steep our senses in Thy beam,
The world's false night expel,
Purge each defilement from the soul,
And in our bosoms dwell.
Jesu, to Thee our deeds we show,
To Thee our hearts lie bare;
Oh, hearken to the sighs we pour,
And in Thy mercy spare.

3 Our hearts enlighten with Thy grace,
And kindle with Thy love,
That, dead to earthly things, we may
But live for things above.
Father of mercies, hear our cry;
Hear us, co-equal Son,
Who reignest with the Holy Ghost
While ceaseless ages run.

180. Evening Hymn to our Saviour.

2 Paral. xxxi. 3: "The holocaust should be offered always morning and evening."

1 Sweet Saviour! bless us ere we go;
Thy word into our minds instil;
And make our lukewarm hearts to glow
With lowly love and fervent will.
Through life's long day and death's dark night
O gentle Jesus! be our light!

2 The day is done, its hours have run;
And Thou hast taken count of all—
The scanty triumphs grace hath won,
The broken vow, the frequent fall.
Through life's long day and death's dark night
O gentle Jesus! be our light!

3 Grant us, dear Lord! from evil ways,
True absolution and release;
And bless us more than in past days
With purity and inward peace.
Through life's long day and death's dark night
O gentle Jesus! be our light!

4 Do more than pardon; give us joy,
Sweet fear and sober liberty;
And simple hearts without alloy,
That only long to be like Thee.
Through life's long day and death's dark night
O gentle Jesus! be our light!

5 Labour is sweet, for Thou hast toiled;
And care is light, for Thou hast cared:
Ah! never let our works be soiled
With strife or by deceit ensnared.
Through life's long day and death's dark night
O gentle Jesus! be our light!

6 For all we love, the poor, the sad,
The sinful—unto Thee we call;
Oh, let Thy mercy make us glad:
Thou art our Jesus and our All!
Through life's long day and death's dark night
O gentle Jesus! be our light!

7 Sweet Saviour! bless us; night is come,
Mary and Joseph near us be;
Good angels, watch about our home;
May we each day be nearer Thee!
Through life's long day and death's dark night
O gentle Jesus! be our light!

181. Evening Exercise, or Examination of Conscience.

1 Cor. xi. 31: "If we should judge ourselves, we would not be judged."

1 LIGHT dies away! another sun is now done!
How short has been the day that is setting!
O fleeting life! how soon we are forgetting by one!
How days and days thus hurry, one

2 Eternity is drawing close around us:
Labour we hard our conscience to prepare? confound us?
How do the stains of guilt or sin
To practise virtue, has it been our care?

3 If on this night our Sovereign Maker call us ment seat:
To stand before His dreadful judg-
Ah! would His voice with stern reproach appal us? ness greet?
Or with meek eyes and tones of kind-

4 Oh, let our hearts o'erflow with true repentance; we've done,
And, while we weep o'er sin and guilt
We shall from us avert the direful vengeance— have won.
Of endless joys the right we shall

HYMNS ESPECIALLY ADAPTED FOR CHILDREN.

Eccles. xii. 1: "Remember thy Creator in the days of thy youth."

CHILDREN'S DAILY HYMNS.

Matt. vii. 7: "Ask, and it shall be given to you; seek, and you shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you."

182. The Child's Morning Hymn to our Lord.

Luke xviii. 1: "Jesus spoke also a parable to them, that we ought always to pray and not to faint."

1 JESUS, teach me how to pray,
Send distractions far away,
Suffer not my thoughts to stray,
Sweet holy Child.

2 Let me not be rude or wild,
Make me humble, meek, and mild,
Pure as angels undefiled,
Sweet holy Child.

3 When I work or when I play,
Be Thou with me through the day,
Teach me what to do and say,
Sweet holy Child.

4 Make me love Thy Mother blest,
Safe beneath her care to rest,
As a bird within its nest,
Sweet holy Child.

5 When the hour of death is nigh,
Then may Mary standing by
Take me in her arms to die,
Sweet holy Child.

6 So through all eternity
Will I bless their charity,
Who first led my steps to Thee,
Sweet holy Child.

183. The Child's Evening Hymn to our Lord.

Luke xxi. 36: "Watch ye, therefore, praying at all times."

1 HEAR Thy children, gentle Jesus,
While we breathe our evening prayer,
Save us from all harm and danger,
Take us 'neath Thy shelt'ring care.

2 Save us from the wiles of Satan,
'Mid the lone and sleepful night,
Sweetly may bright guardian angels
Keep us 'neath their watchful sight.

3 Gentle Jesus, look in pity
From Thy great white throne above,
All the night Thy heart is wakeful
In Thy sacrament of love.

4 Shades of even fast are falling,
Day is fading into gloom. [us,
When the shades of death fall round
Lead Thine exiled children home.

184. Infants' Hymn to the Infant Jesus.

Gen. xxi. 17: "And God heard the voice of the boy."

1 INFANT Jesus, meek and mild,
Look on me, a little child,
Pity mine and pity me,
Suffer me to come to Thee.

2 Heart of Jesus, I adore Thee,
Heart of Mary, I implore thee,
Heart of Joseph, pure and just,
In these hearts I put my trust.

185. The Child's Supplication to the Holy Child.

Ps. lxviii. 17: "Hear me, O Lord, for Thy mercy is kind.'

1 HEART of the holy Child,
Hide me in Thee;
Purest and undefiled,
Purify me;
Joy of my holy life,
Far from evil passions rife,
Troubling this world of strife,
Keep me with Thee.

2 Sweet Child of Bethlehem,
Open Thine heart;
Lessons from Nazareth
Deign to impart;
Mary and Joseph dear,
Let us be to Jesus near;
With you we shall not fear
From Him to part.

186. The Child's Hymn to our Lord for Purity.

Ps. lxviii. 17: "Look upon me according to the multitude of Thy tender mercies."

1 LORD, look upon a little child,
By nature sinful, rude, and wild;
Oh, put Thy gracious hand on me,
And make me all I ought to be.

2 Make me Thy child, a child of God,
Washed in my Saviour's precious blood,
And my whole heart from sin set free,
A little vessel full of Thee.

3 A star of early dawn and bright,
Shining within Thy sacred light,
A beam of grace to all around,
A little spot of hallowed ground.

4 Oh! Jesus take me to Thy breast,
And bless me, then I shall be blest:
Both when I wake and when I sleep,
Thy little lamb in safety keep.

187. Children's Hymn to Jesus and Mary for Constant Help and Protection.

Tit. iii. 4: "When the goodness and kindness of God our Saviour appeared . . . He saved us."

1 O JESUS! God and Man!
For love of children once a child!
O Jesus! God and Man! [mild!
We hail Thee, Saviour, sweet and

2 O Jesus! God and Man!
Make us Thy children dear to Thee,
And lead us to Thyself,
To love Thee for eternity.

3 O Mary! Mother-mild!
God made thee Mother of the poor!
Mary! to thee we look,
To make our soul's salvation sure.

4 O Mary! Mother dear!
Thank God, for us—for all His love:
And pray that in our faith
We all may true and steadfast prove.

5 O Jesus! Mary's Son!
On Thee for grace we children call;
Make us all men to love,
But to love Thee beyond them all.

6 O Jesus! bless our work,
Our sorrows soothe, our sins forgive;
Oh, happy, happy they
Who in the Church of Jesus live!

7 O God, most great and good,
At work or play, by night or day,
Make us remember Thee,
Who dost remember us alway!

188. The Child Jesus, the Perfect Model of Children.

John xiii. 15: "I have given you an example that as I have done . . . so you do also."

1 O DIVINEST Childhood
Of my Saviour dear,
How in very weakness
Does His strength appear!
How thy beauty, Jesu,
Ravishes my heart!
How the more abased
The greater still Thou art!

2 O mysterious silence,
Eloquence divine!
O exact obedience,
Would that such were mine!
Yield, rebellious nature,
Let thy murmurs end;
See thy own Creator
To His creature bend!

3 Near our little Jesus
Docile grows my mind,
Nor can aught perplexing
In His Gospel find.
Come, presumptuous reason,
Fix thy gaze on this,
And for ever after
All thy pride dismiss.

4 Does not this sweet infant
Seem to thee to say,
"Cast thy heartless trusting
In thyself away?
Know that if thou learn not
To resemble Me,
Happiness celestial
Ne'er can fall to thee."

5 Sacred charms of childhood
Unto Christ so dear,
Bright ingenuous frankness,
Innocence sincere:
Love serene, unselfish,
Void of worldly stain,
Would that in my bosom
Ye might ever reign!

HYMNS TO BE SUNG FREQUENTLY BY CHILDREN AT MASS, AT SCHOOL, OR SUNDAY SCHOOL.

189. The Invitation of Jesus Christ to Little Children.

Mark x. 14: "Suffer the little children to come unto Me, and forbid them not."

1 COME, ye little children;
Unto Me draw nigh;
For 'tis such as you
That dwell with Me on high;
Who in truth and meekness,
From all malice free,
Ever serve and love Me
With simplicity.

2 I, who pride and greatness
Evermore abase,
On the poor and lowly
Lavish all My grace;
And to humble spirits
Heavenly things reveal,
Which My secret judgments
From the proud conceal.

3 Thou, O holy Jesus,
Seemest then to say,
O thou foolish worldlings,
Cast your pride away;
If the God of glory
Doth Himself abase,
How shall man presume
To choose the highest place?

190. The Four Great Truths or Principal Mysteries, and the Seven Sacraments.

I. In one God there are three Persons,
II. Father, Son, and Holy Ghost;
III. God the Son, the Second Person,
Was made man and died for us.
IV. God rewards the good in heaven,
And He sends the bad to hell.

1 When baptized we are made Christians,
And are cleansed from Adam's sin.

2 Confirmation strengthens Christians,
And gives them the Holy Ghost.

3 Holy Eucharist is the body
And the blood of Jesus Christ;
But to sight and other senses
It appears like bread and wine.

4 After baptism penance pardons
All the sins that we commit.

5 Extreme unction gives in sickness
Grace to die a happy death.

6 Holy orders gives to bishops,
Priests, and others, power and grace.

7 Then in marriage grace is given
By a Christian sacrament,
To be faithful and to bring up
Children in the fear of God.

191. The Seven Sacraments.

Ps. xxii. 1: "The Lord ruleth me: and I shall want nothing. He hath set me in a place of pasture."

1 The Church has seven Sacraments,
As we must all believe;
But three there are more requisite
To know and to receive.

2 Baptism washes out the sin
Which Adam did commit: [done,
The sins which we ourselves have
Confession will remit.

3 The Eucharist we know to be
The body and blood divine
Of Jesus Christ, both God and man,
In form of bread and wine.

4 In Confirmation we believe
The Holy Ghost is given:
In Extreme Unction we get strength
To die and go to heaven.

5 By Holy Orders, priests are made,
And get both power and grace:
And Matrimony blesses those
Who married life embrace.

6 All praise and thanks to Jesus be,
And to His holy blood,
By which we have the sacraments,
The source of every good.

192. The Ten Commandments.

Matt. xix. 17: "If thou wilt enter into life keep the commandments."

(*To be Sung like the Creed.*)

The first Com(mand)ment.* I am the Lord thy God—thou shalt not have—strange (gods) before Me.

The second Com(mand)ment.* Thou shalt not take the name—of the Lord (thy) God—in vain.

The third Com(mand)ment.* Remember thou keep holy—(the) Sabbath day.

The fourth Com(mand)ment.* Honour thy father—(and) thy mother.

The fifth Com(mand)ment.* (Thou) shalt not kill.

The sixth Com(mand)ment.* Thou shalt not com—(mit) adultery.

The seventh Com(mand)ment.* (Thou) shalt not steal.

The eighth Com(mand)ment.* Thou shalt not bear—false witness a—(gainst) thy neighbour.

The ninth Com(mand)ment.* Thou shalt not covet—(thy) neighbour's wife.

The tenth Com(mand)ment.* Thou shalt not covet—(thy) neighbour's goods.

193. The Ten Commandments.

James ii. 10: "Whosoever shall keep the whole law, but offend in one point, is become guilty of all."

I.

I AM THE LORD,—and thou shalt serve
No other gods but Me:
Religion true thou shalt observe,
Faith, Hope, and Charity.

Chorus.

All this Thou dost command, O Lord!
We cheerfully obey;
And look to heaven for our reward
Through all eternity.

II.

THOU SHALT NOT TAKE GOD'S NAME IN VAIN,
Nor swear unlawfully;
Things holy thou shalt not profane,
Nor curse irreverently.
Chorus.—All this, &c.

III.

REMEMBER THAT THOU SANCTIFY THE HOLY SABBATH DAY;
Work not without necessity,
Hear holy Mass, and pray.
Chorus.—All this, &c.

IV.

THY PARENTS HONOUR, serve and love,
And cheerfully obey:
And servants must obedient prove
When without sin they may.
Chorus.—All this, &c.

V.

THOU SHALT NOT KILL—nor vengeance take,
Nor hate thy enemy;
Forgive and love for Jesus's sake
All that have injured thee.
Chorus.—All this, &c.

The same commandment does beside,
Forbid all drunkenness,
Self-injury and suicide,
And eating to excess.
Chorus.—All this, &c.

VI.

DO NOT COMMIT ADULTERY,
In thoughts, words, deeds, or looks;
Beware of evil company,
And read not dangerous books.
Chorus.—All this, &c.

VII.

THOU SHALT NOT STEAL, nor keep, nor waste,
Nor cheat in any way:
Ill-gotten goods restore in haste,
And lawful debts repay.
Chorus.—All this, &c.

VIII.

FALSE WITNESS THOU SHALT NEVER BEAR,
Nor tell a wilful lie:
Detraction, if thou canst repair,
As well as calumny.
Chorus.—All this, &c.

IX. and X.

THOU SHALT NOT COVET NEIGHBOUR'S GOODS;
WIFE,
Nor look with lustful eye;
THOU SHALT NOT COVET NEIGHBOUR'S GOODS;
Nor eye them enviously.
Chorus.—All this, &c.

194. Rule of Life.

Gal. vi. 16: "And whosoever shall follow this rule, peace on them and mercy."

1 In the morning when I waken
With the cross I sign myself,
And say, "*Jesus, Mary, Joseph,*
I give you my heart and life."
Then when drest I kneel devoutly,
And I say my morning prayers;
With the cross I ask a blessing
Both before and after meals.

2 When 'tis evening kneeling humbly,
My night prayers I say to God,
Then my conscience I examine
And ask pardon for my sins.
When in bed I think of Jesus
And my arms fold like a cross,
And say, "*Jesus, Mary, Joseph,*
I give you my heart and life."

3 With this prayer each work I offer,
"*Jesus, I do all for Thee.*"
"*Jesus, Mary, help me,*" saying,
From temptation quick I go.
From occasions which are sinful,
And bad company I fly:
O my God, I promise never
To commit a mortal sin.

4 Should I ever thus offend Thee,
I will ask without delay
Thy forgiveness—God of mercy!
And quick to confession go.
Once, at least, each month confession
And a good communion;
At confession may I never
Mortal sin through fear conceal.

5 Holy Mass I hear devoutly
On the Sundays—Holydays,
And on Sundays my delight is
Catechism—Sunday School.
For God's sake I love my neighbour,
And forgive my enemies,
My parents and superiors
I obey, respect, and love.

6 Every day if I am able,
Gladly I hear holy mass,
And I visit my sweet Jesus
In the Blessed Sacrament.
Then before some holy picture
Of my Mother Mary, pray;
For her sake I say at least one
Portion of the Rosary.

7 Morning, noon, night—three times [daily
I recite the "Angelus,"
Then I make a meditation,
And I read some holy book.
So I will with God's assistance
Keep each day the Rule of Life.
Thus I will get ready daily
Once to die a happy death.

195. To bear the Yoke of Christ, is to follow the Way to True Joy and Everlasting Happiness.

Matt. xi. 29: "Take up My yoke upon you . . . For My yoke is sweet and My burden light."

1 Christian soul, dost thou desire
Days of joy and peace and truth?
Learn to bear the yoke of Jesus
In the springtide of thy youth.

2 It may seem at first a burden,
But thy Lord will make it light;
He Himself will bear it with thee,
He will ease thee of its weight.

3 Only bear it well, and daily
Thou wilt learn that yoke to love;
Strength and grace it here will bring
And a bright reward above. [thee,

196. We must Love and Obey the Church.

Matt. xviii. 17: "If he will not hear the Church, let him be to thee as the heathen and publican."

1 Holy Church, thou art our mother;
Nurtured in thy bosom, we
Will obey thee, for no other
Hath eternal life save thee:
Thou art one, and thou art holy,
Spread through every age and clime;
Governed by one Shepherd solely,
Thou canst brave the force of time.

2 Holy mother, thou dost feed us
With life-giving food divine;
Thy good pastors gently lead us;
Ah! what happy children thine.

In thy fold no harm can reach us,
Safe beneath thy watchful care;
Gracious Lord, bless those who teach us:
Hear Thy little children's prayer.

197. What a Happiness to belong to the True Church of Christ.

1 Tim. iii. 15: "The Church of the living God, the pillar and ground of truth."

1 I AM a little Catholic,
And Christian is my name,
And I believe the Holy Church
In every age the same.

Chorus.

The holy ancient Roman Church,
Enduring firmly still,
Where Christ her King hath planted her,
Upon St. Peter's hill.

2 Jerusalem, she is above,
Our city and our home;
But after that same pattern is
The holy city Rome.
Chorus.—The holy, &c.

3 Time writes no wrinkle on thy brow,
For thou art ever young;
Hail! Rome, eternal citadel,
From whence our faith has sprung.
Chorus.—The holy, &c.

198. The Obligations of a True Catholic Child.

Ps. cxxxvi. 5: "If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand be forgotten. Let my tongue cleave to my jaws, . . . if I make not Jerusalem the beginning of my joy."

1 I AM a faithful Catholic,
I love my holy faith,
I will be true to Holy Church,
And steadfast until death.

2 I shun the haunts of those who seek
To bribe Catholic youth:
No Church I own, no schools I know,
But those that teach the truth.

3 If base it is to yield before
The persecutor's rod;
Then baser far to side with those
Who mock the Church of God.

4 Oh! far from me such wickedness!
One treasure I hold dear,
MY HOLY FAITH. I fear not men,
'Tis God alone I fear.

5 I love His altar, where I kneel
My Jesus to adore;
I love my Mother, Mary dear,
Oh! may I love them more.

6 I love the saints of olden time,
The places where they dwelt;
I love to pray where saints have prayed,
And kneel where they have knelt.

7 I love my cross, I love my beads,
Each emblem of my faith;
Let foolish men rail as they will,
I'll love them until death.

199. Acts of Faith, Hope, Charity, and Contrition.

Ps. cxliv. 13: "The Lord is faithful in all His words; and holy in all His works. The Lord lifteth up all that fall: and setteth up all that are cast down."

Act of Faith.

1 GREAT God, whatever through Thy
Thou teachest to be true,
I firmly do believe it all,
And will confess it too.

Thou never canst deceived be,
Thou never canst deceive,
For Thou art truth itself, and Thou
Dost tell me to believe.

Act of Hope.

2 My God, I firmly hope in Thee,
For Thou art great and good;
Thou gavest us Thine only Son
To die upon the rood.

I hope through Him for grace to live
As Thy commandments teach,
And through Thy mercy, when I die,
The joys of heaven to reach.

Act of Love.

3 With all my heart and soul and strength
I love Thee, O my Lord,
For Thou art perfect, and all things
Were made by Thy blest Word.

Like me to Thine own image made,
My neighbour Thou didst make,
And as I love myself, I love
My neighbour for Thy sake.

Act of Contrition.

4 Most holy God, my very soul
With grief sincere is moved,
Because I have offended Thee,
Whom I should e'er have loved.

Forgive me, Father; I am now
Resolved to sin no more,
And by Thy holy grace to shun
What made me sin before.

200. The Child's Supplication to the Good Shepherd after a fall.

Matt. ix. 13: "I will have mercy and not sacrifice. For I am not come to call the just, but sinners."

1 JESU, to Thee we look;
Jesu, on Thee we call;
Extend to us Thy gentle crook,
To save us when we fall.

2 A sheep by nature lost,
An outcast here am I;
But Thou hast paid the dreadful cost,
And wilt not pass me by.

3 Sweet Saviour, on the ground
Thy face laid low in dust,
In seas of anguished sorrow drowned,
The Just One for the unjust.

4 Seed of the woman Thou;
By all our prayers and sighs,
To us, Thy lowly suppliants, now
Re-open Paradise.

HYMNS FOR ORPHAN CHILDREN.

201. Orphan's Prayer to God for a Blessing on all those that are dear.

Ps. ix. 14: "Thou wilt be a helper to the orphan."

1 O LORD, now hear the prayer
Offered by simple hearts;
No eloquence is there,
Our truth is all our art.
The orphan's offering
Is dear unto Thine eyes;
The simple tones we sing,
Before Thee shall arise.

2 Do hear us when we pray
For those we knew before;
Their cares for us repay,
And us to them restore.

Our parents in the tomb,
Or on a foreign strand,
Deliver, Lord, from gloom,
Or strengthen with Thy hand.

3 Oh, bless the soldier's child,
Though he may be afar;
And by Thy mother mild,
Oh, guard him in the war;
And bless the holy home
That Thou for us hast found;
May Thy blest angels come
And spread Thy peace around!

4 Bless also more than all,
The mothers of our love!
Thy choicest gifts let fall
Upon them from above.

By grace their cares beguile,
And cancel all their fears,
And Thou on them shalt smile,
Whilst they protect us here.

202. Orphan's Prayer to Jesus Christ, Who is the true Orphan's Home,

John xiv. 18: "I will not leave you orphans: I will come to you."

1 O God of orphans, hear our prayer,
Bless Thou our orphans' home,
And let the children Thou didst love,
To Thee, their true love, come.
How sweetly, Jesus, did Thine eye
On children ever rest,
When by the lure of Thy sweet voice
They fondly round Thee prest!

2 Oh, plead the children's cause with them,
Whose cause Thy cross did plead;
Make sinners' hearts with pity melt,
For whom Thine own did bleed.
Thou lovest most the hearts that bring
Most little ones to Thee;
But most of all the hearts that bring
Thy babes most lovingly.

3 We are all orphans, outcasts all,
Until to Thee we come;
On earth, in heaven, dear Jesus, Thou,
Thou art Thyself our home.
One only joy there is on earth—
It is, to have Thy grace;
One only joy can be in heaven—
It is, to see Thy face.

203. The Orphan's Complaint.

John xix. 26: "He saith to His mother: Woman, Behold thy son. After that, He saith to His disciple: Behold thy mother."

The Orphan.

1 Blest Jesus, Thou didst come with man to share
Each numbing sorrow, and each blighting loss;
The Cyrenean of our race, to bear
On bruised shoulder every culprit's cross.

2 Then was the orphan's lonely path too drear,
For Thee to cheer and hallow by Thy tread;
Who hadst from crib to rood a Mother near
To nurse Thee Infant, and to mourn Thee dead?

Jesus.

3 My child, repine not, at my death alone,
Could I transfer my sonship upon earth;
And 'twas the childless one's maternal moan,
That marked Thy moment of adoptive birth.

4 If I had made the orphan's portion Mine,
Thou wouldst be doubly now an orphan child;
My loss had been thy loss, My gain is thine;
When Mary wept o'er Me, on thee she smiled.

204. Hymn for Consecration of Children, especially Orphans, to our Lady.

John xix. 27: "From that hour the disciple took her (the Mother of Jesus) to his own."

1 Mother Mary, at thine altar
We thy loving children kneel;
With a faith that cannot falter
To thy goodness we appeal.
We are seeking for a mother
O'er the earth so waste and wide;
And from off the cross our Brother
Points to Mary by His side.

2 Thou wilt love us, thou wilt guide us
With a mother's fondest care;
And our Father, God above us,
Bids us fly for refuge there.
Life's temptations are before us,
We must mingle in the strife;
If thy fondness watch not o'er us,
All unsafe will be our life.

3 So we take thee for our Mother,
And we claim our right to be,
By the gift of our dear Brother,
Loving children unto thee;
And our humble consecration
Thou wilt surely not despise,
From thy high and lofty station
Close to Jesus in the skies.

4 Mother Mary, to thy keeping
We ourselves to thee confide,
Toiling, resting, waking, sleeping,
To be ever at thy side.
Cares that vex us, joys that please us,
Life and death we trust to thee;
Thou wilt make them all for Jesus,
And for all eternity.

205. Children's First Communion Hymn.

Prov. viii. 18: "With me are riches and glory, glorious riches and justice."

1 O Mary, Mother sweetest, best,
From heaven's immortal bowers,
Do gather for a little child
A bouquet of sweet flowers.
I wish my little heart to be
A cradle fair and gay,
Where Blessed Jesus may repose
My* (first) communion day!

2 My little child, I can obtain
So bright a wreath for thee,
That Jesus will delight to come
Within thy heart to be.
I'll give thee lovely charity,
More warm than rose's glow;
I'll give thee heavenly purity,
More white than lily snow.

3 The violet of humility
Shall yield a sweet perfume,
And Jesus will delight to be
Within thy little room.
But then remember, dearest child,
The blossoms that I give
Require the watering of a prayer,
Or they will cease to live.

4 Mother, dearest, tenderest mother,
You know how frail I am,
A very giddy, thoughtless thing,
A weak and helpless lamb.
But oh! if thou wilt but send down
Those precious flowers to me,
I doubt not but with thy good help
Well watered they will be.

5 Then Mary from her holy hands
Those precious flowers sent down
As beautiful and pure as those
That wreathe an angel's crown.
That little soul was richly blest
In which dear Jesus lay,
Like the sweet turtle in its nest,
Sweet* (first) communion day!

* This sweet communion day!

206. Hymn for Renewal of Baptismal Vows.

Ps. xxi. 26: "I will pay my vows in the sight of them that fear Him."

1 Long ago I made faith's solemn vow,
But my sponsors then lent me their voice;
I renew all my promises now,
And I do this of my own free choice.

2 I believe then in God, Three in One,
And will seal this belief with my blood,
Feeble reason, the victory is won,
Nor shall faith by thy pride be withstood.

3 I believe God came down from above
To seek for and to save lost mankind,
And His Bride-Church, my mother, I love,
And revere with my whole heart and mind.

4 At the font was my soul born again,
And adopted by God as His child;
If I have not kept free from sin's stain,
The white robe shall no more be defiled.

5 I renounce all the pomps of this world,
I renounce all allurements of sense;
Vanquished fiend, yield thy banner unfurled,
I renounce thee for ever, go hence!

6 Vain delights, ye have been the false snare
Which entangled my spirit too long;
Of your pleasures henceforth I beware,
And with love will atone for my wrong.

7 Yes, my God, only Thy Gospel's law
Shall direct the whole course of my life;
Though the weak flesh may shudder with awe,
I shall yield and take part in the strife.

8 Dearest Lord, he who serves Thee soon feels,
That Thy light yoke is easy and sweet;
I resolve—I will heed no appeals,—
I am Thine till I die at Thy feet!

9 All the favours of kings are but dross,
And they foster ambition and pride:
I will rather take up Thy dear cross,
And follow my master and my guide.

10 I know that life's momentary pain
Merits endless enjoyments above:
For a prize 'tis so easy to gain,
I devote my whole heart to Thy love.

11 Not Thy gifts, but, O God, Thou alone,
Art Thyself my poor heart's sole desire:
And to know Thee as now I am known
Is the heaven to which I aspire.

12 Fair and bright is the home of the blest,
But once more I proclaim with loud voice,
Sweeter far is Thy fatherly breast,
My life's hope, my eternity's choice.
Amen.

207. Another Hymn in the form of a Litany for Renewal of Baptismal Vows.

Ps. lxxv. 12: "Vow ye, and pray to the Lord your God."

1 By the sacred fontal waters
Purer than the dew of morn,
In whose laver of salvation
We to second life were born.

Chorus.

Satan and his pomps for ever
Here we all renounce again;
Here we promise, holy Saviour,
Thine for ever to remain.

2 By the majesty unspoken,
Of the dread Triunal Name,
In whose solemn invocation
We the heirs of God became.
Chorus.—Satan and his pomps, &c.

3 By the twofold solemn unction,
Full of mysteries divine,
Consecrating us to heaven,
In the cross's awful sign.
Chorus.—Satan and his pomps, &c.

4 By the white baptismal raiment,
Pledge of Innocence regained,
To be borne before the presence
Of the Judgment-seat unstained.
Chorus.—Satan and his pomps, &c.

5 By the mystic lighted taper,
Placed within our infant hands,
Ever to be brightly burning,
Till in sight the Bridegroom stands.

Last Chorus.

Look in pity, Lord of glory,
On the suppliants at Thy feet;
Their baptismal vows renewing,
Here before Thy mercy-seat.

208. Hymn for Perseverance.

Matt. x. 22: "And you shall be hated by all men for My name's sake; but he that shall persevere unto the end, he shall be saved."

1 JESU, Saviour, God of mercy,
Lord of lords, and King of kings;
Keep, oh, keep us now and always
In the shadow of Thy wings.

2 As we chose at life's beginning
Thee for our eternal Friend;
So in faith and love maintain us
Persevering to the end.

3 Holy Mary, to thy bosom,
As the trembling doves we fly;
In thy dear remembrance hold us
While we live and when we die.

4 Holy Joseph, saints and angels,
Intercede for us above;
From a wicked world's temptations,
Shield the children of your love;

5 Till with you in glory's kingdom,
We the song of glory sing,
To the Father, Son, and Spirit,
Your and our eternal King.

SECT. III.—HYMNS USED AT HOLY MASS FOR CHILDREN.

209. The Holy Sacrifice of the Mass.

Mal. i. 11: "From the rising of the sun even to the going down thereof, My name is great among the Gentiles, and in every place there is sacrifice, and there is offered to My name a clean oblation."

1 O SWEET ecstatic thought! 'tis mine
To offer as of yore,
A sacrifice, and one in power
Excelling all before!

2 For me, upon an altar fair,
Is pleading day by day,
The Body and the Blood of Him
Whom heaven and earth obey.

3 For me is immolated still,
Without encrimsoned stain,
In the pure Host, the very Lamb
On Calvary's altar slain.

4 And thus though weak my prayer, O Lord,
Though poor my praises be,
Yet knit with this high sacrifice,
They win their way to Thee.

210. Legend of the Infant Jesus Serving at Mass.

Ps. xxxiii. 9: "Oh taste and see that the Lord is sweet."

1 COME, children, all whose joy it is
To serve at holy Mass,
And hear what once, in days of faith,
In England came to pass.
It chanced a priest was journeying
Through wildering ways of wood,
And there, where few were passers-by,
A lonely chapel stood.

2 He stayed his feet, that pilgrim priest,
His morning Mass to say,
And put the sacred vestments on,
That near the altar lay.
But who shall serve the holy Mass?
For all is silent there;
He kneels him down and patient waits
The peasant's hour of prayer.

3 When lo! a child of wondrous grace
Before the altar steals;
And down beside that lowly priest
In infant beauty kneels.
He serves the Mass; his voice is sweet,
Like distant music low;
With downcast eye and ready hand
And footfall hushed and slow.

4 "Et Verbum Caro factum est,"
He lingers till he hears;
Then turning to the Virgin's shrine
In glory disappears.
So round the altar, children dear,
Press gladly in God's name;
For once to serve at holy Mass
The Infant Jesus came.

211. A Mode of Singing and Chanting Mass for Children.

1 Cor. xi. 26: "This do for the commemoration of Me. . . . For as often as you shall eat this bread and drink the chalice, you shall show the death of the Lord until He come."

Part I.

As the priest comes in.

The Sign of the Cross.

In the name of the Father—and of the Son—and of the Holy Ghost.—Amen.

The Good Intention.

My dear Jesus, may I do all, for the love,—the love of Thee.

Examination of Conscience.

Let us think of sins—committed, in our actions,—words, and thoughts.
(A short pause for examination.)

Act of Contrition.

1 O Father, let Thy guilty child,
Call Thee by that dear name again;
Oh, think how Thy sweet Jesus died,
Imploring grace for sinful men.

2 I love Thee, God, Thou art so good,
And therefore for my sins I grieve;
I hate them, and will sin no more,
And bad occasions I will leave.

Holy Mass.

1 Now Jesus Christ's true flesh and blood
Will be our Sacrifice Divine,
The same in Mass as on the cross,
Though under forms of bread and wine.

2 We offer then the holy Mass,
Thee our Creator to *adore*,
To thank Thee for Thy gracious gifts,
And praise Thy name for evermore.

3 We pray for pardon and for grace,
To change the lives that we have led;
And beg Thee, for Thy Son's dear sake,
To bless the living and the dead.

The Gospel.

Let us with the Cross of Jesus, sign our foreheads ✠ lips ✠ and hearts. ✠

The Gospel.

Thy gospel, Jesus, we believe,
And for Thy help we humbly pray,
That we in thought, and word, and deed,
Thy holy gospel may obey.

The Apostles' Creed.

I believe in God—the Father Almighty—Creator of heaven and earth.

And in Jesus Christ—His only Son our Lord.

Who was conceived—by the Holy Ghost—born of the Virgin Mary—suffered under Pontius Pilate—was crucified, dead and buried.

He descended into hell—the third day—He rose again from the dead—He ascended into heaven—sitteth at the right hand—of God—the Father Almighty.

From thence He shall come—to judge the living—and the dead—I believe in the Holy Ghost.

The Holy Catholic Church—the communion of Saints—the forgiveness of sins.

The resurrection of the body—and life—everlasting—Amen.

Part II.

The Offertory.

On Alternate Sundays, sing the *Great Truths, Commandments, Sacraments, and Rule of Life;* finish before the Canon.—*See Hymns above.*

Act of Faith, Hope, and Charity, &c.

Act of Faith.—(*pause.*) My God—I believe in Thee—and all Thy Church doth teach—because Thou hast said it—and Thy Word is true.

ACT OF HOPE.—(*pause.*) My God—I hope in Thee—for grace and for glory—because of Thy promises—Thy mercy and Thy power.

ACT OF CHARITY.—(*pause.*) My God—because Thou art so good—I love Thee with all my heart—and for Thy sake—I love my neighbour as myself.

ACT OF CONTRITION.—O my God—I am very sorry—that I have sinned against Thee. Because Thou art so good—and I will not sin again.

Sanctus, Sanctus, Sanctus.

(The bell rings thrice.)

PART III.

The Canon.

(*Prayer for the Living.*)

1 O God, be ever with Thy *Church;*
The Pope and all the priesthood bless;
Bless every day our *parents* dear;
Give them eternal happiness.

2 We pray for *all* who want our prayers,
To all poor *sinners* mercy show;
Ah! why should Jesus die in vain,
To save them from eternal woe?

(*Intercession of Saints.*)

3 We praise Thy saints, may they for us
With Jesus kindly intercede;
May Mary pray her sweetest prayer,
To help her children in their need.

(*Before the Consecration.*)

4 O God, 'tis now the solemn hour,
When bread and wine are truly made
The flesh and blood of Jesus Christ,
By words of consecration said.

When the bell rings thrice at each elevation, strike your breast, saying, "My Jesus, mercy."

After the Elevation.

(*Act of Faith.*)

1 O heavens, earth, this wonder hear,
What was but earthly bread and wine,
By God Almighty's wondrous power
Is now Christ's flesh and blood Divine.
So God has said so we *believe,*
The Word of God cannot deceive.

(*Act of Adoration.*)

2 O Jesus, God, Creator, Judge,
Thee present humbly we *adore;*
To Thee in this great sacrament
Be praise and glory evermore.
May every tongue to Thee confess,
May every heart Thy presence bless.

Act of Petition.

1 Behold, O God, the precious blood
Of Jesus on the altar lies;
O Father, hear! how Jesu's blood
For grace and mercy loudly cries:
To Thee it speaketh to forgive;
Forgive us then that we may live.

(*Prayer for the Dead.*)

2 The holy sacrifice of Mass
Assists the souls in purgatory,
Through this most holy sacrifice,
O God of mercy, hear their cry.
May they receive eternal rest,
And with the light of heaven be blest.

Our Father.

Our Father—who art in heaven—hallowed be Thy name.

Thy kingdom come—Thy will be done on earth—as it is in heaven.

Give us this day—our daily bread—and forgive us our trespasses—as we forgive them—that trespass against us.

And lead us not—into temptation—but deliver us from evil. Amen.

Hail Mary.

Hail Mary full of grace—Our Lord is with thee.

Blessed art thou—amongst women—and blessed is the fruit—of thy womb Jesus.

Holy Mary—Mother of God.

Pray for us sinners—now and at the hour—of our death. Amen.

PART IV.

Act of Spiritual Communion.

(To be made at the time of the priest's communion.)

My Jesus—I believe—that Thou art truly present—in the most—Holy Sacrament.

I adore Thee—I am sorry—I have offended Thee.

I love Thee—come to my poor soul—unite Thyself to me. ✠ I thank Thee, my Jesus—oh, never—never leave me.

During the time the priest is giving communion, sing any appropriate hymn of the following.

Acts of Faith, Desire, &c.

1 In this sacrament, sweet Jesus,
Thou dost give Thy flesh and blood,
With Thy soul and Godhead also
As our own most precious food.

2 Yes, dear Jesus, I *believe* it,
And Thy presence I adore,
And with all my heart I *love* Thee,
May I love Thee more and more.

3 Come, sweet Jesus, in Thy mercy
Give Thy flesh and blood to me;
Come to me, O dearest Jesus,
Come, my soul's true life to be.

4 Come that I may live for ever,
Thou in me and I in Thee;
Living thus, I shall not perish,
But shall live eternally.

5 Blessed be the love of Jesus,
Giving us His flesh and blood;
Blessed be His Mother Mary,
Mother ever kind and good.

6 Blessed be the great St. Joseph;
Sing then with devotion true;
"Dearest Jesus, Mary, Joseph,
Heart and life I give to you."

The Last Gospel.

Let us with the cross of Jesus, sign our foreheads ✠ lips ✠ and hearts ✠.

Sing the following as the priest leaves the altar:

Thanksgiving.

1 Great God, we thank Thee for the [grace
Of hearing holy Mass this day;
On Sundays may we always come
To hear the holy Mass and pray.

2 Then may the grace of holy Mass
Be with us still in all our need,
And keep us from the stain of sin,
In every thought, and word, and deed.

Gloria Patri.

Glory be to the Father—and to the Son—and to the Holy Ghost.

As it was in the beginning—is now—and ever shall be, world without end. Amen.

The Divine Praises.

Blessed be God.

Blessed be His Holy Name.

Blessed be Jesus Christ—true God and true Man.

Blessed be the name of Jesus.

Blessed be Jesus—in the Most Holy Sacrament—of the Altar.

Blessed be the great Mother of God—Mary most holy.

Blessed be her Holy—and Immaculate Conception.

Blessed be the Name of Mary—Virgin and Mother.

Blessed be God—in His angels and in His saints.

212. Hymn of Praise to Jesus Christ, our High Priest, our Victim, our Sacrifice.

At Holy Mass Jesus Christ stands a perpetual sacrifice for love of us, He Himself being both our High Priest and our Victim, "The Lamb as it were immolated" (Apoc. v. 6). May He therefore be praised and praised for ever!

1 WHEN morning gilds the skies,
My heart awaking cries;
May Jesus Christ be praised.

Alike at work and prayer,
To Jesus I repair;
May Jesus Christ be praised.

2 The sacred minster bell,
It peals o'er hill and dell;
May Jesus Christ be praised.
Oh! hark to what it sings,
As joyously it rings;
May Jesus Christ be praised.

3 To Thee my God above,
I cry with glowing love:
May Jesus Christ be praised.
The fairest graces spring
In hearts that ever sing,
May Jesus Christ be praised.

4 My tongue shall never tire
Of chanting in the choir,
May Jesus Christ be praised.
This song of sacred joy,
It never seems to cloy;
May Jesus Christ be praised.

5 When sleep her balm denies,
My silent spirit sighs;
May Jesus Christ be praised
When evil thoughts molest,
With this I shield my breast;
May Jesus Christ be praised.

6 Does sadness fill my mind?
A solace here I find;
May Jesus Christ be praised.
Or fades my earthly bliss?
My comfort still is this;
May Jesus Christ be praised.

7 Though burst my heart in twain,
Still this shall be my strain;
May Jesus Christ be praised.
When you begin the day,
Oh! never fail to say;
May Jesus Christ be praised.

8 And at your work rejoice,
To sing with heart and voice;
May Jesus Christ be praised.
Be this at meals your grace,
In every time and place;
May Jesus Christ be praised.

9 Be this, when day is past,
Of all your thoughts the last;
May Jesus Christ be praised.
In want and bitter pain,
None ever said in vain,
May Jesus Christ be praised.

10 Should guilt your spirit wring,
Remember Christ, your King;
May Jesus Christ be praised.
The night becomes as day,
When from the heart we say,
May Jesus Christ be praised.

11 In heaven's eternal bliss,
The loveliest strain is this,
May Jesus Christ be praised.
The powers of darkness fear,
When this sweet chant they hear;
May Jesus Christ be praised.

12 To God the Word on high,
The hosts of angels cry;
May Jesus Christ be praised.
Let mortals, too, upraise
Their voice in hymns of praise;
May Jesus Christ be praised.

13 Let earth's wide circle round,
In joyful notes resound;
May Jesus Christ be praised.
Let air, and sea, and sky,
From depth to height reply;
May Jesus Christ be praised.

SECT. IV.—HYMNS ON THE MOST BLESSED SACRAMENT AND HOLY COMMUNION.

The real presence of our Lord in the Most Blessed Sacrament is *the greatest* of all the mysteries of the love of God towards men: having become man, He also becomes bread to be eaten by men, that men may become gods!

Ps. lxxxi. 6: "I have said: You are gods, and all of you the sons of the Most High."

213. Jesus Christ is Truly, Really, and Substantially present in the Most Blessed Sacrament. 214.

Luke xxii. 19: "And taking bread, He gave thanks, and brake, and gave to them saying: This is My body *which is given for you*. . . . In like manner the chalice also, saying: This is the chalice, the New Testament in My blood, *which shall be shed for you*. . . . Do this for a commemoration of Me." . . . .

How shall we worship, revere, and adore Him, whom we now possess with us?

1 PANGE lingua gloriósi
Corporis mystérium,
Sanguinisque pretiósi,
Quem in mundi pretium
Fructus ventris generósi
Rex effudit gentium.

2 Nobis datus, nobis nátus
Ex intacta Virgine,
Et in mundo conversátus,
Sparso verbi sémine,
Sui moras incolátus,
Miro clausit ordine.

3 In suprémæ noctæ cœnæ,
Recumbens cum frátribus,
Observata lege plene
Cibis in legálibus,
Cibum turbæ duodénæ
Se dat suis manibus.

4 Verbum cáro panem vérum
Verbo carnem efficit:
Fitque sanguis Christi merum:
Et si sensus déficit,
Ad firmandum cor sincérum
Sola fides sufficit.

5 Tantum ergo Sácramentum
Venerémur cernui:
Et antíquum documentum
Novo cedat ritui:
Præstet fides supplementum
Sensuum defectui.

6 Genitóri, Genitóque
Laus et Jubilátio,
Salus, honor, virtus quoque
Sit et benedictio:
Procedenti ab utróque
Compar sit laudátio. Amen.

℣. Panem de Cœlo præstitisti eis. (Alleluia.)
℟. Omne delectamentum in se habentem. (Alleluia.)

1 SING, my tongue, the Saviour's glory,
Of His flesh the mystery sing;
Of the blood, all price exceeding,
Shed by our Immortal King,
Destined for the world's redemption,
From a noble womb to spring.

2 Of a pure and spotless Virgin
Born for us on earth below,
He, as Man with man conversing,
Stayed the seeds of truth to sow;
Then He closed in solemn order
Wondrously His life of woe.

3 On the night of that Last Supper,
Seated with His chosen band,
He the paschal victim eating,
First fulfils the Law's command;
Then, as food to all His brethren,
Gives Himself with His own hand.

4 Word made flesh, the bread of nature
By His Word to Flesh He turns;
Wine into His Blood He changes:—
What though sense no change discerns!
Only be the heart in earnest,
Faith her lesson quickly learns.

5 Down in adoration falling,
Lo! the Sacred Host we hail:
Lo! o'er ancient forms departing,
Newer rites of grace prevail:
Faith for all defects supplying,
Where the feeble senses fail.

6 To the Everlasting Father,
And the Son who reigns on high,
With the Holy Ghost proceeding
Forth from each eternally,
Be salvation, honour, blessing;
Might and endless majesty. Amen.

℣. Thou didst give them bread from heaven. (Alleluia.)
℟. Containing in itself all sweetness. (Alleluia.)

215. Jesus Christ in the Blessed Sacrament is truly "a Hidden God." 216.

Isa. xlv. 15: "Verily Thou art a hidden God, the God of Israel, the Saviour."

Let us adore Him with a firm and lively Faith.

1 ADORO Te devóte, látens Deitas,
Quæ sub his figúris vere látitas;
Tibi se cor meum totum súbjicit
Quia Te contemplans totum déficit.

(*Repeat the last line of every verse.*)

1 O GODHEAD hid, devoutly I adore Thee,
Who truly art within the form before me:
To Thee my heart I bow with bended knee,
As failing quite in contemplating Thee.

2 Visus gustus, tactus, in Te fallitur,
Sed auditu solo tuto creditur.
Credo quidquid dixit Dei Filius
Nil hoc veritátis verbo verius.

3 In cruce latébat sola Deitas,
At hic latet simul et Humánitas:
Ambo tamen credens atque confitens,
Peto quod petívit latro pœnitens.

4 Plagas, sicut Thomas, non intueor,
Deum tamen meum Te confiteor.
Fac me Tibi semper magis credere,
In Te spem habere, Te diligere.

5 O memoriále mortis Domini!
Panis vivus, vitam præstans homini!
Præsta meæ menti de Te vivere,
Et Te illi semper dulce sápere.

6 Pie Pelicáne, Jesu Domine,
Me immundum munda Tuo sanguine,
Cujus una stilla salvum facere,
Totum quit ab omni mundum scelere.

7 Jesu, quem velátum nunc aspicio
Oro, fiat illud, quod tam sitio,
Ut, Te reveláta cernens facie,
Visu sim beátus Tuæ gloriæ. Amen.

2 Sight, touch, and taste, in Thee are each deceived;
The ear alone most safely is believed;
I believe all the Son of God has spoken, [truer token.
Than Truth's own Word there is no

3 God only on the cross lay hid from view; [too;
But here lies hid at once the Manhood
And I, in both professing my belief,
Make the same prayer as the repentant thief.

4 Thy wounds, as Thomas saw, I do not see; [to be:
Yet Thee confess my Lord and God
Make me believe Thee ever more and more; [to store.
In Thee my hope, in Thee my love

5 O Thou memorial of our Lord's own dying; [tying!
O Bread that living art and vivi-
Make Thou my soul henceforth on Thee to live; [give.
Ever a taste of heavenly sweetness

6 O loving Pelican! O Jesu Lord!
Unclean I am, but cleanse me in Thy blood; [alone,
Of which sufficient were one drop
For the whole world's transgressions to atone.

7 Jesu! whom for the present veiled I see, [to me;
What I so thirst for, oh, vouchsafe
That I may see Thy countenance unfolding, [holding.
And may be blest Thy glory in be-

The following Chorus is sometimes sung after each stanza:—

Ave Jesu, Pastor fidélium;
Adauge fidem omnium in Te credentium.

Jesu, eternal Shepherd! hear our cry;
Increase the faith of all whose souls on Thee rely.

217. Jesus Christ in the Blessed Sacrament is truly "our Sacrifice, our Victim, our Food." 218.

1 Cor. x. 16: "The chalice of benediction, which we bless, is it not the communion of the blood of Christ? and the bread which we break, is it not the partaking of the body of the Lord?"

Let us welcome the feast of this wonderful gift with delight and with praise.

1 Sacris solemniis juncta sint gaudia,
Et ex præcordiis sonent præconia,
Recedant vetera, nova sint omnia;
Corda voces et opera.

1 Let old things pass away;
Let all be fresh and bright;
And welcome we with hearts renewed
This feast of new delight.

2 Noctis recolitur cœna novissima, [ma,
Quâ christus creditur agnum et azy-
Dedisse fratribus, justa legitima,
Priscis indulta patribus.

3 Post agnum typicum, expletis epulis,
Corpus Dominicum datum discipulis,
Sic totum omnibus quod totum sin-
Ejus fatemur manibus. [gulis,

4 Dedit fragilibus corporis ferculum,
Dedit et tristibus sanguinis poculum,
Dicens: accipite quod trado vasculum,
Omnes ex eo bibite.

5 Sic sacrificium istud instituit,
Cujus officium committi voluit,
Solis presbyteris, quibus sic congruit,
Ut sumant et dent cœteris.

6 Panis angelicus fit panis hominum,
Dat panis cœlicus figuris terminum:
O res mirabilis! manducat Dominum
Pauper servus et humilis.

7 Te Trina Deitas Unaque, poscimus,
Sic nos tu visita, sicut te colimus;
Per tuas semitas duc nos quo tendimus
Ad lucem quam inhabitas.

Amen.

2 Upon this hallowed eve
Christ with His brethren ate,
Obedient to the olden law,
The Pasch before Him set.

3 Which done—Himself entire,
The true Incarnate God,
Alike on each, alike on all
His sacred hands bestowed.

4 He gave His flesh; He gave
His precious Blood; and said,
"Receive and drink ye all of this,
For your salvation shed."

5 Thus did the Lord appoint
This sacrifice sublime,
And made its priests its ministers
Through all the bounds of time.

6 Farewell to types! Henceforth
We feed on angels' food:
The slave—O wonder!—eats the flesh
Of His Incarnate God.

7 O Blessed Three in One!
Visit our hearts, we pray; [paths
And lead us on through Thine own
To Thy eternal day.

Amen.

219. Jesus Christ in the Blessed Sacrament is truly our Saviour, our Guide, our Shepherd. 220.

Let us welcome His divine presence with shouts of the highest praise and jubilation.

Zech. ii. 10: "Sing praise and rejoice, O daughter of Sion: for behold I come, and I will dwell in the midst of thee, saith the Lord."

1 Lauda Sion, Salvatórem,
Lauda Ducem et Pastórem,
In hymnis et cánticis.

2 Quantum potes, tantum aude;
Quia major omni laude
Nec laudáre súfficis.

3 Laudis thema speciális.
Panis vivus et vitális,
Hódie propónitur.

4 Quem in sacræ mensa cœnæ,
Turbæ fratrum duodénæ
Datum non ambigitur.

5 Sit laus plena, sit sonóra,
Sit jucunda, sit decóra,
Mentis jubilátio.

1 Praise high thy Saviour, Sion, praise
With hymns of joy and holy lays,
Thy Guide and Shepherd true;

2 Dare all thou canst, yea, take thy fill
Of praise and adoration, still
Thou fail'st to reach His due.

3 A special theme for thankful hearts,
The Bread that lives and life imparts,
To-day is duly set;

4 Which at the solemn festal board,
Was dealt around, when, with their Lord,
His chosen twelve were met.

5 Full be the praise and sweetly sounding,
With joy and reverence meet abounding,
The soul's glad festival;

6 Dies enim solémnis ágitur,
In qua mensæ prima recólitur
Hujus institútio.

7 In hac mensa novi Regis,
Novum pascha novæ legis
Phase vetus términat.

8 Vetustátem nóvitas,
Umbram fugat véritas,
Noctem lux eliminat.

9 Quod in cœna Christus gessit,
Faciéndum hoc expréssit
In Sui memóriam.

10 Docti sacris institútis
Panem, vinum in salútis
Consecrámus hóstiam.

11 Dogma datur Christiánis,
Quod in carnem transit panis,
Et vinum in sánguinem.

12 Quod non capis, quod non vides,
Animósa firmat fides
Præter rerum órdinem.

13 Sub divérsis speciébus,
Signis tantum et non rebus,
Latent res exímiæ.

14 Caro cibus, sanguis potus:
Manet tamen Christus totus,
Sub utráque spécie.

15 A suménte non concísus
Non confráctus non divisus,
Integer accípitur.

16 Sumit unus, sumunt mille
Quantum isti, tantum ille
Nec sumptus consúmitur.

17 Sumunt boni, sumunt mali:
Sorte tamen inæquáli,
Vitæ vel intéritus.

18 Mors est malis, vita bonis,
Vide paris sumptiónis,
Quam sit dispar exitus.

19 Fracto demum Sacraménto,
Ne vacilles, sed meménto,
Tantum esse sub fragménto
Quantum toto tégitur.

20 Nulla rei fit scissúra;
Signi tantum fit fractúra;
Qua, nec status nec statúra
Signáti minúitur.

6 This is the day of glorious state,
When of that feast we celebrate
The high original.

7 'Tis here our King makes all things new,
And living rules and offerings true
Absorb each legal rite;

8 Before the new retreats the old,
And life succeeds to shadows cold,
And day displaces night.

9 His faithful followers Christ hath bid
To do what at the feast He did,
For sweet remembrance' sake;

10 And, gifted through His high commands,
Of bread and wine their priestly hands
A saving victim make.

11 O Truth to Christian love displayed
The bread His very Body made,
His very Blood the wine;

12 Nor eye beholds, nor thought conceives,
But dauntless Faith the change believes
Wrought by a power Divine.

13 Beneath two differing species
(Signs only, not their substances),
Lie mysteries deep and rare;

14 His Flesh the meat, the drink His Blood,
Yet Christ entire, our heavenly Food,
Beneath each kind is there.

15 And they who of the Lord partake,
Nor sever Him, nor rend, nor break,
All gain, and nought is lost;

16 The boon now one, now thousands claim,
Yet one and all receive the same,
Receive, but ne'er exhaust.

17 The Gift is shared by all, yet tends,
In bad and good, to differing ends
Of blessing, or of woe;

18 What death to some, salvation brings
To others: lo! from common springs
What various issues flow!

19 Nor be thy faith confounded, though
The Sacrament be broke, for know,
The life which in the whole doth glow
In every part remains;

20 No force the Substance can divide,
Which those meek forms terrestrial hide:
The Sign is broke; the signified
Nor change nor loss sustains.

21 Ecce panis Angelórum,
Factus cibus viatórum:
Vere panis filiórum:
Non mitténdus cánibus.

22 In figúris præsignátur
Cum Isaac immolátur;
Agnus Paschæ deputátur
Datur Manna pátribus.

23 Bone Pastor, panis vere,
Jesu nostri miserére:
Tu nos pasce, nos tuére,
Tu nos bona fac vidére
In terra vivéntium.

24 Tu qui cuncta scis et vales.
Qui nos pascis hic mortáles:
Tuos ibi commensáles,
Cohærédes et sodáles
Fac sanctórum civium.
Amen. Alleluia.

21 The Bread of Angels, lo! is sent
For weary pilgrims' nourishment;
The children's Bread, not to be spent
On worthless dogs profane;

22 In types significant portrayed,
Young Isaac on the altar laid,
And paschal offerings duly made,
And manna's fruitful rain.

23 O Thou Good Shepherd, Very Bread,
Jesu, on us Thy mercy shed;
Sweetly feed us,
Gently lead us,
Till of Thy Fulness us Thou give
Safe in the land of them that live.

24 Thou who canst all, and all dost know,
Thou who dost feed us here below
Grant us to share
Thy banquet there,
Co-heirs and partners of Thy love
With the blest citizens above.
Amen. Alleluia.

221. Jesus Christ in the Blessed Sacrament is the True and Living God.

Burn incense in His divine presence.

Exod. xxx. 8: "He (the High Priest) shall burn an everlasting incense before the Lord."
Ps. cxl. 2: "Let my prayer be directed as incense in Thy sight."

1 WAVE the sweet censer,—wave
To Him who came to save
The soul of man;
Enduring in our stead,
On His own precious head,
Sin's dreadful ban!
Wave the sweet censer,—wave it high,
For He is here who deigned to die!

2 Lord! let the mystic cloud
Thine holy Altar shroud
In fragrance sweet;
And may the prayer of all
Who on Thy mercy call
In the one censer meet,
And as one voice ascend to Thee,
Incarnate, glorious Deity!
Amen.

222. Jesus Christ comes to us in the Blessed Sacrament, our Lord, our God, our All.

Let us welcome Him with adoration, with love, and exultation!

"*Behold the Lamb of God*, the Son of the Father, *Who taketh away the sins of the world*, slain for the life and salvation of the world."—*Liturgy of St. James the Apostle.*
Ps. cxvii. 25: "Blessed be He that cometh in the name of the Lord."

1 JESUS! my Lord, my God, my all!
How can I love Thee as I ought?
And how revere this wondrous gift,
So far surpassing hope or thought?

Chorus.
Sweet Sacrament! we Thee adore!
Oh make us love Thee more and more!

2 Had I but Mary's sinless heart
To love Thee with, my dearest King,
Oh, with what bursts of fervent praise
Thy goodness, Jesus, would I sing!
Chorus.—Sweet Sacrament, &c.

3 Oh see! within a creature's hand
The vast Creator deigns to be,
Reposing infant-like, as though
On Joseph's arm or Mary's knee.
Chorus.—Sweet Sacrament, &c.

4 Thy body, soul, and Godhead, all,
O mystery of love divine!
I cannot compass all I have;
For all Thou hast and art are mine.
Chorus.—Sweet Sacrament, &c.

5 Sound, sound His praises higher still,
And come, ye angels, to our aid;
'Tis God! 'tis God! the very God
Whose power both man and angels made!
Chorus.—Sweet Sacrament, &c.

6 He comes! He comes! the Lord of hosts,
Borne on His throne triumphantly!
We see Thee, and we know Thee, Lord,
And yearn to shed our blood for [Thee.
Chorus.—Sweet Sacrament, &c.

7 Our hearts leap up, our trembling song
Grows fainter still; we can no more.
Silence! and let us weep—and die
Of very love, while we adore.
Chorus.
Great Sacrament of love divine,
All, all we have or are be Thine.

223. At the Elevation of the Host.

Jesus Christ is here! Adore Him in silence! "Silence is Thy best praise, O Lord, in Sion!"—Ps. viii.

1 In breathless silence kneel,
With trembling rapture feel
The hour of grace is nigh;
Watch for the signal given,
As for a voice from heaven,
The Lord is standing by.

Chorus.
Hush! hush! break not the spell!
Jesus is here; our hearts know it well.
Kneel! kneel! in love and fear;
Jesus is God and Jesus is here,
Hark to the sound of the sanctuary bell.

(*One voice.*) (*All.*)
Telling of love, burning for ever,
(*One voice.*) (*All.*)
For ever, for ever! } *Repeat.*

2 Stir not the silent air,
E'en by the words of prayer,
Breathe not too loud a sigh,
In your heart's deep recess,
Your fears, your hopes express,
Send up a speechless cry.
Chorus.—Hush! hush! &c.

3 Mute be the organ's strain,
Man's voice of praise is vain,
When God is all in all.
Speak not, let words alone;
Be still, His presence own,
Before Him prostrate fall.
Chorus.—Hush! hush! &c.

4 This is no common hour,
This is no human power,
God is among you now;
And each full heart may share
In Peter's raptured prayer
On the lone mountain's brow.
Chorus.—Hush! hush! &c.

224. Jesus Christ in the Blessed Sacrament has become our Bread and our Food!

Let us delight in this sweet gift with blissful admiration, love, and wonder.

John vi. 51: "I am the living bread which came down from heaven: if any man eat of this bread he shall live for ever."

1 O Bread of Heaven, beneath this veil
Thou dost my very God conceal:
My Jesus, dearest treasure, hail!
I love Thee, and adoring kneel;
Each loving soul by Thee is fed
With Thy own Self in form of Bread.

2 O Food of life, Thou Who dost give
The pledge of immortality;
I live; no, 'tis not I that live;
God gives me life, God lives in me:
He feeds my soul, He guides my ways,
And every grief with joy repays.

3 O Bond of love, that dost unite
The servant to his loving Lord;
Could I dare live and not requite
Such love—then death were meet reward:
I cannot live unless to prove
Some love for such unmeasured love.

4 My dearest God! who dost so bind
My heart with countless chains to Thee!
O sweetest love, my soul shall find
In Thy dear bonds true liberty.
Thyself Thou hast bestowed on me;
Thine, Thine for ever I will be.

5 O Mighty Fire, Thou that dost burn
To kindle every mind and heart!
For Thee my frozen soul doth yearn;
Come, Lord of love, Thy warmth impart;
If thus to speak too bold appear,
'Tis love like Thine has banished fear.

6 O sweetest dart of love divine!
If I have sinned then vengeance take;
Come pierce this guilty heart of mine,
And let it die for His dear sake
Who once expired on Calvary, [me.
His heart pierced through for love of

7 Beloved Lord, in heaven above,
There, Jesus, Thou awaitest me,
To gaze on Thee with changeless love;
Yes, thus, I hope, thus shall it be:
For how can He deny me heaven,
Who here on earth Himself hath given?

225. Jesus Christ in the Blessed Sacrament has become our Friend, our Spouse, our All!

With what love shall we repay His own love!

Cant. v. 1: "Eat, O friends, and drink, and be inebriated, my dearly beloved."

1 O Jesus, Jesus, dearest Lord,
Forgive me if I say
For very love Thy sacred name
A thousand times a day.
I love Thee so, I know not how
My transports to control;
Thy love is like a burning fire
Within my very soul.

2 Oh wonderful! that Thou shouldst let
So vile a heart as mine
Love Thee with such a love as this,
And make so free with Thine.
The craft of this wise world of ours
Poor wisdom seems to me;
Ah, dearest Jesus, I have grown
Childish with love of Thee.

3 For Thou to me art all in all,
My honour and my wealth,
My heart's desire, my body's strength,
My soul's eternal health.
Burn, burn, O Love, within my heart,
Burn fiercely night and day,
Till all the dross of earthly loves
Is burned and burned away.

4 O Light in darkness, Joy in grief,
O Heaven begun on earth!
Jesus! my Love! my Treasure! who
Can tell what Thou art worth?
O Jesus, Jesus, sweetest Lord,
What art Thou not to me?
Each hour brings joys before unknown,
Each day new liberty.

5 What limit is there to thee, Love?
Thy flight where wilt thou stay?
On, on! our Lord is sweeter far
To-day than yesterday.
O love of Jesus! blessed love!
So will it ever be;
Time cannot hold thy wondrous growth
No, nor eternity.

226. Jesus Christ in the Blessed Sacrament is Peace and Rest for every Human Soul.

Isa. lxvi. 12: "Thus saith the Lord, Behold I will bring upon her as it were a river of peace."

1 SWEET Sacrament Divine!
Hid in Thine earthly home,
Lo! round Thy lowly shrine,
With suppliant hearts we come;
Jesus, to Thee our voice we raise,
In songs of love and heartfelt praise,
Sweet Sacrament Divine!

2 Sweet Sacrament of Peace!
Dear home for every heart,
Where restless yearnings cease,
And sorrows all depart;
There in Thine ear, all trustfully,
We tell our tale of misery,
Sweet Sacrament of Peace.

3 Sweet Sacrament of rest!
Ark from the ocean's roar,
Within Thy shelter blest,
Soon may we reach the shore;
Save us, for still the tempest raves,
Save lest we sink beneath the waves,
Sweet Sacrament of rest!

4 Sweet Sacrament divine!
Earth's light and jubilee,
In Thy far depths doth shine
Thy Godhead's majesty:
Sweet Light, so shine on us, we pray,
That earthly joys may fade away,
Sweet Sacrament divine!

VISITS TO THE BLESSED SACRAMENT.

227. How Sweet to be with Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament!

Cant. v. 1: "I to my beloved, and my beloved to me, who feedeth among the lilies."

1 O JESU, it were surely sweet
To sit and listen at Thy feet,
With those who in Thy life drew near
Thy words of wondrous grace to hear.

2 And it were sweet to walk with Thee,
Along the shores of Galilee:
Or, safe embarked in Peter's boat,
O'er its blue waves with Thee to float.

3 Yet sweeter far it is to pray
Before Thine altar night and day,
And feel the love which bids Thee lie
Thus wrapt in holiest mystery.

4 Yes, Jesus! Thou art hidden thus
On this poor earth for love of us,
And yet upon Thine altar-throne,
Too oft we leave Thee all alone.

5 Ah, since it is Thy chief delight
To dwell with us both day and night,
Sweet Jesus! make it ours to be
Both night and day to stay with Thee.

228. Hymn to be Sung During the Visit.

Matt. xi. 28: "Come to Me, all you that labour and are burdened, and I will refresh you."

1 WHEN by Thy altar, Lord, I kneel,
And think upon Thy love,
Oh, make my heart Thy goodness feel,
Fix it on things above!

Chorus.

My sweetest Lord, when I retrace
Thy wondrous love for me,
Oh! how can I affection place
On anything but Thee?

2 About to leave this wretched earth,
On man Thy thoughts still bend,
Thy sacred, boundless love, gave birth
To this sweet sacrament.
Chorus.—My sweetest Lord, &c.

3 O manna! which my Sovereign Lord
In pity left for me;
Without this mystery adored
What would this exile be?
Chorus.—My sweetest Lord, &c.

4 A desert land of woe and care,
A pilgrimage of strife,
Who could its grief, its sorrows bear,
Without this bread of life?
Chorus.—My sweetest Lord, &c.

5 My soul here finds a sovereign balm,
A cure for every grief,
'Mid pain and care a heavenly calm,
A solace and relief.
Chorus.—My sweetest Lord, &c.

6 Supported by this heavenly bread,
My Lord's last pledge of love;
With joy the rugged path I'll tread,
To Horeb's mount above.
Chorus.—My sweetest Lord, &c.

7 Strengthened by this, my soul its flight
Shall from this exile soar,
To dwell in realms of bliss and light
For ever evermore.
Chorus.—My sweetest Lord, &c.

229. What an Infinite Honour and Happiness to abide with Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament!

How happy the lot of those inanimate things which surround or touch the Body of our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament, or are consumed in its honour!

1 Paralip. xvi. 27: "Praise and magnificence are before Him: strength and joy in His place."

1 O HAPPY flowers! O happy flowers!
How quietly for hours and hours,
In dead of night, in cheerful day,
Close to my own dear Lord you stay,
Until you gently fade away!
O happy flowers! what would I give,
In your sweet place all day to live,
And then to die, my service o'er,
Softly as you do at His door!

2 O happy lights! O happy lights!
Watching my Jesus livelong nights,
How close you cluster round His throne,
Dying so meekly one by one,
As each its faithful watch has done!
Could I with you but take my turn,
And burn with love of Him, and burn
Till love had wasted me, like you,
Sweet lights! what better could I do?

3 O happy pyx! O happy pyx!
Where Jesus doth His dwelling fix;
O little palace, dear and bright,
Where He, Who is the world's true light,
Spends all the day and stays all night!
Ah! if my heart could only be
A little home for Him like thee,
Such fires my happy soul would move,
I could not help but die of love!

4 O pyx and lights and flowers! but I
Through envy of you will not die;
Nay, happy things! what will you do,
For I am better off than you,
The whole day long, the whole night through,
For Jesus gives Himself to me
So sweetly and so utterly?
By rights, long since I should have died,
For love of Jesus crucified.

5 My happy soul! my happy soul!
How shall I then my love control?
O sweet communion! feast of bliss!
When the dear Host my tongue doth kiss,
What happiness is like to this?
O heaven, I think, must be alway
Quite like a first communion day;
With love so sweet and joy so strange,
Only that heaven will never change!

230. An Invitation to all to Visit our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament.

Prov. viii. 31: "My delights are to be with the children of men."

1 BEFORE the altar angels veil their faces,
For God is dwelling there by night and day:
His heart is full of love, His hands of graces,
With which He crowns the souls that come to pray.
To His presence returning,
With our hearts brightly burning,
We come to kneel before His sacred feet,
To see His face and hear His words so sweet.

2 O sinner, come! fear not a wrathful sentence, [sinners weep;
For blessed are the tears which
The angels all rejoice at man's repentance, [dering sheep.
And Jesus came to save the wan-
He receives the offender
With compassion so tender
That tears of sorrow turn to tears of joy, [love destroy.
Which wash out sin and earthly

3 To Jesus come, all you who, weak and weary, [load,
Begin to faint beneath your heavy
And He will cheer your spirits sad and dreary, [the road;
He bears His cross before you on
His example will move us,
And His patience reprove us.
Encouraged thus we'll gladly bear our pain, [to gain.
To show our love, and heavenly bliss

4 O dearest Lord, Thy sacred heart is yearning,
To gather souls around Thy humble throne,
Increase the flame with which our love is burning, [like Thine own.
Oh, take our hearts and make them
Thy sweet blessing bespeaking,
We, Thy children, are seeking
The crowning grace to love Thee here below,
And after death to Thee above to go.

HYMNS FOR HOLY COMMUNION.

John vi. 54: "Amen, Amen, I say unto you: Except you eat the Flesh of the Son of man, and drink His Blood, you shall not have life in you."
1 Cor. x. 16: "The chalice of Benediction, which we bless, is it not the communion of the Blood of Christ? and the Bread, which we break, is it not the partaking of the Body of the Lord?"
1 Cor. xi. 27: "Therefore whosoever shall eat this Bread and drink the Chalice of the Lord unworthily, shall be guilty of the Body and of the Blood of the Lord."—28: "But let a man prove himself: and so let him eat of that Bread and drink of the Chalice."—"For he that eateth and drinketh unworthily, eateth and drinketh Judgment to himself, not discerning the Body of the Lord."

231. The Desire of the Soul to be United to Jesus Christ in Holy Communion.

John vi. 55: "He that eateth My Flesh, and drinketh My Blood, hath everlasting life: and I will raise him up in the last day. For My Flesh is meat indeed, and My Blood is drink indeed."

Chorus.
My God, my life, my love!
To Thee, to Thee, I call!
Oh come to me from heaven above,
And be my God, my all!

1 My faith beholds Thee, Lord,
Concealed in human food;
My senses fail; but on Thy word,
I trust and find my God.
Chorus.—My God, &c.

2 Oh when wilt Thou be mine,
Sweet lover of my soul,
My Jesus dear, my King divine—
And all my heart control!
Chorus.—My God, &c.

3 Oh come and fix Thy throne
Within my very heart;
Oh make it burn for Thee alone,
For Thou its master art.
Chorus.—My God, &c.

4 On Thee I stay my mind,
For vain are earthly toys;
In Thee alone my life I find
The joy of heaven's joys.
Chorus.—My God, &c.

232. Aspirations before Communion.

Ps. xxxiii. 9: "Oh taste and see that the Lord is sweet!
Zech. ix. 17: "For what is the good thing of Him, and what is His beautiful thing, but the *corn* of the elect, and *wine* springing forth virgins."

1 JESUS, Jesus, come to me,
Oh how much I long for Thee!
Come, Thou of all friends the best,
Take possession of my breast.

Chorus.

Comfort my poor soul distressed,
Come and dwell within my breast;
Oh, how oft I sigh for Thee!
Jesus, Jesus, come to me.

2 Empty is all worldly joy,
Ever mixed with some alloy;
Give me my true sovereign good,
Jesus, Thy own flesh and blood.
Chorus.—Comfort my poor, &c.

3 On the cross three hours for me
Thou didst hang in agony:
I my heart to Thee resign,
Oh what rapture to be Thine!
Chorus.—Comfort my poor, &c.

233. Thanksgiving after Communion.

John vi. 57: "He that eateth My Flesh, and drinketh My Blood, abideth in Me, and I in him."

1 WHAT happiness can equal mine?
I've found the object of my love;
My Saviour and my Lord divine
Is come to me from heaven above.
He makes my heart His own abode,
His Flesh becomes my daily bread;
He pours on me His healing Blood,
And with His life my soul is fed.

2 My Love is mine, and I am His;
In me He dwells, in Him I live:
Where could I taste a purer bliss?
What greater boon could Jesus give?
O royal banquet! heavenly feast!
O flowing fount of life and grace!
Where God the giver, man the guest,
Meet and unite in sweet embrace.

3 Dear Jesus, now my heart is Thine,
Oh! may it never from Thee fly!
My God, be Thou for ever mine,
And I Thine own eternally.
No more, O Satan, thee I fear!
O world! thy charms I now despise,
For Christ Himself is with me here,
My joy, my life, my paradise.

234. The Blissful Calm of a Soul that Possesses Jesus in Holy Communion.

John vi. 58: "As the living Father hath sent Me, and I live by the Father: so he that eateth Me, the same also shall live by Me."

1 AH! what is this enchanting calm
Which thus with peace my bosom fills,
Which o'er my spirit pours a balm,
And through my inmost being thrills?

Chorus.

My God! my Jesus! it is Thou
Art ravishing my heart with bliss;
Thy presence is within me now;
Ah! could I ask a boon like this?

2 Is there some seraph hither sent,
Diffusing sweetness from his wings,
To steep my bosom in content
Unknown, unfelt, from earthly things?
Chorus.—My God! &c.

3 No! something purer far must dwell
Within this raptured soul of mine;
'Tis what no mortal tongue can tell,
'Tis more than heavenly, 'tis divine.
Chorus.—My God! &c.

4 Yes; stooping from Thy throne above,
Thou wilt not dwell from man apart;
Thy dearest home becomes, through love,
The tabernacle of my heart.
Chorus.—My God! &c.

235. Prayer of Thanksgiving after Communion.

Ps. xxii. 5: "My chalice which inebriateth me, how goodly is it!"
Ps. xv. 5: "The Lord is the portion of my inheritance and of my chalice."

1 JESUS, gentlest Saviour!
God of might and power!
Thou Thyself art dwelling
In us at this hour.
Nature cannot hold Thee,
Heaven is all too strait
For Thine endless glory
And Thy royal state.
Out beyond the shining
Of the farthest star,
Thou art ever stretching
Infinitely far.

2 Yet the hearts of children
Hold what worlds cannot,
And the God of wonders
Loves the lowly spot.
As men to their gardens
Go to seek sweet flowers,
In our hearts dear Jesus
Seeks them at all hours.
Jesus, gentlest Saviour!
Thou art in us now;
Fill us full of goodness
Till our hearts o'erflow.

3 Pray the prayer within us
That to heaven shall rise;
Sing the song that angels
Sing above the skies.
Multiply our graces,
Chiefly love and fear,
And, dear Lord, the chiefest—
Grace to persevere.
Oh, how can we thank Thee
For a gift like this,
Gift that truly maketh
Heaven's eternal bliss?

4 Ah! when wilt Thou always
Make our hearts Thy home?
We must wait for Heaven,—
Then the day will come.
Now at least we'll keep Thee,
All the time we may—
But Thy grace and blessing
We will keep alway.
When our hearts Thou leavest,
Worthless though they be,
Give them to Thy Mother
To be kept for Thee.

236. Praise and Adore Jesus, the Bread of Divine Life.

John vi. 48: "I am the bread of life."—59: "This is the Bread that came down from heaven. Not as your fathers did eat manna, and are dead. He that eateth this Bread shall live for ever."

1 HAIL! Thou living Bread from heaven,
Sacrament of awful might!
I adore Thee,—I adore Thee,—
Every moment, day and night.

2 Holiest Jesu!—heart of Jesus!
O'er me shed your gifts divine;
Holiest Jesu! my Redeemer!
All my heart and soul are Thine.

HYMNS FOR SPIRITUAL COMMUNION.

237. Hymn of Praise and Desire Preparatory to Spiritual Communion.

Matt. viii. 8: "Lord, I am not worthy that Thou shouldst enter under my roof; but only say the word, and my *soul* shall be healed."

1 IN this sweet Sacrament to Thee,
My God, be ceaseless praise;
And to the name of Jesus be
All love through endless days;
And blessed too be Mary's womb,
Which gave to us that Son,
More pure, more fair than lily-bloom,
Jesus, the Blessed One.

2 Come now, my loving Lord, to me;
Oh, come into my heart;
Inflame it all with love of Thee,
And never thence depart.
And let this wretched heart be Thine,
Yes, Thine, dear God, alone;
And, Mary, may this soul of mine
Henceforth be all Thy own.

238. Act of Spiritual Communion.

My Jesus—I believe—that Thou art truly present—in the most—Holy Sacrament.
I adore Thee—I am sorry—I have offended Thee.
I love Thee—come to my poor soul—unite Thyself to me ✠ I thank Thee, my Jesus—oh, never—never leave me.

239. Act of Demand after Spiritual Communion.

Rev. xxi. 6: "To him that thirsteth I will give of the fountain of the water of life."

1 Soul of my Saviour, sanctify my breast! [guest!
Body of Christ, be Thou my saving
Blood of my Saviour, bathe me in Thy tide, [His side!
Wash me, ye waters gushing from

2 Strength and protection may His passion be! [me!
O blessed Jesus, hear and answer
Deep in Thy wounds, Lord, hide and shelter me, [Thee!
So shall I never, never part from

3 Guard and defend me from the foe malign! [only Thine!
In death's drear moments make me
Call me and bid me come to Thee on high!
Where I may praise Thee with Thy Saints for aye!

[*With the kind permission of Rev. E. Caswall, music and accompaniment to be had of Mr. Butler, 6 Hand Court, Holborn.*]

EXPOSITION AND BENEDICTION OF THE MOST BLESSED SACRAMENT.

Heb. iv. 16: "Let us go therefore with confidence to the throne of grace: that we may obtain mercy, and find grace in seasonable aid."

When the priest opens the Tabernacle, and incenses the Blessed Sacrament, is sung the Hymn,

240. O Salutaris Hostia. 241.

O salutaris Hostia,
Quæ cœli pandis ostium:
Bella premunt hostilia,
Da robur, fer auxilium.

Uni trinoque Domino
Sit sempiterna gloria,
Qui vitam sine termino
Nobis donet in patria.
Amen.

O saving Victim, opening wide
The gate of heaven to man below!
Our foes press on from every side;
Thine aid supply, Thy strength bestow.

To Thy great name be endless praise,
Immortal Godhead, one in three!
Oh, grant us endless length of days
In our true native land with Thee.
Amen.

After which follows the Litany of the Blessed Virgin, *or some Psalm, or Antiphon, or Hymn appropriate to the feast, or in honour of the most holy Sacrament. Here also are recited the corresponding versicles and prayers, as also any prayer enjoined by the bishop.*

If the Te Deum *be sung, the persons present stand until the words* Te ergo quæsumus (*We pray Thee, therefore*), *when they kneel.*

Litany of the Blessed Virgin;

Commonly called the Litany of Loretto.

Ant. SUB tuum præsidium confugimus, sancta Dei Genitrix, nostras deprecationes ne despicias in necessitatibus nostris; sed a periculis cunctis libera nos semper, Virgo gloriosa et benedicta.

Ant. WE fly to thy patronage, O holy Mother of God; despise not our petitions in our necessities, but deliver us always from all dangers, O glorious and blessed Virgin.

Kyrie eleison.	Lord have mercy on us.	
Kyrie eleison.	*Lord have mercy on us.*	
Christe eleison.	Christ have mercy on us.	
Christe eleison.	*Christ have mercy on us.*	
Kyrie eleison.	Lord have mercy on us.	
Kyrie eleison.	*Lord have mercy on us.*	
Christe audi nos.	Christ hear us.	
Christe exaudi nos.	*Christ graciously hear us.*	
Pater de cœlis Deus,	God the Father of heaven,	
Miserere nobis.	*Have mercy on us.*	
Fili Redemptor mundi Deus,	God the Son, Redeemer of the world,	
Miserere nobis.	*Have mercy on us.*	
Spiritus Sancte Deus,	God the Holy Ghost,	
Miserere nobis.	*Have mercy on us.*	
Sancta Trinitas, unus Deus,	Holy Trinity, one God,	
Miserere nobis.	*Have mercy on us.*	
Sancta Maria, *Ora pro nobis.*	Holy Mary, *Pray for us.*	
Sancta Dei Genitrix,	Holy Mother of God,	
Sancta Virgo Virginum,	Holy Virgin of virgins,	
Mater Christi,	Mother of Christ,	
Mater divinæ gratiæ,	Mother of divine grace,	
Mater purissima,	Mother most pure,	
Mater castissima,	Mother most chaste,	
Mater inviolata,	Mother inviolate,	
Mater intemerata,	Mother undefiled,	
Mater amabilis,	Mother most amiable,	
Mater admirabilis,	Mother most admirable,	
Mater Creatoris,	Mother of our Creator,	
Mater Salvatoris,	Mother of our Saviour,	
Virgo prudentissima,	Virgin most prudent,	
Virgo veneranda,	Virgin most venerable,	
Virgo prædicanda,	Virgin most renowned,	
Virgo potens,	Virgin most powerful,	
Virgo clemens,	Virgin most merciful,	
Virgo fidelis,	Virgin most faithful,	
Speculum justitiæ,	Mirror of justice,	
Sedes sapientiæ,	Seat of wisdom,	
Causa nostræ lætitiæ,	Cause of our joy,	
Vas spirituale,	Spiritual vessel,	
Vas honorabile,	Vessel of honour,	
Vas insigne devotionis,	Vessel of singular devotion,	
Rosa mystica,	Mystical rose,	
Turris Davidica,	Tower of David,	
Turris eburnea,	Tower of ivory,	
Domus aurea,	House of gold,	

Ora pro nobis. *Pray for us.*

Foederis arca,
Janua cœli,
Stella matutina,
Salus infirmorum,
Refugium peccatorum,
Consolatrix afflictorum,
Auxilium Christianorum,
Regina Angelorum,
Regina Patriarcharum,
Regina Prophetarum,
Regina Apostolorum,
Regina Martyrum,
Regina Confessorum,
Regina Virginum,
Regina Sanctorum omnium,
Regina sine labe originali concepta,
Agnus Dei, qui tollis peccata mundi,

Parce nobis, Domine.
Agnus Dei, qui tollis peccata mundi,

Exaudi nos, Domine.
Agnus Dei, qui tollis peccata mundi,

Miserere nobis.
Christe audi nos.
Christe exaudi nos.

Ant. Sub tuum præsidium confugimus, sancta Dei Genitrix, nostras deprecationes ne despicias in necessitatibus nostris; sed a periculis cunctis libera nos semper, Virgo gloriosa et benedicta.

V. Ora pro nobis, sancta Dei Genitrix.

R. Ut digni efficiamur promissionibus Christi.

Oremus.

Defende, quæsumus, Domine, beata Maria semper virgine intercedante, istam ab omni adversitate familiam: et toto corde tibi prostratam ab hostium propitius tuere clementer insidiis. Per Christum Dominum nostrum. Amen.

Ora pro nobis.

Ark of the covenant,
Gate of heaven,
Morning star,
Health of the sick,
Refuge of sinners,
Comforter of the afflicted,
Help of Christians,
Queen of Angels,
Queen of Patriarchs,
Queen of Prophets,
Queen of Apostles,
Queen of Martyrs,
Queen of Confessors,
Queen of Virgins,
Queen of all Saints,
Queen conceived without original sin,
Lamb of God, who takest away the sins of the world,
Spare us, O Lord.
Lamb of God, who takest away the sins of the world,
Graciously hear us, O Lord.
Lamb of God, who takest away the sins of the world,
Have mercy on us.
Christ hear us.
Christ graciously hear us.

Ant. We fly to thy patronage, O holy Mother of God, despise not our petitions in our necessities; but deliver us always from all dangers, O glorious and blessed Virgin.

V. Pray for us, O holy Mother of God.

R. That we may be made worthy of the promises of Christ.

Let us pray.

Defend, O Lord, we beseech Thee, by the intercession of blessed Mary ever virgin, this Thy family from all adversity; and mercifully protect us, who prostrate ourselves before Thee with all our hearts, from the snares of the enemy. Through Christ our Lord. Amen.

Pray for us.

Then is sung the Hymn Tantum ergo Sacramentum, *all present making a profound inclination (not prostration) while the words* Veneremur cernui *are being said.*

244. Tantum Ergo. 245.

TANTUM ergo Sacramentum
Veneremur cernui:
Et antiquum documentum
Novo cedat ritui;

DOWN in adoration falling,
Lo! the sacred Host we hail;
Lo! o'er ancient forms departing,
Newer rites of grace prevail,

Præstet fides supplementum
Sensuum defectui.
Genitori, Genitoque
Laus et jubilatio,
Salus, honor, virtus quoque
Sit et benedictio:
Procedenti ab utroque
Compar sit laudatio. Amen.

Faith for all defects supplying
Where the feeble senses fail.
To the everlasting Father,
And the Son who reigns on high,
With the Holy Ghost proceeding
Forth from each eternally,
Be salvation, honour, blessing,
Might and endless majesty! Amen.

Then are sung the following Versicle and Prayer:

V. Panem de cœlo præstitisti eis. [Alleluia.]
V. Omne delectamentum in se habentem. [Alleluia.]

V. Thou didst give them bread from heaven. [Alleluia.]
R. Containing in itself all sweetness. [Alleluia].

Alleluia *is said in Paschal time, and during the Octave of* Corpus Christi.

Oremus.
Deus, qui nobis sub sacramento mirabili Passionis tuæ memoriam reliquisti; tribue, quæsumus, ita nos Corporis et Sanguinis tui sacra mysteria venerari, ut redemptionis tui fructum in nobis jugiter sentiamus. Qui vivis et regnas in sæcula sæculorum. Amen.

Let us pray.
O God, who in this wonderful Sacrament hast left us a memorial of Thy Passion; grant us, we beseech Thee, so to reverence the sacred mysteries of Thy Body and Blood, that we may continually feel in our souls the fruit of Thy redemption. Who livest and reignest for ever and ever. Amen.

246. Adoremus.—After Benediction. 247.

ADOREMUS in æternum Sanctissimum Sacramentum.

LET us adore for ever the most Holy Sacrament.

248. Laudate. 249.

LAUDATE Dominum omnes gentes:* laudate eum omnes populi.
Quoniam confirmata est super nos misericordia ejus: *et veritas Domini manet in æternum.
Gloria Patri, et Filio, et Spiritui Sancto.
Sicut erat in principio, et nunc, et semper, et in sæcula sæculorum. Amen.
Adoremus in æternum Sanctissimum Sacramentum.

PRAISE the Lord, all ye nations: praise Him, all ye people.
Because His mercy is confirmed upon us: and the truth of the Lord remaineth for ever.
Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost.
As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end. Amen.
Let us adore for ever the most Holy Sacrament.

The following Invocations may be sung immediately before or after Benediction of the Most Holy Sacrament.

250. Invocations to the Sacred Hearts of Jesus, Mary, and Joseph. 251.

COR Jesu sacratissimum, miserere nobis.
Cor Mariæ Immaculatum, ora pro nobis.
Sancte Joseph, ora pro nobis.

MOST Sacred Heart of Jesus, have mercy on us.
Most Holy Heart of Mary, pray for us.
Holy St. Joseph, pray for us.

252. Invocation for Penitential Seasons. 253.

(To be repeated three times.)

PARCE Domine, parce populo tuo ne in æternum irascaris nobis.

SPARE, O Lord, spare Thy people, and be not angry with us for ever.

254. Invocation to Mary Immaculate.

Holy Mary—conceived without sin—pray for us—who have recourse to thee.

The following Hymns, Antiphons, Canticles, Litanies, and Psalms may be sung at times during Benediction:

255. Ave Verum. 256.

1 AVE Verum Corpus, natum
Ex Maria virgine,
Vere passum, immolatum,
In cruce pro homine.

2 Cujus latus perforatum
Fluxit aqua et sanguine.
Esto nobis præ gustatum,
Mortis in examine.

3 O clemens, O pie,
O dulcis Jesu, Fili Mariæ.

1 HAIL to Thee, true body sprung
From the Virgin Mary's womb!
The same that on the cross was hung
And bore for man the bitter doom!

2 Thou whose side was pierced and flowed
Both with water and with blood,
Suffer us to taste of Thee
In our life's last agony.

3 O kind! O loving One!
O sweet Jesus! Mary's Son.

257. O Quam Suavis. 258.

O QUAM suavis est, Domine, spiritus tuus! qui ut dulcedinem tuam in filios demonstrares, pane suavissimo, de cœlo præstito, esurientes, reples bonis, fastidiosos divites dimittens inanes!

O LORD, how sweet is Thy Spirit, Who to show Thy sweetness to Thy children, by most sweet food from heaven, dost fill the hungry with good things, sending the rich empty away.

259. O Sacrum Convivium. 260.

O SACRUM Convivium, in quo Christus sumitur, recolitur memoria Passionis Ejus, mens impletur gratia et futuræ gloriæ nobis pignus datur.

O SACRED Banquet, wherein Christ is made our food, the remembrance of His passion is renewed; the soul is filled with grace; and there is given us the pledge of future glory.

261. Pie Pelicane. 262.

PIE Pelicane,
Jesu Domine,
Me immundum munda
Tuo sanguine.

Cupus una stilla
Salvum facere
Totum quit ab omni
Mundum scelere.

O LOVING Pelican,
O Jesus, my sweet Lord,
Do take away my sins
Through Thy Most Precious Blood.

One drop of which is able
To save and purify
All that this world contains
Of misery and crime.

263. Inviolata. 264.

INVIOLATA, integra et casta es Maria,
Quæ es effecta, fulgida cœli porta.

O Mater Alma Christi Carissima!
Suscipe pia laudum præconia.

Nostra ut pura pectora sint et corpora
Te nunc flagitant devote corda, et ora.

Tua per precata dulcisona,
Nobis perpetua frui vita.

O benigna! O benigna! O benigna!
Quæ sola inviolata permansisti.

THOU art pure, spotless, and immaculate, O Mary!
Thou hast been made the bright gate of heaven!

O Mother of Christ, most beautiful and loving,
Accept the pious effusion of our praises!

Through thee may our hearts and bodies be kept unsullied:
To Thee we devoutly raise our hearts and our voice.

May Thy prayers, like sweet melody, arise before God;
Obtain that we may enjoy everlasting bliss.

O gracious, O kind, O loving Mother of Jesus,
Who alone of all creatures hast been kept immaculate.

265. O Sanctissima. 266.

O SANCTISSIMA, O purissima,
Dulcis Virgo Maria!
Mater amata, intemerata
Ora, ora pro nobis!

Tota pulchra es O Maria!
Et macula non est in te,
Mater amata, intemerata
Ora, ora pro nobis!

Sicut lilium inter spinas
Sic Maria inter filias,
Mater amata, intemerata
Ora, ora pro nobis.

O MOST holy, O most pure,
Sweet Virgin Mary,
Mother beloved, inviolate,
Pray, pray for us!

All-beautiful thou art, O Mary,
And stain is not in thee;
Mother beloved, inviolate,
Pray, pray for us!

As the lily amongst thorns,
So Mary amongst the daughters of men;
Mother beloved, inviolate,
Pray, pray for us.

267. Sub Tuum. 268.

SUB tuum præsidium confugimus, sancta Dei Genitrix.
Repeat, Sub tuum, &c.

Nostras deprecationes ne despicias in necessitatibus nostris.
Repeat, Sub tuum, &c.

Sed a periculis cunctis libera nos semper, Virgo gloriosa et benedicta.
Repeat, Sub tuum, &c.

WE fly to thy patronage, O Holy Mother of God.
Repeat, We fly, &c.

Despise not our petitions in our necessities,
Repeat, We fly, &c.

But deliver us from all dangers, O ever-glorious and Blessed Virgin.
Repeat, We fly, &c.

269. Anthem to St. Joseph. 270.

FAC nos innocuam, Joseph, decurrere vitam, sitque tuo semper tuta patrocinio. Amen.

OBTAIN for us, O Joseph, to live a pure and spotless life under thy faithful patronage. Amen.

Canticle of Joy and Thanksgiving.

1 Paralip. xxix. 11: "Thine, O Lord, is magnificence, and power, and glory, and victory: and to Thee is praise."

Te Deum laudamus : Te Dominum confitemur.

Te æternum Patrem : omnis terra veneratur.

Tibi omnes Angeli : Tibi cœli, et universæ potestates.

Tibi Cherubim et Seraphim : incessabili voce proclamant :

Sanctus, Sanctus, Sanctus : Dominus Deus Sabaoth :

Pleni sunt cœli et terra : majestatis gloriæ tuæ.

Te gloriosus : Apostolorum chorus.

Te Prophetarum : laudabilis numerus.

Te Martyrum candidatus : laudat exercitus.

Te per orbem terrarum : sancta confitetur Ecclesia.

Patrem : immensæ majestatis.

Venerandum tuum verum : et unicum Filium.

Sanctum quoque : Paraclitum Spiritum.

Tu Rex gloriæ : Christe.

Tu Patris : sempiternus et Filius.

Tu ad liberandum suscepturus hominem : non horruisti Virginis uterum.

Tu devicto mortis aculeo : aperuisti credentibus regna cœlorum.

Tu ad dexteram Dei sedes : in gloria Patris.

Judex crederis : esse venturus.

Here all kneel.

Te ergo quæsumus, tuis famulis subveni : quos pretioso sanguine redemisti.

Æternæ fac cum Sanctis Tuis : in gloria numerari.

Salvum fac populum tuum, Domine: et benedic hæreditati tuæ.

Et rege eos : et extolle illos, usque in æternum.

Per singulos dies : benedicimus te.

Et laudamus nomen tuum in sæculum : et in sæculum sæculi.

We praise Thee, O God : we acknowledge Thee to be the Lord.

All the earth doth worship Thee : the Father everlasting.

To Thee all Angels cry aloud, the heavens and all the powers therein :

To Thee Cherubim and Seraphim : continually do cry :

Holy, Holy, Holy : Lord God of Sabaoth.

Heaven and earth are full : of the majesty of Thy glory.

The glorious choir of the Apostles : praise Thee.

The admirable company of the Prophets : praise Thee.

The white-robed army of Martyrs : praise Thee.

The Holy Church throughout all the world : doth acknowledge Thee.

The Father : of an infinite majesty.

Thy adorable, true : and only Son.

Also the Holy Ghost : the Comforter.

Thou art the King of Glory : O Christ.

Thou art the everlasting Son : of the Father.

When Thou tookest upon Thee to deliver man : Thou didst not abhor the Virgin's womb.

When Thou hadst overcome the sting of death : Thou didst open the kingdom of heaven to all believers.

Thou sittest at the right hand of God : in the glory of the Father.

We believe that Thou shalt come : to be our Judge.

Here all kneel.

We pray Thee, therefore, help Thy servants : whom Thou hast redeemed with Thy precious blood.

Make them to be numbered with Thy Saints : in glory everlasting.

O Lord, save Thy people : and bless Thine inheritance.

Govern them : and lift them up for ever.

Day by day : we magnify Thee.

And we praise Thy name for ever : yea, for ever and ever.

Dignare Domine, die isto : sine peccatos nos custodire.

Miserere nostri, Domine : miserere nostri.

Fiat misericordia tua, Domine, super nos : quemadmodum speravimus in te.

In te, Domine, speravi : non confundar in æternum.

Vouchsafe, O Lord, this day : to keep us without sin.

O Lord, have mercy upon us : have mercy upon us.

O Lord, let Thy mercy be showed upon us : as we have hoped in Thee.

O Lord, in Thee have I hoped : let me not be confounded for ever.

On occasions of Thanksgiving the following are added :

V. Benedictus es, Domine, Deus Patrum nostrorum.

R. Et laudabilis, et gloriosus in sæcula.

V. Benedicamus Patrem et Filium, cum Sancto Spiritu.

R. Laudemus et superexaltemus eum in sæcula.

V. Benedictus es, Domine Deus, in firmamento cœli.

R. Et laudabilis, et gloriosus, et superexaltatus in sæcula.

V. Benedic, anima mea, Dominum.

R. Et noli oblivisci omnes retributiones ejus.

V. Domine, exaudi orationem meam.

R. Et clamor meus ad te veniat.

V. Dominus vobiscum.

R. Et cum spiritu tuo.

V. Blessed art Thou, O Lord, the God of our fathers.

R. And worthy to be praised, and glorious for ever.

V. Let us bless the Father and the Son, with the Holy Ghost.

R. Let us praise and magnify Him for ever.

V. Blessed art Thou, O Lord, in the firmament of heaven.

R. And worthy to be praised, glorious and exalted for ever.

V. Bless the Lord, O my soul.

R. And forget not all His benefits.

V. O Lord, hear my prayer.

R. And let my cry come unto Thee.

V. The Lord be with you.

R. And with thy spirit.

Oremus.

Deus, cujus misericordiæ non est numerus, et bonitatis infinitus est thesaurus piissimæ majestati tuæ pro collatis donis gratias agimus, tuam semper clementiam exorantes : ut qui petentibus postulata concedis, eosdem non deserens, ad præmia futura disponas.

Let us pray.

O God, whose mercies are without number, and the treasure of whose goodness is infinite : we render thanks to Thy most gracious Majesty for the gifts Thou hast bestowed upon us, evermore beseeching Thy clemency : that as Thou grantest the petitions of them that ask Thee, Thou wilt never forsake them, but wilt prepare them for the rewards to come.

Deus, qui corda fidelium Sancti Spiritus illustratione docuisti : da nobis in eodem Spiritu recta sapere, et de ejus semper consolatione gaudere.

O God, who hast taught the hearts of the faithful by the light of the Holy Spirit : grant us, by the same Spirit, to relish what is right, and evermore to rejoice in His consolation.

Deus, qui neminem in te sperantem nimium affligi permittis, sed pium precibus præstas auditum : pro postulationibus nostris, votisque susceptis gratias agimus, te piissime deprecantes, ut a cunctis semper muniamur adversis. Per Christum Dominum nostrum.

O God, who sufferest none that hope in Thee to be afflicted over much, but dost afford a gracious ear unto their prayers : we render Thee thanks for that Thou hast heard our supplications and vows ; and we most humbly beseech Thee, that we may evermore be protected from all adversities. Through Christ our Lord.

273. **Psalm lxxxiii.** *Quam dilecta.* 274.

Quam dilecta tabernacula tua, Domine virtutum! * concupiscit et deficit anima mea in atria Domini.

Cor meum et caro mea * exultaverunt in Deum vivum.

Etenim passer invenit sibi domum: * et turtur nidum sibi, ubi ponat pullos suos.

Altaria tua, Domine virtutum: * Rex meus, et Deus meus.

Beati qui habitant in domo tua, Domine: * in sæcula sæculorum laudabunt te.

Beatus vir cujus est auxilium abs te: * ascensiones in corde suo disposuit, in valle lacrymarum, in loco quem posuit.

Etenim benedictionem dabit legislator, ibunt de virtute in virtutem: * videbitur Deus deorum in Sion.

Domine Deus virtutum, exaudi, orationem meam: * auribus percipe, Deus Jacob.

Protector noster aspice, Deus: * et respice in faciem Christi tui.

Quia melior est dies una in atriis tuis * super millia.

Elegi abjectus esse in domo Dei mei, * magis quam habitare in tabernaculis peccatorum.

Quia misericordiam, et veritatem diligit Deus: * gratiam et gloriam dabit Dominus.

Non privabit bonis eos qui ambulant in innocentia: * Domine virtutum, beatus homo qui sperat in te.

Gloria Patri, &c.

1 How lovely are Thy tabernacles, O Lord of hosts: my soul longeth and fainteth for the courts of the Lord.

2 My heart and my flesh: have rejoiced in the living God.

3 For the sparrow hath found her a house: and the turtle a nest for herself, where she may lay her young.

4 Even Thy altars, O Lord of hosts; my King and my God.

5 Blessed are they that dwell in Thy house, O Lord: they shall praise Thee for ever and ever.

6 Blessed is the man whose help is from Thee: in his heart he hath disposed to ascend by steps, in the vale of tears, in the place that he hath fixed.

7 For the lawgiver shall give a blessing, they shall go from virtue to virtue: the God of gods shall be seen in Sion.

8 O Lord God of hosts, hear my prayer: give ear, O God of Jacob.

9 Behold, O God, our protector; and look upon the face of Thine Anointed.

10 For one day in Thy courts: is better than a thousand.

11 I have chosen rather to be an abject in the house of my God: than to dwell in the tabernacles of sinners.

12 For God loveth mercy and truth: the Lord will give grace and glory.

13 He will not deprive of good things them that walk in innocence: O Lord of hosts, blessed is the man that hopeth in Thee.

Glory be to the Father, &c.

During the penitential seasons of Advent, Lent, &c., the Miserere *might be sung with the Invocations,* Parce, Domine.

275. **Benedictus.** 276.

Benedictus Dominus Deus Israel: * quia visitavit, et fecit redemptionem plebis suæ.

1 Blessed be the Lord God of Israel: for He hath visited and wrought the redemption of His people.

Et erexit cornu salutis nobis, * in domo David pueri sui.

Sicut locutus est per os sanctorum, * qui a sæculo sunt prophetarum ejus.

Salutem ex inimicis nostris, * et de manu omnium qui oderunt nos.

Ad faciendam misericordiam cum patribus nostris, * et memorari testamenti sui sancti.

Jusjurandum quod juravit ad Abraham patrem nostrum, * daturum se nobis.

Ut sine timore, de manu inimicorum nostrorum liberati, * serviamus illi,

In sanctitate et justitia coram ipso, * omnibus diebus nostris.

Et tu, puer, Propheta Altissimi vocaberis; * præibis enim ante faciem Domini, parare vias ejus.

Ad dandam scientiam salutis plebi ejus; * in remissionem peccatorum eorum.

Per viscera misericordiæ Dei nostri; * in quibus visitavit nos oriens ex alto.

Illuminare his, qui in tenebris et in umbra mortis sedent; * ad dirigendos pedes nostros in viam pacis.

Gloria Patri, &c.

2 And hath raised up a horn of salvation to us: in the house of His servant David,

3 As He spake by the mouth of His holy prophets: who are from the beginning,

4 Salvation from our enemies: and from the hand of all that hate us,

5 To perform mercy to our fathers: and to remember His holy testament,

6 The oath that He sware to Abraham our father: that He would grant unto us,

7 That being delivered from the hands of our enemies: we may serve Him without fear,

8 In holiness and justice before Him: all the days of our life.

9 And thou, child, shalt be called the Prophet of the Highest: for thou shalt go before the face of the Lord, to prepare His ways,

10 To give knowledge of salvation unto His people: for the remission of their sins,

11 Through the bowels of the mercy of our God: whereby the orient from on high hath visited us,

12 To enlighten them that sit in darkness, and in the shadow of death: to direct our feet into the way of peace.

Glory be to the Father, &c.

LITANY OF THE SAINTS.

(*To be sung at the Forty Hours' Exposition of the most Blessed Sacrament.*)

277. Apoc. viii. 4: "And the smoke of the incense of the prayers of the saints ascended up before God." 278.

Ant. Ne reminiscaris, Domine, delicta nostra, vel parentum nostrorum; neque vindictam sumas de peccatis nostris.

Kyrie eleison.
Kyrie eleison.
Christe eleison.
Christe eleison.
Kyrie eleison.
Kyrie eleison.
Christe audi nos.
Christe exaudi nos.

Ant. Remember not, O Lord, our offences, nor those of our fathers; neither take Thou vengeance of our sins.

Lord have mercy on us.
Lord have mercy on us.
Christ have mercy on us.
Christ have mercy on us.
Lord have mercy on us.
Lord have mercy on us.
Christ hear us.
Christ graciously hear us.

Pater de cœlis Deus,	*Miserere nobis.*	God the Father of heaven,	*Miserere nobis, &c.*
Fili Redemptor mundi Deus,		God the Son, Redeemer of the world,	
Spiritus Sancte Deus,		God the Holy Ghost,	
Sancta Trinitas, unus Deus,		Holy Trinity, one God,	
Sancta Maria, *Ora pro nobis.*	*Ora pro nobis.*	Holy Mary, *Pray for us.*	*Pray for us.*
Sancta Dei Genitrix,		Holy Mother of God,	
Sancta Virgo virginum,		Holy Virgin of virgins,	
Sancte Michael,		St. Michael,	
Sancte Gabriel,		St. Gabriel,	
Sancte Raphael, [*Orate, &c.*		St. Raphael,	
Omnes sancti Angeli et Archangeli,		All ye holy Angels and Archangels,	
Omnes sancti beatorum Spirituum ordines, *Orate, &c.*		All ye holy orders of blessed Spirits,	
Sancte Joannes Baptista, *Ora pro nobis.*	*Ora pro nobis.*	St. John Baptist,	
Sancte Joseph, *Ora pro nobis.*		St. Joseph,	
Omnes sancti Patriarchæ et Prophetæ,		All ye holy Patriarchs and Prophets,	
Sancte Petre, [*Orate, &c.*		St. Peter,	
Sancte Paule,		St. Paul,	
Sancte Andrea,		St. Andrew,	
Sancte Jacobe,		St. James,	
Sancte Joannes,		St. John,	
Sancte Thoma,		St. Thomas,	
Sancte Jacobe,		St. James,	
Sancte Philippe,		St. Philip,	
Sancte Bartholomæe,		St. Bartholomew,	
Sancte Matthæe,		St. Matthew,	
Sancte Simon,		St. Simon,	
Sancte Thaddæe,		St. Thaddeus,	
Sancte Matthia,		St. Matthias,	
Sancte Barnaba,		St. Barnabas,	
Sancte Luca,		St. Luke,	
Sancte Marce,		St. Mark,	
Omnes sancti Apostoli et Evangelistæ,	*Orate, &c.*	All ye holy Apostles and Evangelists,	
Omnes sancti Discipuli Domini,		All ye holy Disciples of our Lord,	
Omnes sancti Innocentes,		All ye holy Innocents,	
Sancte Stephane, *Ora pro nobis.*	*Orate, &c. Ora pro nobis.*	St. Stephen,	
Sancte Laurenti, *Ora pro nobis.*		St. Lawrence,	
Sancte Vincenti, *Ora pro nobis.*		St. Vincent,	
Sancti Fabiane et Sebastiane,		SS. Fabian and Sebastian,	
Sancti Joannes et Paule,		SS. John and Paul,	
Sancti Cosma et Damiane,		SS. Cosmas and Damian,	
Sancti Gervasi et Protasi,		SS. Gervase and Protase,	
Omnes sancti Martyres,		All ye holy Martyrs,	
Sancte Sylvester,		St. Sylvester,	
Sancte Gregori,		St. Gregory,	
Sancte Ambrosi,		St. Ambrose,	
Sancte Augustine,		St. Augustine,	
Sancte Hieronyme,		St. Jerome,	
Sancte Martine,		St. Martin,	
Sancte Nicolae, [*Orate, &c.*		St. Nicholas,	
Omnes sancti Pontifices et Confessores,		All ye holy Bishops and Confessors,	
Omnes sancti Doctores, *Orate, &c.*		All ye holy Doctors,	
Sancte Antoni, *Ora pro nobis.*		St. Anthony,	

Sancte Benedicte,	*Ora pro nobis.*	St. Benedict,	*Pray for us.*
Sancte Bernarde,		St. Bernard,	
Sancte Dominice,		St. Dominic,	
Sancte Francisce, [*Orate, &c.*		St. Francis,	
Omnes sancti Sacerdotes et Levitæ,		All ye holy Priests and Levites,	
Omnes sancti Monachi et Eremitæ,		All ye holy Monks and Hermits,	
Sancta Maria Magdalena, [*Orate, &c.*	*Ora pro nobis.*	St. Mary Magdalene,	
Sancta Agatha,		St. Agatha,	
Sancta Lucia,		St. Lucy,	
Sancta Agnes,		St. Agnes,	
Sancta Cæcilia,		St. Cicily,	
Sancta Catharina,		St. Catherine,	
Sancta Anastasia, [*Orate, &c.*		St. Anastasia,	
Omnes sanctæ Virgines et Viduæ,		All ye holy Virgins and Widows,	
Omnes Sancti et Sanctæ Dei,		All ye holy men and women, Saints of God,	
Intercedite pro nobis.		*Make intercession for us.*	
Propitius esto,		Be merciful,	
Parce nobis, Domine.		*Spare us, O Lord,*	
Propitius esto,		Be merciful,	
Exaudi nos, Domine.		*Graciously hear us, O Lord.*	
Ab omni malo, *Libera nos, Domine.*		From all evil, *Deliver us, O Lord.*	
Ab omni peccato,		From all sin,	
Ab ira tua,*		From Thy wrath,*	
A subitanea et improvisa morte,		From sudden and unlooked-for death,	
Ab insidiis diaboli,		From the snares of the devil,	
Ab ira, et odio, et omni mala voluntate,		From anger, and hatred, and every evil will,	
A spiritu fornicationis,		From the spirit of fornication,	
A fulgure et tempestate,		From lightning and tempest,	
A morte perpetua,	*Libera nos, Domine.*	From everlasting death,	*Deliver us, O Lord.*
Per mysterium sanctæ Incarnationis tuæ,		Through the mystery of thy holy Incarnation,	
Per Adventum tuum,		Through Thy Coming,	
Per Nativitatem tuam,		Through Thy Nativity,	
Per Baptismum et sanctum Jejunium tuum,		Through Thy Baptism and holy Fasting,	
Per Crucem et Passionem tuam,		Through Thy Cross and Passion,	
Per Mortem et Sepulturam tuam,		Through Thy Death and Burial,	
Per sanctam Resurrectionem tuam,		Through Thy holy Resurrection,	
Per admirabilem Ascensionem tuam,		Through Thine admirable Ascension,	
Per adventum Spiritus Sancti Paraclíti,		Through the coming of the Holy Ghost the Paraclete,	
In die judicii,		In the day of judgment,	
Peccatores,		We sinners,	
Te rogamus, audi nos.		*Beseech Thee, hear us.*	
Ut nobis parcas,		That Thou wouldst spare us,	
Te rogamus, audi nos.		*We beseech Thee, hear us.*	
Ut nobis indulgeas,		That Thou wouldst pardon us,	
Te rogamus, audi nos.		*We beseech Thee, hear us.*	

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* Here, for the "Devotion of the Forty Hours," is inserted—

Ab imminentibus periculis,	From all dangers that threaten us,
A peste, fame, et bello,	From plague, famine, and war.

Ut ad veram pœnitentiam nos perducere digneris,	That Thou wouldst bring us to true penance,
Ut Ecclesiam tuam sanctam regere et conservare digneris,	That Thou wouldst vouchsafe to govern and preserve Thy holy Church,
Ut Domnum Apostolicum, et omnes ecclesiasticos ordines, in sancta religione conservare digneris,	That Thou wouldst vouchsafe to preserve our Apostolic Prelate, and all orders of the Church, in holy religion.
Ut inimicos sanctæ Ecclesiæ humiliare digneris,*	That Thou wouldst vouchsafe to humble the enemies of holy Church.*
Ut regibus et principibus Christianis, pacem et veram concordiam donare digneris,	That Thou wouldst vouchsafe to give peace and true concord to Christian kings and princes,
Ut cuncto populo Christiano, pacem et unitatem largiri digneris,	That Thou wouldst vouchsafe to grant peace and unity to all Christian people,
Ut nosmetipsos in tuo sancto servitio, confortare et conservare digneris,	That Thou wouldst vouchsafe to confirm and preserve us in Thy holy service,
Ut mentes nostras ad cœlestia desideria erigas,	That Thou wouldst lift up our minds to heavenly desires,
Ut omnibus benefactoribus nostris, sempiterna bona retribuas,	That Thou wouldst render eternal blessings to all our benefactors,
Ut animas nostras, fratrum propinquorum et benefactorum nostrorum, ab æterna damnatione eripias,	That Thou wouldst deliver our souls, and the souls of our brethren, relations, and benefactors, from eternal damnation,
Ut fructus terræ dare et conservare digneris,	That Thou wouldst vouchsafe to give and preserve the fruits of the earth,
Ut omnibus fidelibus defunctis, requiem æternam donare digneris,	That Thou wouldst vouchsafe to grant eternal rest to all the faithful departed,
Ut nos exaudire digneris,	That Thou wouldst vouchsafe graciously to hear us,
Fili Dei,	Son of God,
Agnus Dei, qui tollis peccata mundi,	Lamb of God, Who takest away the sins of the world,
Parce nobis, Domine.	*Spare us, O Lord.*
Agnus Dei, qui tollis peccata mundi,	Lamb of God, Who takest away the sins of the world,
Exaudi nos, Domine.	*Graciously hear us, O Lord.*
Agnus Dei, qui tollis peccata mundi,	Lamb of God, Who takest away the sins of the world,
Miserere nobis.	*Have mercy on us.*
Christe audi nos.	Christ hear us.
Christe exaudi nos.	*Christ graciously hear us.*
Kyrie eleison.	Lord have mercy on us.

Te rogamus, audi nos.

We beseech Thee, hear us.

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* For the "Devotion of the Forty Hours," insert:—

Ut Turcarum, et hæreticorum conatus, reprimere et ad nihilum redigere digneris.	That Thou wouldst vouchsafe to defeat the attempts of Turks and heretics, and bring them to nought.

Christe eleison.
Kyrie eleison.
Pater noster (*secreto*).
V. Et ne nos inducas in tentationem.
R. Sed libera nos a malo.

Christ have mercy on us.
Lord have mercy on us.
Our Father (*secretly*).
V. And lead us not into temptation.
R. But deliver us from evil.

Psalm lxix. *Deus in adjutorium.*

Deus in adjutorium meum intende : Domine ad adjuvandum me festina.

Confundantur et revereantur : qui quærunt animam meam.

Avertantur retrorsum, et erubescant : qui volunt mihi mala.

Avertantur statim erubescentes : qui dicunt mihi, Euge, euge.

Exultent et lætentur in te omnes qui quærunt te : et dicant semper, Magnificetur Dominus ; qui diligunt salutare tuum.

Ego vero egenus et pauper sum : Deus adjuva me.

Adjutor meus et liberator meus es tu : Domine, ne moreris.

Gloria Patri, &c.

V. Salvos fac servos tuos.
R. Deus meus sperantes in te.
V. Esto nobis Domine turris fortitudinis.
R. A facie inimici.
V. Nihil proficiat inimicus in nobis.

R. Et filius iniquitatis non apponat nocere nobis.
V. Domine, non secundum peccata nostra facias nobis.
R. Neque secundum iniquitates nostras retribuas nobis.
V. Oremus pro Pontifice nostro, N.

R. Dominus conservet eum et vivificet eum, et beatum faciat eum in terra ; et non tradat eum in animam inimicorum ejus.
V. Oremus pro benefactoribus nostris.
R. Retribuere dignare Domine, omnibus nobis bona facientibus, propter nomen tuum vitam æternam. Amen.
V. Oremus pro fidelibus defunctis.

R. Requiem æternam dona eis Domine ; et lux perpetua luceat eis.

1 O God, come to my assistance : O Lord, make haste to help me.

2 Let them be confounded and ashamed : that seek after my soul.

3 Let them be turned backward, and blush for shame : that desire evils unto me.

4 Let them be straightway turned backward blushing for shame, that say unto me : 'Tis well, 'tis well.

5 Let all that seek Thee be joyful and glad in Thee : and let such as love Thy salvation say alway, The Lord be magnified.

6 But I am needy and poor : O God, help Thou me.

7 Thou art my helper and my deliverer : O Lord, make no long delay.

Glory be, &c.

V. Save Thy servants.
R. Who hope in Thee, O my God.
V. Be unto us, O Lord, a tower of strength.
R. From the face of the enemy.
V. Let not the enemy prevail against us.
R. Nor the son of iniquity approach to hurt us.
V. O Lord, deal not with us according to our sins.
R. Neither requite us according to our iniquities.
V. Let us pray for our Sovereign Pontiff, N.
R. The Lord preserve him and give him life, and make him blessed upon the earth ; and deliver him not up to the will of his enemies.
V. Let us pray for our benefactors.
R. Vouchsafe, O Lord, for Thy name's sake, to reward with eternal life all them that do us good. Amen.
V. Let us pray for the faithful departed.
R. Eternal rest give unto them, O Lord ; and let perpetual light shine upon them.

V. Requiescant in pace.
R. Amen.
V. Pro fratribus nostris absentibus.
R. Salvos fac servos tuos, Deus meus sperantes in te.
V. Mitte eis Domine auxilium de sancto.
R. Et de Sion tuere eos.
V. Domine, exaudi orationem meam.
R. Et clamor meus ad te veniat.

V. Let them rest in peace.
R. Amen.
V. For our absent brethren.
R. Save Thy servants, who hope in thee, O my God.
V. Send them help, O Lord, from the sanctuary.
R. And defend them out of Sion.
V. O Lord, hear my prayer.
R. And let my cry come unto Thee.

Oremus.*

Deus, cui proprium es misereri semper, et parcere : suscipe deprecationem nostram ; ut nos, et omnes famulos tuos, quos delictorum catena constringit, miseratio tuæ pietatis clementer absolvat.

Exaudi, quæsumus, Domine, sup-

Let us pray.*

O God, whose property is always to have mercy and to spare, receive our humble petition ; that we, and all Thy servants who are bound by the chain of sins, may, by the compassion of Thy goodness, mercifully be absolved.

Graciously hear, we beseech Thee,

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* For the "Devotion of the Forty Hours" the following collects are used :—

Deus, qui nobis sub sacramento mirabili, Passionis tuæ memoriam reliquisti ; tribue, quæsumus, ita nos Corporis et Sanguinis tui sacra mysteria venerari, ut redemptionis tuæ fructum in nobis jugiter sentiamus. Qui vivis et regnas in sæcula sæculorum. Amen.

O God, Who, under a wonderful Sacrament, hast left us a memorial of Thy Passion ; grant us, we beseech Thee, so to venerate the sacred mysteries of Thy Body and Blood, that we may ever feel within us the fruit of Thy redemption. Who liveth, &c. Amen.

From Advent to Christmas.

Deus, qui de beatæ Mariæ Virginis utero Verbum tuum, angelo nuntiante, carnem suscipere voluisti ; præsta supplicibus tuis, ut qui vere eam Genitricem Dei credimus, ejus apud te intercessionibus adjuvemur. Per eumdem Christum Dominum nostrum.

R. Amen.

O God, Who wast pleased that Thy Word, at the message of an angel, should take flesh in the womb of the blessed Virgin Mary ; grant to us, Thy humble servants, that we who believe her to be truly the Mother of God, may be assisted by her intercessions with Thee. Through the same Christ our Lord.

R. Amen.

From Christmas to the Purification.

Deus, qui salutis æternæ, beatæ Mariæ virginitate fœcunda, humano generi præmia præstitisti ; tribue, quæsumus, ut ipsam pro nobis intercedere sentiamus, per quam meruimus auctorem vitæ suscipere Dominum nostrum Jesum Christum Filium tuum. Qui tecum vivit et regnat in unitate

O God, Who, by the fruitful virginity of blessed Mary, hast given to mankind the rewards of eternal salvation ; grant, we beseech Thee, that we may experience her intercession for us, through Whom we have merited to receive the author of life, our Lord Jesus Christ Thy Son. Who liveth and

plicum preces, et confitentium tibi parce peccatis: ut pariter nobis indulgentiam tribuas benignus et pacem.

O Lord, the prayers of Thy suppliants, and forgive the sins of them that confess to Thee; that, in Thy bounty, Thou mayest grant us both pardon and peace.

Ineffabilem nobis, Domine, misericordiam tuam clementer ostende: ut simul nos et a peccatis omnibus exuas, et a pœnis, quas pro his meremur, eripias.

Show forth upon us, O Lord, in Thy mercy, Thy unspeakable loving-kindness; that Thou mayest both loose us from all our sins, and deliver us from the punishments which we deserve for them.

Deus, qui culpa offenderis, pœnitentia placaris: preces populi tui supplicantis propitius respice; et flagella tuæ iracundiæ, quæ pro peccatis nostris meremur, averte.

O God, who by sin art offended, and by penance pacified, mercifully regard the prayers of Thy people making supplication to Thee, and turn away the scourges of Thine anger, which we deserve for our sins.

Omnipotens, sempiterne Deus, miserere famulo tuo Pontifici nostro N, et dirige eum secundum tuam clementiam

Almighty, everlasting God, have mercy on Thy servant N, our Sovereign Pontiff, and direct him, according to

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Spiritus Sancti, Deus, per omnia sæcula sæculorum.
R. Amen.

reigneth with Thee in the unity of the Holy Ghost, God, world without end.
R. Amen.

From the Purification to Advent.

Concede nos famulos tuos, quæsumus, Domine Deus, perpetua mentis et corporis sanitate gaudere; et gloriosa beatæ Mariæ semper Virginis intercessione, a præsenti liberari tristitia, et æterna perfrui lætitia.

Grant, we beseech Thee, O Lord God, that we, Thy servants, may enjoy perpetual health of mind and body; and by the intercession of the blessed Mary ever Virgin, may be delivered from present sorrow, and attain eternal gladness.

Then follows the Collect for the Pope, after which is said:

Deus, refugium nostrum et virtus, adesto piis Ecclesiæ tuæ precibus, auctor ipse pietatis; et præsta, ut quod fideliter petimus, efficaciter consequamur.

O God, our refuge and strength, Who art the author of all piety, hearken unto the devout prayers of Thy Church; and grant that what we ask faithfully we may obtain effectually.

Omnipotens, sempiterne Deus, in cujus manu sunt omnes potestates, et omnia jura regnorum, respice in auxilium Christianorum, ut gentes paganorum et hæreticorum, quæ in sua feritate et fraude confidunt, dexteræ tuæ potentia conterantur.

Almighty, everlasting God, in Whose hand are all the powers and all the rights of kingdoms, come to the assistance of Thy Christian people, that all pagan and heretical nations, who trust in their own violence and fraud, may be broken by the might of Thy right hand.

Then follows the last Collect, Omnipotens, sempiterne Deus, *&c.,* Almighty, everlasting God, *&c., with the Versicles, except that, in the last response but one, &c., instead of the simple* Amen, *is said,*

R. Et custodiat nos semper. Amen.

R. And ever preserve us. Amen.

in viam salutis æternæ: ut te donante tibi placita cupiat, et tota virtute perficiat.

Thy clemency, into the way of everlasting salvation; that by Thy grace he may both desire those things that are pleasing to Thee, and perform them with all his strength.

Deus, a quo sancta desideria, recta consilia, et justa sunt opera: da servis tuis illam, quam mundus dare non potest, pacem; ut et corda nostra mandatis tuis dedita, et hostium sublata formidine, tempora sint tua protectione tranquilla.

O God, from Whom all holy desires, all right counsels, and all just works do come, give unto Thy servants that peace which the world cannot give; that our hearts being devoted to Thy commandments, and the fear of our enemies being taken away, our times, by Thy protection, may be peaceful.

Ure igne Sancti Spiritus renes nostros et cor nostrum, Domine: ut tibi casto corpore serviamus, et mundo corde placeamus.

Inflame, O Lord, our reins and heart with the fire of the Holy Ghost; that we may serve Thee with a chaste body, and please Thee with a clean heart.

Fidelium Deus omnium Conditor et Redemptor, animabus famulorum famularumque tuarum remissionem cunctorum tribue peccatorum: ut indulgentiam, quam semper optaverunt, piis supplicationibus consequantur.

O God, the Creator and Redeemer of all the faithful, give to the souls of Thy servants departed the remission of all their sins; that through pious supplications they may obtain the pardon which they have always desired.

Actiones nostras, quæsumus, Domine, aspirando præveni, et adjuvando prosequere: ut cuncta nostra oratio et operatio a te semper incipiat, et per te cœpta finiatur.

Prevent, we beseech Thee, O Lord, our actions by Thy inspirations, and further them with Thy continual help; that every prayer and work of ours may always begin from Thee, and through Thee be likewise ended.

Omnipotens, sempiterne Deus, qui vivorum dominaris simul et mortuorum, omniumque misereris, quos tuos fide et opere futuros esse prænoscis: te supplices exoramus: ut pro quibus effundere preces decrevimus, quosque vel præsens sæculum adhuc in carne retinet, vel futurum jam exutos corpore suscepit, intercedentibus omnibus Sanctis tuis, pietatis tuæ clementia omnium delictorum suorum veniam consequantur. Per Dominum nostrum.

Almighty, everlasting God, Who hast dominion over the living and the dead, and art merciful to all, Who Thou foreknowest will be Thine by faith and works; we humbly beseech Thee that they for whom we intend to pour forth our prayers, whether this present world still detain them in the flesh, or the world to come hath already received them stripped of their mortal bodies, may, by the grace of Thy loving-kindness, and by the intercession of all the Saints, obtain the remission of all their sins. Through Thy Son Jesus Christ our Lord, who liveth and reigneth with Thee, in the unity of the Holy Spirit, God, for ever and ever.

R. Amen.

V. Domine exaudi orationem meam.

R. Et clamor meus ad te veniat.

V. Exaudiat nos omnipotens et misericors Dominus.

R. Amen.

V. Et fidelium animæ, per misericordiam Dei, requiescant in pace.

R. Amen.

R. Amen.

V. O Lord, hear my prayer.

R. And let my cry come unto Thee.

V. May the almighty and merciful Lord graciously hear us.

R. Amen.

V. And may the souls of the faithful, through the mercy of God, rest in peace.

R. Amen.

279. The Manner of Closing a Mission and Imparting the Papal Blessing. 280.

On the last day of a mission, in the morning, the Mission Cross is blessed and erected; and in the afternoon or evening, after the Sermon and renewal of Baptismal Vows, the Missionary imparts to the people the PAPAL BLESSING, *as follows:—*

Immediately after the Sermon, the Missionary, in surplice and white stole, having given a short explanation of the Indulgences granted by the Popes on Medals, Crosses, Rosaries, &c., blesses them by a single Sign of the Cross. Having given the blessing, he proceeds to sing the following:—

V. Adjutorium nostrum in nomine Domini.	*V.* Incline unto my aid, O God.
R. Qui fecit cœlum et terram.	*R.* Who made heaven and earth.
V. Salvum fac populum tuum Domine (vel Salvos fac servos tuos Domine).	*V.* O Lord, save Thy people (or Thy servants).
R. Et benedic hæreditati tuæ.	*R.* And bless Thine inheritance.
V. Dominus vobiscum.	*V.* The Lord be with you.
R. Et cum spiritu tuo.	*R.* And with thy spirit.

Then, standing, he sings:

OREMUS.	LET US PRAY.
Omnipotens et misericors Deus da nobis auxilium de Sancto, et vota Populi (vel Familiæ) hujus in humilitate cordis veniam peccatorum poscentis, tuamque benedictionem præstolantis, et gratiam, clementer exaudi: dexteram tuam super eum (vel eam) benignus extende ac plenitudinem Divinæ Benedictionis effunde qua bonis omnibus cumulatus (vel cumulata) felicitatem et vitam consequatur æternam. Per Christum Dominum nostrum. Amen.	O Almighty and merciful God, give us help from Thy holy place, and hear with clemency the vows of Thy people (or family), who in all humility of heart beseech Thee to grant them full forgiveness of their sins, Thy blessing, and Thy grace: Extend upon them Thy right hand, and in Thy goodness concede to them the plenitude of Thy divine blessing; so that, replenished with all good, they may obtain eternal life and felicity. Through Christ our Lord. Amen.
Deinde sub unico Crucis signo dicat:	*Then, making one single Sign of the Cross over the people, he says:*
BENEDICAT VOS OMNIPOTENS DEUS PATER ✠ ET FILIUS ET SPIRITUS SANCTUS.	MAY ALMIGHTY GOD, THE FATHER, ✠ SON, AND HOLY GHOST, BLESS YOU.
R. Amen.	*R.* Amen.

SECT. V.—THE MOST SACRED HEART OF JESUS.

281. Hymn for the Feast of the Sacred Heart of Jesus. 282.

"All who do not wish to perish in that deluge of iniquity which inundates the earth, should seek in the Heart of Jesus an asylum and a shelter."—*St. Bernard.*

Isa. xii. 3: "You shall draw waters with joy out of the Saviour's fountain."

AT VESPERS.

AUCTOR beate sæculi,	1 JESU, Creator of the world!
Christe Redemptor omnium,	Of all mankind Redeemer blest!
Lumen Patris de lumine,	True God of God! in whom we see
Deusque verus de Deo.	The Father's Image clear expressed!

Amor coegit te tuus
Mortale corpus sumere,
Ut novus Adam redderes,
Quod vetus ille abstulerat.

Ille amor almus artifex
Terræ marisque, et siderum,
Errata patrum miserans,
Et nostra rumpens vincula.

Non corde discedat tuo
Vis illa amoris inclyti:
Hoc fonte gentes hauriant
Remissionis gratiam.

Percussum ad hoc est lancea,
Passumque ad hoc est vulnera;
Ut nos lavaret sordibus,
Unda fluente, et sanguine.

Decus Parenti, et Filio,
Sanctoque sit Spiritui,
Quibus potestas, gloria
Regnumque in omne est sæculum.
Amen.

2 Thee, Saviour, love alone constrained
To make our mortal flesh Thine own;
And as a second Adam came,
For the first Adam to atone.

3 That self-same love, which made the sky,
Which made the sea, and stars, and earth,
Took pity on our misery,
And broke the bondage of our birth.

4 O Jesu! in Thy heart divine
May that same love for ever glow;
For ever mercy to mankind
From that exhaustless fountain flow.

5 For this, Thy sacred heart was pierced,
And both with blood and water ran,
To cleanse us from the stains of guilt,
And be the hope and strength of man.

6 To God the Father and the Son
All praise, and power, and glory be;
With Thee, O holy Comforter,
Henceforth through all eternity.
Amen.

FIRST VESPERS.

V. Ignem veni mittere in terram.
R. Et quid volo, nisi ut accendatur?

V. I came to send fire on earth.
R. And what will I but that it be kindled?

SECOND VESPERS.

V. Hauristis aquas in gaudio.
R. De fonibus salvatoris.

V. With joy ye shall draw water.
R. From the fountains of the Saviour.

283. The Sacred Heart of Jesus, the Greatest Gift of God.

Jer. xxiv. 7: "And I will give them (My) heart . . . and they shall be My people, and I will be their God."

1 O Sacred Heart!
Our home lies deep in Thee.
On earth Thou art an exile's rest,
In heaven the glory of the blest,
O Sacred Heart!

2 O Sacred Heart!
Thou fount of contrite tears,
Where'er those living waters flow,
New life to sinners they bestow,
O Sacred Heart!

3 O Sacred Heart!
Bless our dear fatherland,
May Erin's sons to truth e'er stand,
With faith's bright banner still in hand,
O Sacred Heart!

4 O Sacred Heart!
Watch o'er our sister isle,
Till faith ere long return once more
And find a home on England's shore.
O Sacred Heart!

5 O Sacred Heart,
Our trust is all in Thee;
For though earth's night be dark and drear,
Thou breathest rest, where Thou art near,
O Sacred Heart!

6 O Sacred Heart!
When shades of death shall fall,
Receive us 'neath Thy gentle care,
And save us from the tempter's snare:
O Sacred Heart!

7 O Sacred Heart!
Lead exiled children home,
Where we may ever rest near Thee,
In peace and joy eternally,
O Sacred Heart.

284. The Sacred Heart of Jesus, the Blissful Light of Heaven.

Luke xii. 49: "I am come to cast fire on the earth, and what will I but that it be kindled?"

1 O SACRED Heart! all blissful light of heaven,
Rapture of angels, beaming ever bright,—
Ravishing joys, in rich and radiant splendour,
Flow from Thy glory in torrents of delight.

2 O Sacred Heart! oh, hope of sinner's sorrow,
Rest of the weary, careworn, and depressed;
Sweetly lead home earth's lone, estranged exiles,
Where, 'neath Thy love, we may lie down and rest.

3 O Sacred Heart! Thy light is softly rising
O'er the dark night of England's cheerless gloom;
Bright dawns the day of faith's undying glory,
Sweetly Thou seekest a loved, but long-lost home.

4 O Sacred Heart! as strain of softest rapture,
Sweet falls the music of that voice so blest:
"Come unto Me, all ye who mourn and labour,
Come, heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

5 O Sacred Heart! when shades of death are falling,
Gather Thy children 'neath the wings of love;
Hush us to rest, in Thine own gentle mercy,
Bear troubled spirits to brighter realms above.

6 O Sacred Heart! what bliss, what thrilling rapture,
E'er to rest near Thee, on Thine own bright shore:
Ever to gaze upon Thy beaming splendour,
Never to part—to weep, to mourn no more!

285. The Sacred Heart of Jesus, a Burning Furnace of Love.

"Behold the heart that has loved men so tenderly, and which has been consumed in order to show them its love."—*Blessed Marg. Mary.*

1 To Jesus' Heart all burning
With fervent love for men,
My heart, with fondest yearning,
Shall raise the joyful strain.

Chorus.

While ages course along,
Blest be with loudest song,
The Sacred Heart of Jesus,
By every heart and tongue.

2 O Heart! for me on fire,
With love no man can speak,
My yet untold desire
God gives me for Thy sake.
Chorus.—While ages, &c.

3 Too true, I have forsaken
Thy flock, by wilful sin,
Yet now let me be taken
Back to Thy fold again.
Chorus.—While ages, &c.

4 As Thou art meek and lowly,
And ever pure of heart,
So may my heart be wholly
Of Thine the counterpart.
Chorus.—While ages, &c.

5 Oh, that to me were given
The pinions of a dove,
I'd speed aloft to heaven,
My Jesus' love to prove.
Chorus.—While ages, &c.

6 When life away is flying,
And earth's false glare is done;
Still, Sacred Heart, in dying,
I'll say I'm all Thine own.
Chorus.—While ages, &c.

286. The Sacred Heart of Jesus, the Object of our Love in the Blessed Sacrament.

"Let us return love for love."

Ps. lxxxv. 12: "I will praise Thee, O Lord, my God, with my whole heart, and I will glorify Thy name for ever."

1 BENEATH the outward form of bread
There is a Sacred Heart,
The tenderest Heart that ever bled,
Or felt unkindness' smart.

Chorus.
'Tis ours, blest sacrament, to atone
For wrongs in Thee to Jesus done.

2 The Word of God in flesh had clad
Himself in Mary's womb,
The Heart of Jesus now has made
The sacrament its home.

Chorus.—'Tis ours, &c.

2 Here then He dwells, and here invites
The gentle and the rude
To make returns of love—but meets
Nought but ingratitude.

Chorus.—'Tis ours, &c.

4 Then, brethren of the Sacred Heart,
Be this our single aim,
In Jesus' griefs to have a part,
And sympathise with Him.

Chorus.—'Tis ours, &c.

287. The Sacred Heart of Jesus, the Hope of Sinners.

Ps. xxxiii. 8: "Oh, taste and see that the Lord is good; blessed is the man that trusteth in Him."

1 ALL ye who seek a sure relief
In trouble or distress,
Whatever sorrows vex the mind,
Or guilt the soul oppress;
Our Lord, who gave Himself for us
Upon the Cross to die,
Unfolds to us His Sacred Heart;
Oh, to that Heart draw nigh.

Chorus.
O Jesu, joy of Saints on high;
Thou hope of sinners here,
Attracted by those loving words,
To Thee I lift my prayer.

2 What meeker than the Saviour's heart
As on the Cross He lay?
It did His murderers forgive,
And for their pardon pray.
Ye hear how kindly He invites,
Ye hear His words so blest:
"All ye that labour come to Me,
And I will give you rest."

Chorus.—O Jesu, &c.

3 Wash Thou my wounds in that dear blood
Which forth from Thee did flow;
New grace, new hope inspire, a new
And better life bestow.
Praise Him who with the Father sits
Enthroned upon the skies;
Whose blood redeems our souls from guilt,
Whose Spirit sanctifies.

Chorus.—O Jesu, &c.

288. The Sacred Heart of Jesus, always Pleading for us on the Altar.

John xiii. 1: "Having loved His own that were in the world . . . He loved them to the end."

1 I RISE from dreams of time,
And an angel guides my feet
To the sacred altar-throne,
Where Jesu's heart doth beat.

2 The lone lamp softly burns,
And a wondrous silence reigns,
Only with a low still voice
The Holy One complains:

3 "Long, long, I've waited here,
And though thou heed'st not Me,
The heart of God's own Son
Beats ever on for thee."

4 In the womb of Mary meek,
In the cradle, on the tree:
Heart of pure undying love,
It lived, loved, bled for me.

5 Ever pleading, day and night,
Thou canst not from us part;
Oh, veiled and wondrous Son!
Oh, love of the Sacred Heart!

289. The Sacred Heart of Jesus, the Most Secure Abode for True and Faithful Hearts.

Cant. viii. 6: "Place me as a seal upon Thy heart, as a signet upon Thy arm."

1 I DWELL a captive in this heart,
Inflamed with love divine;
'Tis here I live alone in peace,
And constant joy is mine.
It is the heart of God's own Son
In His humanity,
Who, all enamoured of my soul,
Here burns with love of me.

2 Here like the dove within the ark
Securely I repose;
Since now the Lord is my defence,
I fear no earthly foes.
What though I suffer, still in love
I ever true will be;
My love of God shall deeper grow
When crosses fall on me.

3 From every bond of earth, O Lord,
Thy grace hath set me free;
My soul, delivered from the snare,
Enjoys true liberty.
Nought more can I desire than this,
To see Thy face in heaven;
And this I hope since He on earth
His heart in pledge hath given.

290. The Sacred Heart of Jesus, our Refuge in Temptation.

Ezech. xviii. 31: "Why will you die, O house of Israel! . . . return ye, and live."

1 FLY hither from the storm that rages round;
Fly where true peace in solitude is found;
Where care and strife and worldly troubles cease;
Here I invite thee to repose in peace.

2 A gift awaits thee here; My light divine,
To loving souls so dear, on thee shall shine:
Here thou shalt see how vile is all the earth,
How sweet My love to those who know its worth.

3 Then from My lips that sweet inviting word
That bids thee love Me shall by thee be heard;
How much I always loved thee thou shalt see,
And how ungrateful thou hast been to Me.

4 Sweet contrite tears thy wounds of sin shall heal,
The ardour of My love thou then shalt feel;
And here I wait thee to bestow in love
A foretaste of the joys of heaven above.

291. The Sacred Heart of Jesus, a Haven for all Afflicted Hearts.

Ps. lx. 3: "When my heart was in anguish Thou hast exalted me on a rock; . . Thou hast conducted me, for Thou hast been my hope."

1 SWEET Jesus! Thou a haven art,
From life's tempestuous sea;
All find a refuge in Thy heart,
Who turn in love to Thee.

Chorus.
Jesus, our joy in life's lone way,
May Thy sweet peace arise,
Which turns the night to blissful day,
And earth to paradise.

2 Thy name falls sweet on sorrow's ear,
'Tis music from above;
It stays the mourner's anxious fear,
And telleth nought but love.

Chorus.—Jesus, our joy, &c.

3 The broken heart with healing balm
Thy changeless love doth feel;
Thou sayest "Peace!" the winds are [calm,
And every wave is still.
Chorus.—Jesus, our joy, &c.

4 Sweet Jesus! when my soul is tossed
On wild temptation's wave,
When confidence and hope are lost,
Be Thou at hand to save.
Chorus.—Jesus, our joy, &c.

292. The Sacred Heart of Jesus, our Everlasting Home.

Cant. ii. 14: "My dove in the clifts of the rock, in the hollow places of the wall, show me Thy face, let Thy voice sound in my ears."

1 THERE is an everlasting home,
Where contrite souls may hide;
Where death and danger dare not [come,—
The Saviour's side!

2 Hail, Rock of Ages, pierced for me,
The grave of all my pride;
Hope, peace, and heaven are all in [Thee,
Thy sheltering side!

3 There issued forth the double flood,
The sin-atoning tide,—
In streams of water and of blood
From that dear side!

4 There is the only fount of bliss,
In joy and sorrow tried—
No refuge for the heart like this,—
A Saviour's side!

5 Thither the Church through all her [days
Points as a faithful guide,
And celebrates with ceaseless praise
That spear-pierced side.

293. Catholic England's Prayer to the Sacred Heart.

Matt. ix. 13: "I will have mercy and not sacrifice."
Luke xix. 10: "The Son of man is come to seek and to save that which was lost."

1 PITY, my God, 'tis for our loved land,
And for Thy Church, we humbly bow in prayer,
Thy Vicar's captive; break his prison band;
Thy Church's losses, in Thy might, repair.

Chorus.
God of mighty power,
Take Thy Vicar's part,
Oh, save him in this hour,
For Jesus' Sacred Heart.

2 Our island home, so long estranged from truth,
Looks up for solace to Thy sacred throne;
Light up her faith, that like the eagle's youth,
It be renewed, and shine as once it shone.
Chorus.—God of mighty power.

3 Pity, my God, Thy Church in other [lands;
Whose countless foes still seek to [break her walls;
Oh, may she keep, beneath the [spoiler's hands,
Her faith to Thee, whatever else be- [falls.
Chorus.—God of mighty power.

4 Pity, my God, on those misguided [men
In mercy wait, and draw them back [what they do;
Who outrage Thee, but know not [again,
Their faith and love, in sorrow, to [renew.
Chorus.—God of mighty power.

294. England's Pleadings through the Sacred Heart of Jesus.

Ephes. v. 14: "Wherefore He saith: Rise, thou that sleepest, and arise from the dead, and Christ shall enlighten thee."

1 ALL ye who love your fatherland,
High let your voices soar,
Pray that the ancient faith may cheer
Fair Britain's isle once more;
Gaze on the crowds who throng our shores
Yet wandering from the fold:
Shall not a loving zeal inflame
And kindle hearts still cold?

2 O England's martyred blood still
For mercy on our race, [cries
And Saints who love their native land
Yet plead for light and grace.
With hopes so cherished in our hearts,
Why should we doubt or fear?
Still bravely by faith's banner stand,
For victory is near.

3 E'en now the clouds are breaking fast;
See hope's bright dawn arise;
Faith's harbinger all softly shines
From out the lowering skies.
The Sacred Heart in our dear land
Has once more found a home,
And Mary, lovely morning star,
Shines brightly 'mid the gloom.

4 Then trust to God and His strong arm,
True to your Captain stand,
Undaunted by the foe's fierce might,
With faith's bright shield in hand.
Soon shall the note of victory
Be heard in welcome strain;
And may erelong "Mary's dowry"
Our land become again.

SECT. VI.—HYMNS ON THE SACRED THIRST OF JESUS.

FOR GUILDS OR ASSOCIATIONS OF TEMPERANCE.

295. Supplications to Jesus Christ, the True Model of Abstinence.

John xix. 28: "Afterwards Jesus said: I thirst . . . and they putting a sponge full of vinegar about hyssop, put it to His mouth."

I.

1 O JESUS! who for love of me
Didst die in bitter pain,
Grant by Thy sacred thirst that I
May never sin again.

2 Thy parched lips in agony
Were dried in lingering death;
Oh let me share Thy sacred thirst,
Even to my latest breath.

3 For pleasure I will thirst no more,
Nor for the drink of sin:
But for Thy justice and for Thee,
Thy grace and love to win.

4 Oh rather let me thirst with Thee
Through pain and suffering;
And let me slake my daily thirst
With water from the spring.

II.

1 ALL creatures of Thy hand are good,
And none to be refused,
If hallowed by Thy word and prayer,
And for Thy glory used.

2 The cornfields of the fruitful earth,
The vineyards, too, are Thine;
Thine is the gift of plenteous bread,
And thine the gladdening wine.

3 Nothing of evil comes from Thee,
No shadow clouds Thy light:
We only, dearest Lord, abuse
Thy gifts in Thine own sight.

4 What Thou in bounty makest good,
Men change to evil use,
And Thy sweet laws of temperance
By drunkenness confuse.

5 Oh give me grace, dear Lord, that I
From childhood ne'er may taste
Even Thy good gifts, while men by
Thy holy Church lay waste. [sin

III.

1 IN penance for the guilt of men
Who grieve Thy Sacred Heart,
Whose sins of drunken revelry
Constrain Thee to depart.

2 Let me from childhood and through
From lawful things refrain, [life
That for the souls whom drink has
I may Thy pardon gain. [cursed

3 Oh pity, Lord, the little ones
Who by their father's guilt
Have never learned our Mother's name,
Nor why Thy blood was spilt.

4 Oh pity the poor mother's grief,
Who starves at home all day;
While wages, food, and raiment, spent
In drink, all waste away.

IV.

1 I PROMISE Thee, sweet Lord! that I
Will never cloud the light [soul,
Which shines from Thee within my
And makes my reason bright.

2 Nor ever will I lose the power
To serve Thee by my will,
Which Thou hast set within my heart,
Thy precepts to fulfil.

3 Oh let me drink as Adam drank,
Before from Thee he fell;
Oh let me drink as Thou, dear Lord,
When faint by Sychar's well.

4 That from my childhood, pure from [sin
Of drink and drunken strife,
By the clear fountains I may rest,
Of everlasting life.

SECTION VII.—THE HEAVENLY FRUITS AND ADVANTAGES OF HOPE.

296. Hope in Christ Comforts us in Anguish, Grief, and Fear.

Rom. viii. 31: "If God be for us, who is against us?"
Heb. xiv. 15: "For He hath said: I will not leave thee, neither will I forsake thee."

1 IF ever my heart in riper years
Shall beat with anguish, grief, or fears,
My Saviour He will hear each moan,
And gently say, "Thou'rt not alone."

2 Though fled were ev'ry earthly friend,
On whom I might or could depend;
Though left by all, to all unknown,
He still will say, "Thou'rt not alone."

3 Though cherished ones around me die,
And severed be each earthly tie,
I still may seek my Saviour's throne,
And hear Him say, "Thou'rt not alone."

4 So too, when all my years are past,
And life her race hath run at last,
My God, Thou wilt not me disown,
To whom Thou saidst, "Thou'rt not alone."

297. Hope in Christ Helps us out of every Danger and Tribulation.

John vi. 20: "It is I; be not afraid."

1 WHEN I sink down in gloom or fear,
Hope blighted or delayed,
Thy whisper, Lord, my heart shall cheer:
"'Tis I; be not afraid."

2 Or startled at some sudden blow,
If fretful thoughts I feel:
"Fear not, it is but I!" shall flow
As balm my wound to heal.

3 Nor will I quit Thy way, though foes
Some onward pass defend;
From each rough voice the watchword goes,
"Be not afraid! . . . a Friend!"

4 And oh! when judgment's trumpet
Awakes me from the grave, [clear
Still in its echo may I hear,
"'Tis Christ; He comes to save."

298. Hope in the Promises of God Cheers us in all the Difficulties of our Path to Heaven.

Isai. lv. 8: "For My thoughts are not your thoughts; nor your ways My ways, saith the Lord. For as the heavens are exalted above the earth, so are My ways exalted above your ways, and My thoughts above your thoughts."

1 Oh, it is hard to work for God,
To rise and take His part
Upon this battlefield of earth,
And not sometimes lose heart!

2 He hides Himself so wondrously,
As though there were no God;
He is least seen when all the powers
Of ill are most abroad:

3 Or He deserts us at the hour
The fight is all but lost;
And seems to leave us to ourselves
Just when we need Him most.

4 Ill masters good; good seems to
To ill with greatest ease; [change
And, worst of all, the good with good
Is at cross purposes.

5 The Church, the Sacraments, the
Their up-hill journey take; [Faith,
Lose here what there they gain, and, if
We lean upon them, break.

6 It is not so, but so it looks;
And we lose courage then;
And doubts will come if God hath
His promises to men. [kept

7 Ah! God is other than we think;
His ways are far above,
Far beyond reason's height, and
Only by childlike love. [reached

8 And right is right, since God is God;
And right the day must win!
To doubt would be disloyalty,
To falter would be sin!

299. Hope in the Promises of Christ Comforts us in Persecution.

Matt. v. 11: Blessed are ye when they shall revile you, and persecute you, and speak all that is evil against you, untruly, for My sake: Be glad and rejoice, for your reward is very great in heaven."

1 Now is the time to leap for joy,
To shout and be exceeding glad,
While enemies their arts employ,
And friends pronounce us fools or mad.

2 Did not our Lord Himself declare
That all who love His holy Name,
If they would in His glory share,
Must also bear with Him the shame?

3 And did He not most truly call
Worthy of His own love divine,
Those who relations, friends, and all
For Him or for His truth resign?

4 And does He not those servants bless
Who bear affliction for their Lord,
And comfort them in their distress
With promise of a sure reward?

5 O Jesu! it will ever be
My wonder whence this mercy came,
That I should both believe in Thee
And also suffer for Thy Name!

300. Hope in the Infinite Goodness of God and the Merits of Christ banishes Fear for past Forgiven Sins.

Gal. ii. 20: "I live in the faith of the Son of God, who loved me, and delivered Himself for me."

1 Why art thou sorrowful, servant of God? [o'er thee now?
And what is this dulness that hangs
Sing the praises of Jesus, and sing them aloud, [cloud from thy brow.
And the song shall disperse the dark

2 Oh, is there a thought in the wide world so sweet [as we are,
As that God has so cared for us, bad
That He thinks for us, plans for us, stoops to entreat, [far?
And follows us, wander we ever so

3 That God hath once whispered a word
in thine ear, [for sin,
Or sent thee from heaven one sorrow
Is enough for a life both to banish all
fear, [within.
And to turn into peace all the troubles

4 Oh, then, when the spirit of darkness
comes down [thy heart,
With clouds and uncertainties into
One look to thy Saviour, one thought
of thy crown, [depart.
And the tempest is over, the shadows

301. Hope in Christ is like the Pillar of the Cloud which leads us on to the Land of Promise through the Darkness of Infidelity and Impiety.

Exod. xiii. 21: "And the Lord went before them to show the way by day in a pillar of a cloud, and by night in a pillar of fire; that He might be the guide of their journey."

1 LEAD, Kindly Light, amid the encir-
Lead Thou me on! [oling gloom,
The night is dark, and I am far from
Lead Thou me on! [home—
Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to
see [for me.
The distant scene,—one step enough

2 I was not ever thus, nor prayed that
Shouldst lead me on; [Thou
I loved to choose and see my faith, but
Lead Thou me on! [now
I loved the garish day, and, spite of
fears,
Pride ruled my will: remember not
past years.

3 So long Thy power hath blest me,
Will lead me on, [sure it still
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and tor-
The night is gone; [rent, till
And with the morn those angel faces
smile [lost awhile.
Which I have loved long since, and

302. Hope in God's Mercy will Comfort us when Distracted in Prayer.

Luke xi. 1: "Lord, teach us to pray."—Ps. lxxii. 23: "I am become as a beast before Thee."

1 AH! dearest Lord, I cannot pray,
My fancy is not free;
Unmannerly distractions come
And force my thoughts from Thee.

2 I cannot pray; yet, Lord, Thou
The pain it is to me [knowest
To have my vainly struggling thoughts
Thus torn away from Thee.

3 Ah! Jesus, teach me how to prize
Those tedious hours when I,
Foolish and mute, before Thy face
In helpless worship lie.

4 Had I kept stricter watch each hour
O'er tongue, and eye, and ear;
Had I but mortified all day
Each joy as it came near;

5 Had I, dear Lord, no pleasure found
But in the thought of Thee,
Prayer would have come unsought,
A truer liberty. [and been

6 Yet Thou art oft most present, Lord,
In weak, distracted prayer;
A sinner out of heart with self
Most often finds Thee there.

7 And prayer that humbles sets the soul
From all illusions free,
And teaches it how utterly,
Dear Lord, it hangs on Thee.

303. Hope in God Strengthens us against Despair.

Isa. xlix. 15: "Can a woman forget her infant so as not to have pity on the son of her womb? and if she should forget, yet will not I forget thee."

1 OH! all who are lonely and laden
with sorrow, [despair,
Or tossed on the dark sea of grief and
Await the bright dawn of the long
looked-for morrow, [your care.
And cast upon Jesus the weight of

2 Though visions of death o'er life's pathway are falling,
And our hearts with forebodings of woe are depressed;
Yet list! 'mid the darkness sweet voices are calling [of rest.
Earth's wanderers home to the haven

3 And e'en mid the night there are stars softly gleaming, [ing above;
For angels and saints are e'er watch-
And Mary, far brighter than all, ever beaming, [her love.
Is cheering our way with the light of

4 Look back to the day of thy spirit's creation, [adore;
And trustful the love of thy Father
Oh! think of the joys of eternal salvation [shore!
Awaiting the exile on heaven's blest

5 And will thy first Love, thy first Friend ever leave thee,
Unless from thy God thou thyself turn thy face? [receive thee,
See, He opens His fatherly arms to
And locks thee in love's everlasting embrace.

SECTION VIII.—HYMNS ESPECIALLY INTENDED TO AWAKE AND STIR UP A TRUE AND EARNEST YEARNING AFTER THE POSSESSION OF GOD AND DEVOTION IN HIS SERVICE, AND THEREBY ENTERTAIN AND DEVELOP IN US A FIRM AND SOLID HOPE.

304. An Invitation to Young Men to Embrace the Yoke of Christ.

Matt. xi. 29: "Take up My yoke upon you."—Gal. v. 24: "They that are Christ's have crucified their flesh with its vices and their concupiscences."

1 THE Cross! the Cross! ye young men
Ye soldiers bound to grace's call! [all!
A league is signed 'twixt Heaven and you
In blood which shines on foreheads
That ev'ry sin ye'll shun and fly [true,
Soon as its plague-spot ye descry,
That pleasure ne'er with pleasing wile,
Nor pain, shall from your God beguile.

Chorus.
Praise to Jesus' love unending,
Praise to Him who died to save;
May His grace, through life extending,
Crown us in the strife we brave! } *Repeat.*

2 A palace bright and throne most fair,
A crownlet decked with jewels rare,
Are yours to hold and yours to win
In fight which now you wage with sin;
The battle-day will soon be o'er,
Your Lord hath trod the field before;
His faith your shield, His hope your helm,
No terror shall your souls o'erwhelm.
Chorus.—Praise to Jesus, &c.

3 Be chaste and gentle, kind and true,
Of word or deed have nought to rue;
Seek Mary's favour, Mary's love,
And live on earth with her above;
Through her your hearts to Jesus give,
And here in holy concord live,
Till of your home, that's ever nigh,
The gates unfold at death's last sigh.
Chorus.—Praise to Jesus, &c.

305. The Vow of the Soldiers of Christ is to Fight till Death.

Ecclus. iv. 33: "Strive for justice for thy soul, and even unto death fight for justice, and God will overthrow thy enemies for thee."

1 O GOD of armies, hear our vow,
And make our purpose strong;
We vow to fight for Thee till death,
Our hearts to Thee belong;
We'll never yield our souls to sin,
Nor do the tempter's will:
We'd rather die and forfeit all,
If we may love Thee still.

Chorus.

Then, warriors, on! come, battle for the Lord, [the sword
Resolved to fight, and never sheathe
Till God shall call us to our home above [and love.
And fill us with perpetual peace } *Repeat.*

2 We know how weak and frail we are,
We mourn our former sins;
Be Thou our strength, we trust in Thee,
Thy grace it is that wins. [Thee,
Beneath Thy banner we will fight,
Our banner, hope shall be,
Faith is our shield, and love our sword:
With these we'll come to Thee.
Chorus.—Then, warriors, on! &c.

3 We'll come to Thee, whoe'er withstands,
We'll come in spite of all;
We'll trample on the world and flesh,
The demons too shall fall:
For Thou art God, the Strong in war,
And we Thy warriors be,
Never shall sin usurp this earth,
This earth belongs to Thee.
Chorus.—Then, warriors, on! &c.

306. The Standard of the Soldiers of Christ is the Cross, and Jesus their Cry.

Luke ix. 23: "And He said to all: If any man will come after Me, let him deny himself, take up his cross daily, and follow Me."

1 ARM for deadly fight,
Earth and hell unite,
And swear in lasting bonds to bind us.
Raise the Cross on high,
Jesus is our cry,
With Jesus still the foe shall find us.

2 The accursed crew have lost their treasure,
That heavenly bliss that knows no measure,
And reckless now, with envy burning,
Their fury on our souls are turning.
Chorus.—Arm for deadly fight, &c.

3 The devil, flesh, and world combining,
Around our souls their snares are twining;
With proffered joys they seek to lure
O God! our only hope, secure us! [us!
Chorus.—Arm for deadly fight, &c.

4 Woe to the man in self confiding!
Woe to the man alone abiding!
Defeat his lot, and bonds unfailing,
Eternal death and endless wailing.
Chorus.—Arm for deadly fight, &c.

5 Thrice happy he who, heavenward turning, [burning,
Prays while he fights with ardour
Begs aid from those who here have striven, [Heaven.
And succour from the Queen of
Chorus.—Arm for deadly fight, &c.

6 Though crafty is the foe's contriving,
And ruthless his relentless striving,
On God, our hope, our strength, relying, [dying.
We'll pledge to Heaven our faith un-

Last Chorus.

When the strife is o'er,
We shall fear no more
The hatred of our foe infernal;
Strive while yet we may,
Strive but for a day.
The pain is short, the crown eternal.

307. The Watchword of the Soldiers of Christ is "For God and the Right!" and "For Mary, the Queen of Heaven!"

Heb. xii. 1: "And therefore we also having so great a crowd of witnesses over our head, laying aside every weight and sin which surrounds us, let us run by patience to the fight proposed to us: looking on Jesus the Author and Finisher of faith."

Chorus.

CHRISTIANS, to the war!
Gather from afar!
Hark! hark! the word is given;
Jesus bids us fight
"For God and the right,"
And for Mary, the Queen of Heaven!

1 Now first for thee, thou wicked world,
Puffed up with godless pomp and pageant,
Avenging grace to humble thee
Can make the weakest arm its agent.
Chorus.—Christians, to the war! &c.

2 And thou, dark fiend, six thousand years [ing,
The Bride of Christ in vain torment-
Shall find our hate and scorn of thee
Deep as thine own, and unrelenting.
Chorus.—Christians, to the war! &c.

3 Ah, Self! so oft forgiven, thou
Canst play no part but that of traitor;
We spare thy life, but thou must bear
The felon's brand, the captive's fetter.
Chorus.—Christians, to the war! &c.

4 But worse than devil, flesh, or world,
Human respect, like poison creeping,
Chills and unnerves the hosts of Christ, [sleeping.
When weary war-worn hearts are
Chorus.—Christians, to the war! &c.

5 Like lions roaring for their prey,
Armies of foes are round us trooping;
What then! see countless angels come
To heal the hurt, to raise the drooping.
Chorus.—Christians, to the war! &c.

6 Then bravely, comrades, to the fight,
With shout and song each other cheering;
Strength not our own from heaven descends,
The sun breaks out, the clouds are clearing.
Chorus.—Christians, to the war! &c.

7 On, to the gates of Sion, on!
Break through the foe with fresh endeavour;
We'll hang our colours up in heaven,
When peace shall be proclaimed for ever.
Chorus.—Christians, to the war! &c.

308. The Arms to be used by the Soldiers of Christ: A Medal blest, a Cross, and the Invocation of the Blessed Virgin Mary.

Apoc. iii. 11: "Behold, I come quickly: hold fast that which thou hast, that no man take thy crown."

1 Christ's soldier arise,
Stand up and fight,
In Mary's name,
In Mary's sight.

Chorus.

Come, take your stand,
The world is strong,
The foe at hand,
The battle long.

2 Yea, we have need
Of sword and shield;
The world is one
Great battlefield.
Chorus.—Come, &c.

3 What sword shall scare
The hostile camp?
A medal blest,
With Mary's stamp.
Chorus.—Come, &c.

4 What shield shall guard
Christ's soldier's breast?
The cross that on
His heart shall rest.
Chorus.—Come, &c.

5 See we have foes!
Without, within;
The devil tempts
To mortal sin.
Chorus.—Come, &c.

6 The devil tempts,
But Mary's eyes
Are on us now,
And Satan flies.
Chorus.—Come, &c.

7 See, Mary waves
Her spotless flag,
What coward in
The rear would lag?
Chorus.—Come, &c.

8 One shout, one prayer,
One effort more,
The day is ours,
Life's struggle o'er.

Chorus.
Come take your crown,
The world's undone,
The foes are fled,
The battle won.

309. The March of the Soldiers of Christ to Victory and Heaven.

1 Tim. vi. 12: "Fight the good fight of faith: lay hold on eternal life whereunto thou art called."

Chorus.
Let us march on to battle, to glory;
Let us move in the steps Jesus trod!
We shall gather the laurels of victory
And win a bright crown from our God.
(*Repeat last line.*)

1 Oh, why should we languish in slavery?
And why chained in irons be bound down,
When to reign with our God is our heritage,
To share in His glory our crown?
Chorus.—Let us march, &c.

2 Of Jesus, my King, I am brother;
Of God, my Creator, the son,
Nought created can fill my heart's yearning,
Nought satisfy, save God alone.
Chorus.—Let us march, &c.

3 The angels my throne are preparing
In the midst of God's splendours divine;
Bright crowns now, I see, they are weaving,
On the brows of the brave they shall shine.
Chorus.—Let us march, &c.

4 In advance let us unfurl before us
The Cross's brave banner on high;
Our march must be, "Forward to victory!"
And "Glory to Jesus" our cry.
Chorus.—Let us march, &c.

5 Then war be to Satan's proud spirit;
Then war to the flesh let us wage;
Then war to the world and its venom,
To our God all our hearts we engage.
Chorus.—Let us march, &c.

6 O heaven, O country most blessed!
For thee, may I live, may I die!
For thee, in the midst of earth's darkness,
For thee, till I breathe my last sigh!
Chorus.—Let us march, &c.

310. The Welcome of the Angels to the Brave Efforts of the Soldiers of Christ.

1 Cor. iv. 9: "We are made a spectacle to the world and to angels and to men."

1 Hark! hark! my soul, angelic songs are swelling
O'er earth's green fields, and ocean's wave-beat shore!
How sweet the truth, those blessed strains are telling,
Of that new life when sin shall be no more!

Chorus.
Angels of Jesus,
Angels of light,
Singing to welcome
The pilgrims of the night. } *Repeat*

2 Darker than night life's shadows fall around us,
And, like benighted men, we miss our mark;
God hides Himself, and grace hath scarcely found us,
Ere death finds out his victims in the dark.
Chorus.—Angels of Jesus, &c.

3 Onward we go, for still we hear them singing,
Come, weary souls! for Jesus bids you come!
And through the dark, its echoes sweetly ringing,
The music of the Gospel leads us home.
Chorus.—Angels of Jesus, &c.

4 Far, far away, like bells at evening pealing, [and sea,
The voice of Jesus sounds o'er land
And laden souls, by thousands meekly stealing, [steps to Thee.
Kind Shepherd, turn their weary
Chorus.—Angels of Jesus, &c.

5 Rest comes at length, though life be long and dreary, [night be past;
The day must dawn, and darksome
All journeys end in welcomes to the weary, [will come at last.
And heaven, the heart's true home,
Chorus.—Angels of Jesus, &c.

6 Cheer up, my soul, faith's moonbeams softly glisten [sea;
Upon the breast of life's most troubled
And it will cheer thy drooping heart to listen [mean for thee.
To those brave songs which angels
Chorus.—Angels of Jesus, &c.

7 Angels! sing on, your faithful watches keeping,
Sing us sweet fragments of the songs above,
While we toil on, and soothe ourselves with weeping,
Till life's long night shall break in endless love.

Chorus.
Angels of Jesus,
Angels of light,
Singing to welcome
The darkness of the night.

PART III.—CHARITY.

Charity is a divine virtue infused into our souls, by which we love God above all things, and our neighbours as ourselves, *for God's sake.*

Rom. v. 5: "The charity of God is poured forth in our hearts, by the Holy Ghost who is given to us."

By charity our souls are united to God in holy friendship (John xiv. 23, Apoc. iii. 20), and we become partakers of the divine nature (2 Pet. i. 4).

By charity we become the brethren of Christ and the members of His Body (1 Cor. vi. 15), the abodes of the most Holy Trinity, and the temples of the Holy Ghost (1 Cor. iii. 16).

By charity we are made the sons of God, and if sons, heirs also; heirs indeed of God and joint-heirs with Christ (Rom. viii. 17).

By charity we are made citizens of the city of the saints and members of God's household; from captives, free; from slaves, sons; from earthly, heavenly (Ephes. ii.).

By it we have put on Christ (Gal. iii. 27); we live in Christ, we die in Christ, we are buried in Christ, we shall rise with Christ, and reign in heaven together with Christ (Rom. vi.).

Charity is the most noble and perfect of *all* virtues—*their soul* and *their life.* Colos. iii. 14: "But above all these things have *charity*, which is the bond of perfection."

The law of holy charity is thus given by our Lord—Matt. xxii. 37: "*Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with thy whole heart, and with thy whole soul, and with thy whole mind.* 38: This is the greatest and the first commandment. 39: And the second is like to this: *Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself.* 40: On these two commandments dependeth the whole law and the prophets." And 1 Cor. xiii. 1: "If I speak with the tongues of men and angels, and have not charity, I am become as a sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal . . . I am nothing."

This most important part contains three different chapters of hymns:

I. Hymns on the Love of God and His Holy Will, and of our Neighbour.

II. Hymns on the Blessed Virgin, whom God has made exceedingly beautiful; whom He has loved more than all the angels and

men together, and who thereby deserves from us a very special praise, reverence, and love.

III. Hymns on the Angels and Saints, who are also the friends of God, adorned with His own beauty, admitted into His very presence, and who therefore deserve our praise, our reverence, and our love.

HYMNS ON THE LOVE OF GOD.

311. God alone Deserves our Love.

1 John vi. 16: "God is charity, and he that abideth in charity, abideth in God and God in him."
Mark xii. 30: "And thou shalt love the Lord thy God with thy whole heart, and with thy whole soul, and with thy whole mind, and with thy whole strength."
Ps. cxii. 5: "Who is as the Lord our God, who dwelleth on high?"

1 Let those who will for other beauties pine,
God, God alone my love shall ever be;
My God, my life, O loveliness divine,
Whom can I wish to love, and love not Thee?

2 Ah, could I now but live my life again,
In loving Him should be my sole content;
At least whate'er of life may yet remain
Shall all in loving God alone be spent.

3 Shall it not be, O loveliness divine?
Then if Thou will'st it so, give me mine,
Thy love;
I seek in vain to give Thee love of me,
Unless Thy hand first help me from above.

4 But more Thou lovest me than I love Thee;
I seek Thy love, but more Thou seekest mine;
Then Thou belongest even now to me,
And I shall all and evermore be Thine.

312. God alone is our Treasure, our Comfort, our Peace, and our Love.

Ps. cxliv. 9: "The Lord is sweet to all, and His tender mercies are over all His works."
Ps. xxxiii. 9: "Oh taste and see that the Lord is sweet."

1 On earth there is one only good for me,
And it is God, my every treasure He;
'Tis God, and God alone, that can impart
The balm of comfort to the troubled heart.
In Him it finds true pleasure,
And joys that know no measure;
Then spurning earth, let this my watchword be,
Lord! I am Thine, my love is all for Thee!

2 God hath a charm to solace every pain,
And aiding powers each weakness to sustain,
And true to Him, though storms o'ercloud the way,
The just man turns and finds a guiding ray.
Wouldst Thou rejoice, possessing
The first, last, only blessing?
Then, then, henceforth, thy cry of fealty be,
Lord! I am Thine, my love is all for Thee!

3 Oh say, what care can cloud the tranquil breast,
Which God has taught to place in Him its rest;
How can that heart feel trouble or alarm,
That finds a shield in God's protecting arm?
Then, then, with fond devotion,
Till death shall still life's motion,
Let this our cry of joyous triumph be,
Lord! we are Thine, our love is all for Thee!

313. An Act of Perfect Love of God.

Rom. viii. 35: "Who shall separate us from the love of Christ? . . . I am sure that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, . . . nor any other creature shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord."

Hymn of St. Francis Xavier.

1 My God, I love Thee, not because
I hope for heaven thereby;
Nor because they who love Thee not,
Must burn eternally.

Chorus.

E'en so I love Thee, and will love,
And in Thy praise will sing;
Solely because Thou art my God,
And my Eternal King.

2 Thou, O my Jesus, Thou didst me
Upon the Cross embrace;
For me didst bear the nails and spear,
And manifold disgrace.
Chorus.—E'en so I love Thee, &c.

3 And griefs and torments numberless,
And sweat of agony;
E'en death itself, and all for one
Who was Thine enemy.
Chorus.—E'en so I love Thee, &c.

4 Then why, O blessed Jesu Christ,
Should I not love Thee well?
Not for the sake of winning heaven,
Or of escaping hell.
Chorus.—E'en so I love Thee, &c.

5 Not with the hope of gaining aught,
Not seeking a reward;
But, as Thyself hast loved me,
O ever-loving Lord!
Chorus.—E'en so I love Thee, &c.

314. An Act of Perfect Abandonment of Oneself to God.

1 John iv. 19: "Let us therefore love God, because God first hath loved us."

Hymn of St. Ignatius.

1 I love Thee, O Thou Lord most high,
Because Thou first hast lovèd me;
I seek no other liberty
But that of being bound to Thee.

Chorus.

My God, I here protest to Thee
No other will I have than Thine;
Whatever Thou hast giv'n to me
I here again to Thee resign.

2 May memory no thought suggest
But shall to Thy pure glory tend;
My understanding find no rest
Except in Thee, its only end.
Chorus.—My God, I here, &c.

3 All mine is Thine; say but the word,
Whate'er Thou willest shall be done;
I know Thy love, all-gracious Lord;
I know it seeks my good alone.
Chorus.—My God, I here, &c.

4 Apart from Thee all things are nought:
Then grant, O my supremest Bliss,
Grant me to love Thee as I ought;
Thou givest all in giving this.
Chorus.—My God, I here, &c.

HYMNS ON THE LOVE WE OWE TO THE WILL OF GOD.

315. If we love God we will love His Holy Will.

Ps. i. 1: "Blessed is the man . . . whose will is in the law of God."
John xiv. 15: "If you love Me, keep My commandments."

1 'Tis Thy good pleasure, not my own,
In Thee, my God, I love alone;
And nothing I desire of Thee
But what Thy goodness wills for me.
O will of God, O will divine,
All, all our love be ever Thine.

2 In love no rival canst Thou bear,
But Thou art full of tenderest care;
And fire and sweetness all divine
To hearts which once are wholly Thine.
O will of God, &c.

3 In Thee all pure affections live,
To love Thou dost perfection give;
While ever burning with desires
The loving soul to Thee aspires.
O will of God, &c.

4 Thou makest crosses soft and light,
And death itself seem sweet and bright;
No cross nor fear that soul dismays
Whose will to Thee united stays.
O will of God, &c.

5 To Thee I consecrate and give
My heart and being while I live;
Jesus, Thy heart alone shall be
My love for all eternity.
O will of God, &c.

6 Alike in pleasure and in pain
To please Thee is my joy and gain;
That, O my Love, which pleases Thee
Shall evermore seem best to me.
May heaven and earth with love fulfil,
My God, Thy ever-blessèd will!

316. An Act of Perfect Resignation to God's Holy Will.

1 John iii. 18: "My little children, let us not love in word nor in tongue, but in deed and in truth."

1 My Lord, my God, what willest Thou?
Thy blessèd will is mine;
To life and death, whate'er Thou wilt,
My heart shall not repine.
Wilt Thou that I shall live, my Lord?
To live, then, is my will,
And every breath and every pulse
Of life shall praise Thee still.

2 Or wilt Thou that I die, my Lord?
My will is still the same;
In life or death, in grief or joy,
I'll praise Thy blessèd name.
I have no will but Thine, my Lord;
'Tis bliss no tongue can tell,
To rest in Thee, and ever feel
That Thou dost all things well.

HYMNS ON THE LOVE WE OWE TO OUR NEIGHBOUR.

317. If we truly love God we will love our Neighbour, and be Kindhearted to all, even to Sinners.

1 John iv. 21: "This commandment we have from God, that he, who loveth God, love also his brother."—20: "If any man say, I love God, and hateth his brother: he is a liar."—12: "If we love one another, God abideth in us, and His charity is perfected in us."

1 O God, whose thoughts are brightest light,
Whose love always runs clear,
To whose kind wisdom sinning souls
Amidst their sins are dear!

2 Sweeten my bitter-thoughted heart
With charity like Thine,
Till self shall be the only spot
On earth which does not shine.

3 Hard-heartedness dwells not with souls drawn;
Round whom Thine arms are
And dark thoughts fade away in grace,
Like cloud-spots in the dawn.

4 Yes, they have caught the way of God,
To whom self lies displayed
In such clear vision as to cast
O'er others' faults a shade.

5 Then mercy, Lord, more mercy still,
Make me all light within,
Self-hating and compassionate,
And blind to others' sin.

6 I need Thy mercy for my sin;
But more than this I need,
Thy mercy's likeness in my soul
For others' sins to bleed.

7 'Tis not enough to weep my sins;
'Tis but one step to heaven;
When I am kind to others, then
I know myself forgiven.

8 All bitterness is from ourselves,
All sweetness is from Thee;
Sweet God, for evermore be Thou
Fountain and fire in me!

HYMN ON FORGIVENESS OF INJURIES.

318. If we truly love God, we will love our Enemies and Forgive all that which has been done against us.

Matt. v. 44: "But I say to you, Love your enemies."
Matt. vi. 14: "If you will forgive men their offences, your Heavenly Father will forgive you your offences."

1 Oh, do you hear that voice from heaven,—
Forgive, and you shall be forgiven?
No angel hath a voice like this;
Not even Mary's song of bliss
From off her throne can waft to earth
A promise of such priceless worth.

2 Again the music comes from heaven,
Forgive, and you shall be forgiven,
Softly on every wind that blows [goes,
Through the wide earth the promise
Absolving sin and opening heaven,
For we forgive and are forgiven!

3 Yes, we, dear Lord! Thy voice can tell;
That gentle voice, we know it well;
Yet never was it sweet and clear
As now when we this promise hear,—
Poor souls! who sadly doubt of heaven,
Forgive, and you shall be forgiven.

4 Sweet faith! and can this pledge be [true?
And is the duty hard to do?
No one, dear Lord! hath done to me
Such wrong as I have done to Thee!
Why should not all men go to heaven?
They who forgive will be forgiven!

5 Then listen to us, Jesus, Lord!
See how we take Thee at Thy word:
Oh, as we hope with Thee to live,
So from our hearts do we forgive;
And from this hour we do not know
The thought, the thing men mean by foe!

6 Yes! saved and saints we all will be;
All of us, Lord, will come to Thee!
Dear Heaven, the work for thee is done,—
How easily, how sweetly won!
Yes! thou art ours, eternal Heaven!
For we forgave, and are forgiven.

HYMNS IN HONOUR OF THE MOST BLESSED VIRGIN MARY.

In order to appreciate the devotion, the reverence and love we owe to our Lady, we should consider:—

1st. That in becoming Mother of God, Mary, though remaining a creature, has been raised by the Most Holy Trinity to a dignity altogether unequalled: Mary is the Mother of Jesus Christ; Jesus Christ is God; Mary is therefore the Mother of God.

Now, surely, the Almighty could create thousands of worlds larger and better than those He has made; yet a creature more elevated, more sublime, than the Mother of God He could not create.

Mary is, therefore, like a world apart—a world as there can be none other: infinitely under God, because she remains a creature; yet she is, as it were, infinitely above all the angels and saints; she is the mother, they are the servants; she is the queen, because the Mother of the King, they are only

the subjects; she therefore, so to speak, infinitely exceeds them in beauty, in dignity, and in power.

2d. But another great feature of Mary's relations towards us is, that whatever she possesses from God has been given her also for our sakes; and that she, although the Mother of God, yet is also our mother.

She is our mother, not only because Christ is our Father, and therefore His mother must needs be our mother, but also because it is the will of Christ—His last will on Calvary; and Mary is, indeed, the last and the sweetest gift He bestowed on those for whom He had even shed His own blood.

What praise, then, what honour, what love, what confidence can we bestow upon Mary that could in any way equal what she deserves, and that which the Almighty Himself has conferred and will confer on her for all eternity? Let us therefore do all we can to praise, to love, and to reverence her after the example of Jesus Christ and of all the angels and saints upon earth and in heaven.

All the hymns in honour of our Lady are divided into seven sections:—

I. Our Lady's wonderful privileges and feasts.
II. The praises of our Lady.
III. Confidence in her intercession to God for us.
IV. Hymns of filial devoted love to our Lady.
V. Prayers, invocations, and supplications to Mary in our manifold necessities.
VI. Acts of dedication and consecration of self to Mary.
VII. The special devotions of the Church in her honour.

SECTION I.—OUR LADY'S WONDERFUL PRIVILEGES AND FEASTS.

I.—OUR LADY'S IMMACULATE CONCEPTION.

319. The Chorus of the Cherubim at the Announcement of the Incarnation of our Lord and the Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin.

Apoc. xii. 1: "And a great sign appeared in heaven: a woman clothed with the sun, and the moon under her feet, and on her head a crown of twelve stars."

1 "AH! can it be, that God should deign
Like men to be of sinners born,
From those on whom His curse hath lain,
The creatures of a world forlorn?

Chorus.

"Our God is great, our God is high,—yes, high!
His praise is heard above the sky!
Nor may there aught of sin draw nigh,—not nigh!
To where His sovereign might—
His sovereign might doth lie."

2 Thus spoke the gazing cherubim,
When first they heard the law of love;
When first they saw in vision dim,
The work of the descending Dove.

Chorus.—Our God is great, &c.

3 Yet lovingly they paused, amazed,
And owned themselves as creatures frail,
The wisdom of their God they praised,
Whose love, whose bounty, could not fail.

Chorus.—Our God is great, &c.

4 Then to the heavenly host there came
A message of peculiar grace:
"A woman without sin proclaim
Sole parent of a heavenly race."

Chorus.—Our God is great, &c.

5 The joyful sound is heard on high,
For She whose being now is sung,
To God Himself is very nigh,
As Mother, praised by every tongue.
Chorus.—Our God is great, &c.

6 The Word Eternal, heaven's great Lord,
Will own her by that title blest,
And heaven's glad hosts in sweet accord
Will learn submissive her behest.
Chorus.—Our God is great, &c.

7 Yes, Virgin Queen, Immaculate,
Our tongues, our thoughts, are all too frail
To tell the greatness of thy state,
And all thy glory to detail.
Chorus.—Our God is great, &c.

8 Yet fearlessly we may thee bless,
For childhood's weakness thou canst own,
Since, Pure One! 'twas by lowliness
Thou cam'st to God's eternal throne.
Chorus.—Our God is great, &c.

320. Alone, of all the Children of Adam, Mary was conceived Immaculate.

Cant. ii. 2: "As the lily among thorns, so is My Love among the daughters."
Cant. vi. 8: "My perfect One is but one. . . . The daughters saw her, and declared her most blessed."

1 HAIL! Mary, only sinless child
Of guilty Adam's fallen race,
Conceived all pure and undefiled,
Through thy dear Lord's preventing grace.

2 He would not have the blight of sin
A moment rest thy soul upon,
For pure without and pure within
Must be the Mother of His Son.

3 No haughty fiend might boast that he
One moment held thee in his snare,
Who of the dread Divinity
Wert destined for the Temple fair.

4 Thus thou wert sinless in thy birth,
And sinless after as before,—
The only creature of this earth
Whom sin ne'er cast its shadow o'er.

5 O sweetest lily! all untorn,
Though nursed the thorns of earth among,
To thee we sigh, to thee we mourn,
To thee we lift our suppliant song.

6 From Satan's snare preserve us free,
And keep us safe from earthly stain,
That in this world we pure may be,
And in the next may see thee reign.

321. Mary was conceived Immaculate! What a Joy for the faithful Children of God!

Gen. iii. 14: "And the Lord God said to the serpent, I will put enmities between thee and the woman, and thy seed and her Seed: she shall crush thy head."

1 O MOTHER, I could weep for mirth,
Joy fills my heart so fast;
My soul to-day is heaven on earth,
Oh could the transport last!

Chorus.
I think of thee, and what thou art,
Thy majesty, thy state;
And I keep singing in my heart—
Immaculate! Immaculate!

2 When Jesus looks upon thy face,
His heart with rapture glows,
And in the Church, by His sweet grace,
Thy blessed worship grows.
Chorus.—I think of thee, &c.

3 The angels answer with their songs,
Bright choirs in gleaming rows;
And saints flock round thy feet in throngs,
And heaven with bliss o'erflows.
Chorus.—I think of thee, &c.

4 Conceived, conceived Immaculate!
Oh what a joy for thee!
Conceived, conceived Immaculate!
Oh greater joy for me!
Chorus.—I think of thee, &c.

5 It is this thought to-day that lifts
My happy heart to heaven,
That for our sakes thy choicest gifts
To thee, dear Queen, were given.
Chorus.—I think of thee, &c.

6 Oh, blessed be the Eternal Son
Who joys to call thee Mother;
And lets poor men, by sin undone,
For thy sake call Him brother.
Chorus.—I think of thee, &c.

"*Blessed be the Holy and Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin Mary.*"
Three hundred days' indulgence each time.

322. The Feast of the Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin.

Cant. iv. 7: "Thou art all fair, O my beloved, and there is not a spot in thee."

1 The day, the happy day, is dawning,
The glorious feast of Mary's chiefest praise,
That brightens like a second morning
The clouded evening of these latter days.
Oh, every clime, oh, every nation,
Praise, praise the God of our salvation.

2 High up the realm of angels ringeth
With hymns of triumph to its mortal Queen, [singeth
While earth its song of welcome
In every shady grove and valley green.
Chorus.—Oh, every clime, &c.

3 Immaculate! O dear exemption,
A spotless soul for God entire and free,
Redeemed with such a choice redemption, [praise with thee.
Angel nor saint can share the
Chorus.—Oh, every clime, &c.

4 O Virgin, brighter than the brightest
'Mid all the beauteous throngs that shine above;
O Maiden, whiter than the whitest
Of lily-flowers in Eden's sacred grove.
Chorus.—Oh, every clime, &c.

5 Chief miracle of God's compassion,
Choice mirror of His burning holiness,
Whose heart His mercy deigned to fashion
Far more than Eva's ruin to redress.
Chorus.—Oh, every clime, &c.

6 See Mary comes! Oh! jubilation,
She comes with love to cheer a guilty race:
Oh, triumph, triumph all creation,
O Christians, triumph in redeeming grace.
Chorus.—Oh, every clime, &c.

323. Another Hymn for the Feast of our Lady's Immaculate Conception.

"The Mother of God is altogether immaculate, and in every way innocent and pure."—*Liturgy of St. James the Apostle.*

1 O Mother, welcome is the feast
Which gladdens us to-day,
And sheds o'er earth's lone wilderness
A bright celestial ray.
Our trust, our joy, shall be in thee,
For hope shines from thy purity,
Bright Star Immaculate.

2 E'en now the hosts of angels keep
High festival above,
And heaven's saints o'erflow with joy,
And sing glad songs of love.
List to the swell of rapture's song,
List! as they greet in countless throng,
Their Queen Immaculate.

3 O Christians, join with joyous heart
The universal praise,
Let every son of earth to God
A grateful tribute raise;
For one fair flower still doth bloom,
Untouched by Eden's hapless doom,
Fair and Immaculate.

4 Sweet Mother, though 'tis grief to live
And pine 'mid sin's dark night,
Yet what a joy to gaze on thee
All wreathed in sinless light.
Our refuge 'mid the wintry gloom,
Joy of the saint's and sinner's home,
O Heart Immaculate.

5 Oh, sinless from creation's hour,
All innocent and blest,
A haven 'mid a sea of sin,
Where Jesus' Heart could rest;
E'en the great God of heaven above
Could dwell within that ark of love,
And home Immaculate.

6 Bright Queen of Heaven, and Hope of Earth,
Disperse the thickening gloom,
Break down our foes' malignant power,
And shine on mighty Rome.
Oh, bless our Holy Father now,
Who wrote thy title on thy brow,
Thy name Immaculate.

II.—Our Lady's Nativity.

324. The Angels' Birthday Song to Mary.

"Thy nativity, O Virgin Mother of God, gives joy to the whole world, because from thee shall rise the Sun of Justice, Christ our Lord."—*The Church.*
Cant. iii. 6: "Who is she that goeth up by the desert, as a pillar of smoke of aromatical spices, of myrrh and frankincense?"

1 Hail to the Flower of grace divine!
Heiress, hail of David's line!
Hail Redemption's heroine!
Hail to the Virgin pre-elect!
Hail to the work without defect
Of the supernal Architect!

2 Hail to her ordained of old
Deep in enmities untold,
Ere the blue waves of ocean rolled,
Ere the primordial founts had sprung,
Ere in ether the globe was hung,
Ere the morning stars had sung!

3 Welcome the beatific morn
When the mother of life was born,
Whom all lovely gifts adorn!
What a thrill of ecstatic mirth [earth,
Danced along through heaven and
At the tidings of Mary's birth!

4 How was hell to its centre stirred!
How sang Hades when it heard
Of her coming, so long deferred!
Happy, happy, the angel band
Chosen by Mary's side to stand
As her defence on either hand!

5 Safe beneath their viewless wings
Mother-elect of the King of kings,
Fear no harm from hurtful things!
What though Eden vanished be,
More than Eden we find in thee!
Thou our joy and jubilee!

325. How Beautiful and Glorious is Mary at Her very Birth.

Cant. vi. 9: "Who is she that cometh forth as the morning rising, fair as the moon, bright as the sun, terrible as an army set in array?"

1 Sweet morn! thou parent of the sun,
And daughter of the same!
What joy and gladness, through thy birth,
This day to mortals came!

Chorus.
Dear Mother, pray for us that He
Who came through thee of yore,
May come to dwell within our hearts,
And never quit us more.

2 Clothed in the sun, I see thee stand,
The moon beneath thy feet;
The stars above thy sacred head
A radiant coronet.
Chorus.—Dear Mother, &c.

3 Thrones and dominions gird thee [round,
The armies of the sky,
Pure streams of glory from thee flow,
All bathed in Deity!
Chorus.—Dear Mother, &c.

4 Terrific as the bannered line
Of battle's dread array,
Before thee tremble hell and death,
And own thy potent sway.
Chorus.—Dear Mother, &c.

5 While crushed beneath thy dauntless foot,
The serpent writhes in vain:
Smote by a deadly stroke, and bound
In an eternal chain.
Chorus.—Dear Mother, &c.

III.—Our Lady's Holy Name.

326. How Sweet!

Luke i. 27: "And the Virgin's name was Mary."
Cant. i. 2: "Thy name is as oil poured out."

1 Mary! how sweetly falls that word
On my enraptured ear!
Oft do I breathe in accents low,
That sound when none are near.
Chorus.
Sing, O my lips, and loudly proclaim,
O Mary, how sweet is thy name.

2 Sweet as the warbling of a bird,
Sweet as a mother's voice,
So sweet to me is that dear name,
It makes my soul rejoice.
Chorus.—Sing, O my lips, &c.

3 Bright as the glittering stars appear,
Bright as the moonbeams shine,
So bright in my mind's eye is seen
Thy loveliness divine!
Chorus.—Sing, O my lips, &c.

4 Through thee I offer my requests;
And when my prayer is done,
In ecstasy sublime I see
Thee seated near thy Son.
Chorus.—Sing, O my lips, &c.

327. How Powerful!

"The name of Mary is a tower of strength, which saves sinners from punishment, and defends the just from the assaults of hell."—*St. Laurence Justinian.*

1 Mother Mary, Queen most sweet,
Joy and love my heart inflame;
Gladly shall my lips repeat
Every moment thy dear name.
Ah! that name to God so dear
Has my heart and soul enslaved;
Like a seal it shall appear
Deep on heart and soul engraved.

2 When the morning gilds the skies
I will call on Mary's name;
When as evening twilight dies,
Mary! still will I exclaim.
Sweetest Mary, bend thine ear,
Thou my own dear Mother art;
Therefore shall thy name so dear
Never from my lips depart.

3 If my soul is sore oppresst
By a load of anxious care,
Peace once more will fill my breast
When thy name re-echoes there.
Waves of doubt disturb my peace,
And my heart is faint with fear;
At thy name the billows cease,
All my terrors disappear.

4 When the demon hosts invade,
When temptation rages high,
Crying, "Mary, Mother, aid!"
I will make the tempter fly.
This shall be my comfort sweet,
When the hand of death is nigh,
Mary! Mary! to repeat
Once again,—and then to die.

IV.—Our Lady's Presentation.

328. How Acceptable to God was Mary's Heart on the Day of her Presentation.

Ps. xliv. 11: "Hearken, O daughter, and see, and incline thy ear, and forget thy people and thy father's house."

1 Day breaks on temple-roofs and towers;
The city sleeps, the palms are still;
The fairest far of earth's fair flowers
Mount Sion's sacred hill.

Chorus.
O Maiden most Immaculate!
Make me to choose thy better part;
And give my Lord, with love as great,
An undivided heart.

2 O wondrous Babe! O child of grace!
The Holy Trinity's delight!
Sweetly renewing man's lost race,
How fair thou art, how bright!
Chorus.—O Maiden, &c.

3 Not all the vast angelic choirs
That worship round the eternal throne,
With all their love can match the fires
Of thy one heart alone.
Chorus.—O Maiden, &c.

4 Not only was thy heart above
All heaven and earth could e'er attain,—
Thou gavest it with so much love,
'Twas worth as much again.
Chorus.—O Maiden, &c.

5 Would that my heart, dear Lord, were true,
Royal and undefiled and whole,
Like hers from whom Thy sweet love took
The Blood to save my soul.
Chorus.—O Maiden, &c.

6 If here our hearts grudge aught to Thee,
In that bright land beyond the grave,
We'll worship Thee with souls set free,
And give as Mary gave.
Chorus.—O Maiden, &c.

V.—Our Lady's Annunciation.

329. Exceeding Humility and Beauty of Mary at her Annunciation.—Hail, Full of Grace!

Luke i. 28: "And the Angel said unto her, Hail, full of grace, the Lord is with thee: Blessed art thou among women."

1 The day is o'er, the moon serenely beaming
In silver light hath field and forest dressed—
A thousand twinkling stars are gently gleaming—
The world is hushed and all is laid to rest.
Hail, full of grace! hail, full of grace!

2 Save one, who wakeful in her lonely dwelling,—
Of Juda born, a stem of Jesse's rod,—
A Virgin pure, all others far excelling,
Uplifts her heart in tranquil prayer to God!
Hail, full of grace! hail, full of grace!

3 The while she prays, behold the silence broken;
She starts—a look of fear o'erspreads her face;
She hears—till then to mortal ears unspoken—
Those words of love: Hail, Mary, full of grace!
Hail, full of grace! hail, full of grace!

4 Fear not, the Lord is with thee, thou art chosen
The Virgin Mother of thy God to be,
And many a heart in sin and guilt now frozen
Shall melt beneath the Sunbeam born of thee.
Hail, full of grace! hail, full of grace!

5 O Spouse of God, O Queen of earth and heaven!
O. Holy Mother of the Incarnate Word!
In marked accents was thy answer given: [Lord.
Behold the willing handmaid of the
Hail, full of grace! hail, full of grace!

VI.—Our Lady's Divine Maternity.

330. How the Incarnation of Jesus manifests the Greatness of His Mother.

Luke i. 31: "Behold thou shalt conceive in thy womb, and shalt bring forth a Son, and thou shalt call His name Jesus."

1 The Lord, whom earth and air and sea,
With one adoring voice resound—
Who rules them all in majesty,
In Mary's heart a cloister found.
Lo! in an humble Virgin's womb,
O'ershadowed by Almighty power;
He whom the stars, and sun and moon,
Each serve in their appointed hour.

2 O Mother blest! to whom was given,
Within thy compass to contain
The Architect of earth and heaven,
Whose hands the universe sustain;
To thee was sent an Angel down;
In thee the Spirit was enshrined;
From thee came forth that mighty One,
The long-desired of mankind.

3 O Queen of all the virgin choir!
Enthroned above the starry sky,
Who with thy bosom's milk didst feed
Thy own Creator Lord most high!
What man had lost in hapless Eve
Thy sacred womb to man restores;
Thou to the wretched here beneath
Hast opened heaven's eternal doors.

4 Hail, O refulgent Hall of Light!
Hail, Gate August of Heaven's high King,
Through the redeemed to endless life,
Thy praise let all the nation sing.
O Jesu! born of Virgin bright,
Immortal glory be to Thee;
Praise to the Father infinite,
And Holy Ghost eternally.

VII.—Our Lady's Visitation.

331. The Burning Charity which Pressed Our Lady to Visit her Cousin.

Luke i. 41: "When Elizabeth heard the salutation of Mary, the infant leaped in her womb, and Elizabeth was filled with the Holy Ghost."

1 Whither thus, in holy rapture,
Royal maiden, art thou bent?
Why so fleetly art thou speeding
Up the mountain's rough ascent?

2 Filled with the Eternal Godhead!
Glowing with the Spirit's flame!
Love it is that bears thee onward,
And supports thy tender frame.

3 Lo! thine aged cousin claims thee,
Claims thy sympathy and care;
God her shame from her hath taken,
He hath heard her fervent prayer.

4 Blessed mothers! joyful meeting!
Thou in her, the hand of God,
She in Thee, with lips inspired,
Owns the Mother of her Lord.

5 As the sun his face concealing
In a cloud withdraws from sight,
So in Mary then lay hidden
He who is the world's true light.

VIII.—Our Lady's Expectation.

332. With what Rapturous Delight and Ardent Yearnings did Mary await the Birth of Jesus.

Galat. iv. 4: "When the fulness of the time was come, God sent His Son made of a woman."

1 Like the dawning of the morning,
On the mountain's golden heights,
Like the breaking of the moonbeams
On the gloom of cloudy nights,
Like a secret told by angels,
Getting known upon the earth,
Is the Mother's expectation
Of Messiah's speedy birth!

2 Thou wert happy, blessed Mother,
With the very bliss of heaven,
Since the angel's salutation
In thy raptured ear was given;
Since the Ave of that midnight,
When thou wert anointed Queen,
Like a river overflowing
Hath the grace within thee been.

3 And what wonders have been in thee
All the day and all the night,
While the angels fell before thee,
To adore the Light of light,
While the glory of the Father
Hath been in thee as a home,
And the sceptre of creation
Hath been wielded in thy womb?

4 Thou hast waited, child of David!
And thy waiting now is o'er!
Thou hast seen Him, blessed Mother!
And wilt see Him evermore!
Oh, His human face and features,
They were passing sweet to see:
Thou beholdest them this moment;
Mother, show them now to me!

IX.—Our Lady after the Birth of Christ.

333. The Stabat Mater of the Crib for Christmas.

Luke ii. 7: "And she brought forth her first-born . . . and wrapped Him up in swaddling clothes, and laid Him up in a manger."

1 Stands that Mother more than beauteous
Where her blessed Child is laid,
In that stable by that manger
Stands that raptured Mother-Maid.

Chorus.

How her virgin-soul is swelling,
Thrilling with unearthly bliss!
She hath seen Him, she hath heard
She has felt His infant kiss. [Him,
How she sings with joy ecstatic,—
Sings the pure and undefiled,
Stainless, spotless Mother-Virgin,—
Mother of the only Child.

2 Who can choose but share her rapture,
As she clasps Him to her breast,
Playing now in childlike beauty,
Sleeping now in peaceful rest!
Chorus.—How her virgin-soul, &c.

3 For our sins, and for His nation,
See the little Jesus lies
In the stable, with the oxen,
Tears are in His infant eyes.
Chorus.—How her virgin-soul, &c.

4 Stands the holy peaceful Joseph,
With that spotless virgin flower;
Speechless in their holy rapture,
Speechless at that midnight hour.
Chorus.—How her virgin-soul, &c.

5 Virgin of all virgins purest,
Spotless, stainless, undefiled,
Give me in my arms to clasp Him—
Let me kiss thy blessed Child.
Chorus.—How her virgin-soul, &c.

6 Let my soul be lost in loving
Him, who dying, gives us life;
Who is born this blessed morning,
Peace to bring to banish strife.
Chorus.—How her virgin-soul, &c.

7 And when dying let me see Him,
Let me clasp Him to my breast;
Loving living, loving dying,
Thus to go to endless rest.
Chorus.—How her virgin-soul, &c.

X.—Our Lady's Purification.

334. How Beautiful and Lovely in her Meek Obedience was Mary, carrying in her Arms the Light of the World—the Infant Christ.

Luke ii. 22: "And after the days of her purification according to the law of Moses were accomplished, they carried Him to Jerusalem, to present Him to the Lord."

1 Joy! joy! the Mother comes,
And in her arms she brings
The Light of all the world,
The Christ, the King of kings;
And in her heart the while
All silently she sings.

Chorus.
Then to that Mother now
All rightful worship be!
For thou hast ransomed Him
Who first did ransom thee;
Oh, with thy Mother's tongue
Pray Him to ransom me!

2 Saint Joseph follows near,
In rapture lost and love,
While angels round about
In glowing circles move,
And o'er the Mother broods
The everlasting Dove.
Chorus.—Then to that, &c.

3 There in the temple-court
Old Simeon's heart beats high,
And Anna feeds her soul
With food of prophecy;
But, see! the shadows pass,
The world's true Light draws nigh.
Chorus.—Then to that, &c.

4 Ah! with what thrills of awe
The Mother's heart is teeming,
To think the new-born Light,
That o'er the world is streaming,
At His own Mother's hands
Should stoop to need redeeming!
Chorus.—Then to that, &c.

5 O infant God! O Christ!
O Light most beautiful!
Thou comest, Joy of joys!
All darkness to annul;
And brightest lights of earth
Beside Thy light are dull.
Chorus.—Then to that, &c.

XI.—Our Lady's Sorrows.

335. Deep as an Ocean was Mary's Grief. 336

Luke ii. 35: "And thy own soul a sword shall pierce."
Lament. i. 2: "Weeping she hath wept in the night, and her tears are on her cheeks; there is none to comfort her among all them that were dear to her."

SEVEN DOLOURS. (THIRD SUNDAY IN SEPTEMBER.)

1 O quot undis lacrymarum,
Quo dolore volvitur,
Luctuosa de cruento
Dum refulsum stipite,
Cernit ulnis incubantem
Virgo mater filium.

2 Os suave, mite pectus,
Et latus dulcissimum,
Dexteramque vulneratam,
Et sinistram sauciam,
Et rubras cruore plantas
Ægra tingit lacrymis.

1 What a sea of tears and sorrows
Did the soul of Mary toss
To and fro upon its billows,
While she wept her bitter loss;
In her arms her Jesus holding,
Torn but newly from the Cross!

2 Oh that mournful Virgin Mother!
See her tears how fast they flow
Down upon His mangled body,
Wounded side, and thorny brow;
While His hands and feet she kisses,—
Picture of immortal woe!

3 Centiesque, milliesque
Siringit arctis nexibus
Pectus illud et lacertos,
Illa figit vulnera,
Sicque tota colliquescit
In doloris osculis.

4 Eia, Mater, obsecramus
Per tuas has lacrymas,
Filiique triste funus,
Vulnerumque purpuram,
Hunc tui cordis dolorem
Conde nostris cordibus.

5 Esto Patri, Filioque,
Et Cœvo Flamini;
Esto summæ Trinitati
Sempiterna gloria;
Et perennis laus honorque,
Hoc et omni sæculo.
Amen.

3 Oft and oft His arms and bosom
Fondly straining to her own;
Oft her pallid lips imprinting
On each wound of her dear Son,
Till at last, in swoons of anguish,
Sense and consciousness are gone.

4 Gentle Mother, we beseech thee,
By thy tears and trouble sore;
By the death of thy dear Offspring;
By the bloody wounds He bore;
Touch our hearts with that true sorrow
Which afflicted thee of yore.

5 To the Father everlasting,
And the Son, who reigns on high,
With the coeternal Spirit,
Trinity in Unity,
Be salvation, honour, blessing,
Now and through eternity.
Amen.

FIRST AND SECOND VESPERS.

V. Regina martyrum, ora pro nobis.
R. Quæ juxta crucem Jesu constitisti.

V. Queen of martyrs, pray for us.
R. Who didst stand by the cross of Christ.

XII.—Our Lady's Compassion.

337. The Foot of the Cross.

John xix. 26: "He saith to His Mother: Woman, behold thy son. After that, He saith to the disciple: Behold thy mother."

1 Called to my dying Saviour's feet,
What patron of His Cross so meet
As Thou, whom thence He deigned to greet,
My Mother!

2 Sorrow with sorrow loves to dwell,
Mourners their tale to mourners tell;
Who loves the Cross should love thee well,
My Mother!

3 Who loves the Cross from sin will flee,
And seek on Calvary to be
With Magdalene, and John and thee,
My Mother!

4 How couldst thou see thy Son Divine,
His head in agony incline?
Was ever anguish like to thine,
My Mother!

5 How couldst thou hear in patient mood
The fierce and frantic multitude,
Fling on His ear its taunting rude,
My Mother!

6 And think how once thine arms around
His infant form in rapture wound,
When all thy hopes with bliss were crowned,
My Mother!

7 Ah! couldst thou fain forget the past,
Nor with its memories contrast
This woe—the worst, but not the last,
My Mother!

8 The crib where first He drew His breath,
The deep repose of Nazareth,
Oh! how unlike this bitter death,
My Mother!

9 Not from soft couch or gorgeous throne,
But from His bed of suffering lone,
Did Jesus give thee to His own,
My Mother!

10 When wave on wave of sorrow rolled,
'Twas then our loving Lord consoled
His mourning son, and said, "Behold
Thy Mother!"

338. Our Lady's Claims on our Compassion.

Lament. i. 12: "O all ye that pass by the way attend, and see if there be any sorrow like to my sorrow."

1 O MOTHER! most afflicted,
Standing beneath that tree,
Where Jesus hangs rejected
On the hill of Calvary.

Chorus.
O Mary, sweetest Mother!
We love to pity thee,
Oh! for the sake of Jesus
Let us thy children be.

2 Thy heart is well-nigh breaking,
Thy Jesus thus to see,
Derided, wounded, dying,
In greatest agony.
Chorus.—O Mary, &c.

3 His livid form is bleeding,
His soul with sorrow wrung,
Whilst thou, afflicted Mother,
Shar'st the torments of thy Son.
Chorus.—O Mary! &c.

4 O Mary, Queen of martyrs!
The sword has pierced thy heart;
Obtain for us of Jesus
In thy grief to share a part.
Chorus.—O Mary! &c.

5 O dear and loving Mother,
Entreat that we may be
Near to thee and thy dear Jesus
Now and eternally.
Chorus.—O Mary! &c.

339. Our Lady, the Rose of the Cross.

"As Eve standing by the tree of Paradise caused our death, thus Mary, standing by the tree of the Cross, co-operates in the work of our Redemption."
—*Liturgy.*

1 ROSE of the Cross, thou mystic flower,
I lift my soul to thee;
In every melancholy hour,
Mary! remember me.

2 A wanderer here through many a wild,
Where few their way can see;
Bloom with thy fragrance on thy child,
Mary! remember me.

3 Let me but stand where thou hast stood,
Beside the crimson tree;
And, by the water and the blood,
Mary! remember me.

4 Then let me wash my sinful soul,
And be from sin set free;
Drawn by thy love, by grace made whole,
Mary! remember me.

5 Be thy blest Son, my own, my all,
To whom for life I flee;
And when before His feet I fall,
Mary! remember me.

6 Lead me for ever to adore
The glorious One in Three;
And whilst I tremble more and more,
Mary! remember me.

7 Rose of the Cross, thou thorniless flower,
May I thy follower be;
And when temptations wildest prove,
Mary! remember me.

XIII.—OUR LADY'S HOLY DEATH.

340. Mary Dies of Pure Love of God.

Ps. xlii. 3: "My soul hath thirsted after the strong living God: when shall I come and appear before the face of God?"

1 MARY, thy heart for love
Alone had ever sighed;
So much it loved at length,
Of very love it died.

O happy, happy death;
If death indeed could be,
Blest Virgin, that sweet end
Which God bestowed on thee.

2 'Tis in a sweet repose,
With smile of heavenly mirth,
Thou takest joyful flight
To Paradise from earth;
And see, above the choirs
Of saints and angels bright,
God's Mother near her Son
Enthroned in dazzling light.

3 Come, then, to fetch thy child,
O Mary, mother dear,
And tarry by my side
When my last hour is near.
Yes, this I hope from thee—
Despise not my request—
To yield my soul in peace
Upon my mother's breast.

XIV.—Our Lady's Uprising from Death.

341. The Unspeakable Glory of Mary arising from the Tomb.

Cant. ii. 13: "Arise, my love, my beautiful one, and come—come from Libanus, come: Thou shalt be crowned."

1 Hail, Mary, purest gem of earth!
Hail, child of grace before thy birth!
Whose path from grace to grace as-
And in supremest glory ends. [cends,
Hail, daughter of th' Eternal King,
From whom the life of life dost spring!

2 Oh, how for thee the angels sigh,
Eager to waft thee to the sky!
Too long to them the days appear,
That yet detain thee captive here,
Where, quenched in mists of earth be-
Thy rays of glory dimly glow. [low,

3 Ascend, ascend, imperial Queen!
Forsake this limitary scene;
Forsake this lower darksome place,
Which guilt and misery deface;
A higher world invites thee on
To splendour and dominion!

4 Ascend, ascend, imperial Queen!
Ascend and plead the cause of men!
Ascend, and reign upon the throne
Predestinated thine alone!
Ascend where none before have trod!
Ascend, the Mother of thy God!

XV.—Our Lady's Glorious Assumption.

342. The Triumphant Welcome of Mary into Heaven.

Cant. vi. 5: "Who is this that cometh up from the desert, flowing with delights, leaning upon her beloved?"

1 Sing, sing, ye angel bands,
All beautiful and bright;
For higher still and higher,
Through fields of starry light,
Mary, your Queen, ascends,
Like the sweet moon at night.

2 A fairer flower than she
On earth hath never been;
And, save the throne of God,
Your heavens have never seen
A wonder half so bright
As your ascending Queen.

3 O happy angels! look,
How beautiful she is!
See! Jesus bears her up,
Her hand is locked in His;
Oh who can tell the height
Of that fair mother's bliss!

4 And shall I lose thee then,
Lose my sweet right to thee?
Ah, no! the angels' Queen
Man's mother still will be;
And thou, upon thy throne,
Wilt keep thy love for me.

5 On, then, dear pageant, on!
Sweet music breathes around;
And love, like dew, distils
On hearts in rapture bound;
The Queen of Heaven goes up
To be proclaimed and crowned!

6 On through the countless stars
Proceeds the bright array;
And Love Divine comes forth
To light her on her way,
Through the short gloom of night
Into celestial day.

7 The Eternal Father calls
His daughter to be blessed;
The Son His Maiden-Mother
Woos unto His breast;
The Holy Ghost His spouse
Beckons into her rest.

8 Swifter and swifter grows
That marvellous flight of love,
As though her heart were drawn
More vehemently above;
While jubilant angels part
A pathway for the Dove!

9 Hark! hark! through highest heaven
What sounds of mystic mirth!
Mary, by God proclaimed
Queen of Immaculate birth,
And diademed with stars,
The lowliest of the earth!

10 See! see! the Eternal Hands
Put on her radiant crown,
And the sweet Majesty
Of Mercy, sitteth down
For ever and for ever
On her predestined throne.

XVI.—Our Lady's Coronation.

343. The Crowning of Mary is the Pledge of our Own.

3 Kings ii. 19: "And a throne was set for the king's mother, and she sat on his right hand."

Chorus.
Take us with thee, Mother dear,
We cannot bear to linger here,
Far away from God and thee.

1 See our glorious Mother
Mounting to the heavens above,
Radiant with joy and love.
"Fairest, dearest Mother,"
From our bondage set us free,
Take us up to heaven with thee.
Chorus.—Take us with thee, &c.

2 Angels come to meet her,
Songs of heavenly joy they raise,
Anthems of eternal praise;
Saints advance to greet her,
Homage to their Queen they pay,
And escort her on the way.
Chorus.—Take us with thee, &c.

3 Jesus is beside her,
Bearing her away from earth,
'Mid these songs of heavenly mirth.
Now the heavens grow brighter,
Lo! she nears the eternal throne,
Jesus will His Mother own.
Chorus.—Take us with thee, &c.

4 Prostrate there adoring,
She reveres the majesty
Of the Blessed Trinity:
Then she prays, imploring,
For the sons she leaves below
In this world of sin and woe.
Chorus.—Take us with thee, &c.

5 Who can tell the brightness
Of that glorious Virgin's throne
Whose Creator was her Son?
Robes of dazzling whiteness
And a crown of stars are given
To adorn the Queen of Heaven.
Chorus.—Take us with thee, &c.

6 Mother, do not leave us,
Pining here in misery,
Far from Jesus and far from thee,
Wilt thou not receive us,
Soon thy happiness to share?
Thou canst save us by one prayer.
Chorus.—Take us with thee, &c.

7 Hasten, then, to take us,
Like Saint Stanislaus we cry,
On thy feast we hope to die.
Let the world forsake us,
Mother dear, if thou art nigh,
To receive our parting sigh.

Chorus.
Take us quickly, Mother dear,
We cannot bear to linger here,
Far away from God and thee.

344. We should indeed Rejoice: Mary, our Mother, Reigns on High.

Ps. xliv. 10: "The queen stood on Thy right hand in gilded clothing; surrounded with variety."

1 O vision bright!
The land of light
Beams goldenly beyond the sky;
'Mid heavenly fires,
'Bove angel-choirs,
Mary, our Mother, reigns on high.

2 O vision bright!
The Father's might
All round His daughter's throne doth lie;
Where, in the balm
Of endless calm,
Mary, our Mother, reigns on high.

3 O vision bright!
The eternal light
Of the dear Son may we descry;
Where, brighter far
Than moon or star,
Mary, our Mother, reigns on high.

4 O vision bright!
In softer flight
The Dove around His Spouse doth fly;
Where, in that height
Of matchless light,
Mary, our Mother, reigns on high.

5 O vision bright!
Angels' delight!
The Mother sits with Jesus nigh:
Her form He bears,
Her look He wears;
Mary, our Mother, reigns on high.

6 O vision bright!
O dearest sight!
God, with His Mother's face and eye!
Where by His side,
All glorified,
Mary, our Mother, reigns on high.

7 O vision bright!
Life's darkest night
Is fair as dawn when thou art nigh;
Where, 'mid the throng
Of psalm and song,
Mary, our Mother, reigns on high.

8 O vision bright!
O land of light!
Thou art our home beyond the sky:
'Tis grand to see
How gloriously
Mary, our Mother, reigns on high.

SECT. II.—HYMNS OF PRAISE TO OUR LADY.

After our Lord, Mary deserves our highest reverence and praise.

"Mary," says St. John Chrysostom, "surpasses in dignity and in beauty the whole universe; for He whom the whole universe could not contain, vouchsafed to make her womb His dwelling-place."

"All the honour which is given to the Queen-Mother is rendered to the King her Son."—*St. Ildefonsus.*

"Thou art the glory of Jerusalem, thou art the joy of Israel, thou art the honour of our people."—*Judith* xv. 10.

345. Praise to Mary! She is a Queen of Unspeakable Dignity, Power, and Beauty.

Luke i. 48: "Behold from henceforth all generations shall call me blessed. Because He that is mighty hath done great things to me, and holy is His name."

1 WHAT is this grandeur I see up in heaven,
A splendour that looks like a splendour divine?
What creature so near the Creator is throned? [are thine!
O Mary! those marvellous glories

2 But who would have thought that a creature could live
With the fires of the Godhead so awfully nigh?
Oh! who could have dreamed, mighty Mother of God,
That even God's power could have raised thee so high?

3 What name can we give to a queenship so grand? [glory like this?
What thought can we think of a
Saints and angels lie far in the distance, remote
From the golden excess of thine unmated bless.

4 Thy person, thy soul, thy most beautiful form, [singular grace,
Thine office, thy name, thy most
God hath made for them, Mother, a world by itself, [shipful place.
A shrine all alone, a most wor-

5 Thy sinless conception, thy jubilant birth, [assumption and crown,
Thy crib and thy cross, thine
They have raised thee on high to the right hand of Him
Whom the spells of thy love to thy bosom drew down.

6 I am blind with thy glory; in all God's wide world [and power;
I find nothing like thee for glory
I can hardly believe that thou grewest on earth
In the green fields of Juda, a scarcenoticed flower.

7 Ten thousand magnificent greatnesses blend [foot of thy throne;
Their vast oceans of light at the
Ten thousand unspeakable majesties grace
The royalty vested in Mary alone.

346. Praise to Mary, the Bright Queen of Love!

"If He Who was born of the Virgin is King, the Mother who begot Him is properly and truly esteemed a queen and a lady."—*St. Athanasius.*

1 Uplift the voice and sing
The Daughter and the Spouse,
The Mother of the King
To whom creation bows.

Chorus.

Praise to Mary, endless praise;
Raise your joyful voices, raise;
Praise to God Who reigns above,
Who has made her for His love.

2 When Mary lingered yet
An exile from her Son,
Like fairest lily set
'Mid thorns of earth alone.
Chorus.—Praise to Mary, &c.

3 To be with God on high
Her heart was all on fire;
She sought and asked to die
With humble, sweet desire.
Chorus.—Praise to Mary, &c.

4 Then did that beauteous Dove
Spring joyfully on high;
Her Son receives with love,
And bears her to the sky.
Chorus.—Praise to Mary, &c.

5 And now, bright Queen of love,
While seated on thy throne,
High in the realms above,
Near to thy glorious Son.
Chorus.—Praise to Mary, &c.

6 Hear, from that blest abode;
A sinner cries to thee;
Teach me to love that God
Who bears such love to me.
Chorus.—Praise to Mary, &c.

347. Praise to Mary, the Queen of the Skies.

"I am the Queen of Heaven, and the mother of mercy; I am the joy of the just and the door by which sinners are introduced to God."—*Revel. of St. Bridget.*

1 Queen of the skies, triumphant Queen! [tribute yielding
Each clime and age, a glad
To thee, their crowned triumphant Queen, [accents sing.
With heart and voice in glad
Chorus.

Love shall still inspire
Hearts with sacred fire,
Love shall still inspire
Hymns of praise to thee,
And our voices never tire,
While we sing with tuneful glee
Chorus.—Queen of the skies, &c.

2 Sing on this day, this sacred day
All Mary's gifts, all her matchless power;
Sing on this day, this sacred day,
Praises and hymns through each gladsome hour.
On her love relying,
We her children kneeling,
On her bosom leaning,
At her hands receive
Endless stores of grace and blessing,
All a mother's love can give.
Chorus.—Queen of the skies, &c.

3 Let the sweet spell of Mary's name
Dwell in our hearts, in our mem'ries linger,
Let the sweet spell of Mary's name
Still be the joy of all who love her.
Then let saints and angels,
Seraphs and archangels,
Men of every country,
Vie in praise and love;
Sing with joy their mother's mercy,
Never from her presence rove.
Chorus.—Queen of the skies, &c.

4 Keep in thy heart thy children's names,
Stamp on their own thy maternal likeness;
Teach them to owe thy tender claims,
Teach them thy Son to love and to bless.
Watch over their childhood,
Guide them in their manhood,
Keep them pure and holy
Safe under thy wing.
And when life is ebbing slowly,
Let them still with fervour sing.
Chorus.—Queen of the skies, &c.

348. Praise to Mary, the Queen of Angels!

"Mary is a mistress with two servants: the angelic and the human nature."—*St. Bonaventure.*

The foundations of her sanctity are laid on the very summits of the mountains of grace; that is, where the angels' sanctity finished hers begun.
Ps. lxxxvi. 1: "The foundations thereof are in the holy mountains."

1 QUEEN of Angels, thou art glorious,
Glorious as a bannered host;
Thou hast crushed the foe for ever,
He no more in pride may boast.
Lady of our hearts we call thee,
Thou our gentle Mother art;
Mary, fold us in thy mantle,
Take us to thy loving heart.

2 'Tis thy feast, O Queen of Angels:
We salute thee, Lady dear;
Show thy pity, show thy kindness,
To each soul now kneeling here.
With our songs we come to praise thee,
But our words are weak and cold;
Look into our hearts, sweet Mother;
There our love is better told.

349. Praise to Mary, the World's Majestic Queen!

"From the moment that Mary consented to become the Mother of the Eternal Word, she merited to be made the Queen of the world and of all creatures."
—*St. Bernardine of Sienna.*
Ps. lxxxvi. 3: "Glorious things are said of thee, O city of God."

1 DAILY, daily sing to Mary,
Sing, my soul, her praises due;
All her feasts, her actions worship,
With the heart's devotion true.
Lost in wond'ring contemplation,
Be her majesty confest:
Call her Mother, call her Virgin,
Happy Mother, Virgin blest.

2 She is mighty to deliver;
Call her, trust her lovingly:
When the tempest rages round thee,
She will calm the troubled sea.
Gifts of Heaven she has given,
Noble lady! to our race:
She, the Queen, who decks her subjects
With the light of God's own grace.

3 Sing, my tongue, the Virgin's tro-
Who for us her Maker bore; [phies,
For the curse of old inflicted,
Peace and blessing to restore.
Sing in songs of praise unending,
Sing the world's majestic Queen:
Weary not nor faint in telling
All the gifts she gives to men.

4 All my senses, heart, affections,
Strive to sound her glory forth:
Spread abroad the sweet memorials
Of the Virgin's priceless worth.
Where the voice of music thrilling,
Where the tongue of eloquence,
That can utter hymns beseeming
All her matchless excellence?

5 All our joys do flow from Mary,
All then join her praise to sing:
Trembling sing the Virgin-Mother,
Mother of our Lord and King.
While we sing her awful glory,
Far above our fancy's reach,
Let our hearts be quick to offer
Love the heart alone can teach.

350. Invitation to all Creatures to Praise Mary, the Mother of Jesus and our Mother.

Matt. i. 16: "Mary, of whom was born Jesus, who is called Christ."

1 Sing praises to Mary,
Fair valleys and mountains;
Sing, streamlets and fountains,
The Star of the sea.

Chorus.
Evviva Maria!
Maria Evviva!
Hail, Star of the sea.

2 Hail, sunshine and zephyrs,
Hail, soft dews and showers;
The lily that flowers
In fair Galilee.

Chorus.—Evviva Maria! &c.

3 Hail, children of Mary,
In one joyful chorus,
The mother who bore us
By Calvary's tree.

Chorus.—Evviva Maria! &c.

4 Oh bless her who gave us
Jesus for a brother;
The Virgin and Mother
From sin ever free.

Chorus.
Evviva Maria!
Maria Evviva!
Hail Star of the sea.

351. Praise to Mary, the Shrine of the Holiest.

Ecclus. xxiv. 12: "He that made me rested in my tabernacle."
Ps. xlv. 5: "The Most High hath sanctified His own tabernacle.'

1 Hail, Mary! sweet Virgin,
Bright Star of the sea,
Our Lady exalted—
Regina Cœli.

2 Hail! shrine of the holiest,
Purer than snow,
Round whose head golden stars
Glittering glow.

3 Hail! lily of Eden,
Most fragrant and sweet,
High thronèd in sunbeams—
The moon 'neath thy feet.

4 Hail, Mary! pure Virgin
And Mother most bright,
Fair lamp from which sparkled
The Light of all light.

5 Hail! Mother-Elect
Of the God of all might—
So gentle and lowly
And meek in His sight.

6 Fountain of purity,
Star of the sea,
Mother and maiden meek,
Blessed Marie.

352. Praise to Mary, the Great, the Glorious, the Beautiful Mother of our God!

Luke i. 43: "Whence is this to me that the mother of my Lord should come to me?"

1 I'LL sing a hymn to Mary,
The Mother of my God,
The Virgin of all virgins,
Of David's royal blood.
Oh teach me, holy Mary,
A loving song to frame,
When wicked men blaspheme thee,
To love and bless thy name.

2 O Lily of the Valley,
O Mystic Rose, what tree
Or flower e'en the fairest,
Is half so fair as thee?
Oh let me, though so lowly,
Recite my Mother's fame;
When wicked men blaspheme thee,
I'll love and bless thy name.

3 O noble tower of David,
Of gold and ivory,
The Ark of God's own promise,
The Gate of Heaven to me;
To live, and not to love thee,
Would fill my soul with shame:
When wicked men blaspheme thee,
I'll love and bless thy name.

4 When troubles dark afflict me,
In sorrow and in care,
Thy light doth ever guide me,
O beauteous Morning Star.
So I'll be ever ready,
Thy goodly help to claim,
When wicked men blaspheme thee,
To love and bless thy name.

5 The Saints are high in glory,
With golden crowns so bright;
But brighter far is Mary,
Upon her throne of light:
Oh that which God did give thee
Let mortal ne'er disclaim;
When wicked men blaspheme thee,
I'll love and bless thy name.

6 But in the crown of Mary
There lies a wondrous gem,
As Queen of all the angels
Which Mary shares with them.
"No sin hath e'er defiled thee,"
So doth our faith proclaim;
When wicked men blaspheme thee,
I'll love and bless thy name.

7 And now, O Virgin Mary,
My Mother and my Queen,
I've sung thy praise—so bless me,
And keep my heart from sin;
When others jeer and mock thee,
I'll often think how I,
To shield my Mother Mary,
Would lay me down and die.

353. Praise to Mary, the Mother of the Eternal King!

Numb. xxiv. 17: "A star shall rise out of Jacob, and a sceptre shall spring up from Israel."

1 STAR of Jacob, ever beaming
With a radiance all divine;
'Midst the stars of highest heaven
Glows no purer ray than thine.

2 All in stoles of snowy whiteness
Unto thee the angels sing,
Unto thee the virgin choirs,
Mother of the Eternal King.

3 Joyful in thy path they scatter
Roses white and lilies fair;
Yet with thy celestial beauty
Rose nor lily may compare.

4 Oh, that this low earth of ours,
Answering to the angelic strain,
With thy praises might re-echo
Till the heavens replied again.

5 Honour, glory, virtue, merit,
Be to thee, O Virgin's Son,
With the Father and the Spirit,
While eternal ages run.

354. Praise to Mary, the Flower of Divine Grace!

Cant. ii. 1: "I am the flower of the field and the lily of the valleys."

1 O FLOWER of grace, divinest flower,
God's light thy life, God's love thy dower;
That all alone with virgin ray
Dost make in heaven eternal May;
Sweet falls the peerless dignity
Of God's eternal choice on thee.

Chorus.
Mother dearest, Mother fairest;
Maiden purest, Maiden rarest;
Help of earth and joy of heaven;
Love and praise to thee be given,
Blissful Mother, blissful Maiden.

2 Choice Flower, that bloomest on the breast
Of Jesus, which is now thy rest,
As thine was once the chosen bed
Of His dear Heart and sacred Head;
O Mary, sweet it is to see
Thy Son's creation graced by thee.
Chorus.—Mother dearest, &c.

3 O queenly Flower, enthroned above,
The trophy of Almighty love;
Ah me! how He hath hung thee round
With all love-tokens that abound!
With God's own light, beyond the reach
Of angel song or mortal speech.
Chorus.—Mother dearest, &c.

4 O Flower of God, divinest Flower!
Elected for His inmost bower;
Where angels come not, there art thou,
A crown of glory on thy brow;
While far below, all bright and brave,
Their gleamy palms the ransomed wave.
Chorus.—Mother dearest, &c.

5 O Godlike creature! nigh to God,
In whom the Eternal Word abode!
The mirror of God's beauty thou!
On thee His dread perfections show
So palpably, men's hearts might faint
With an exceeding ravishment.
Chorus.—Mother dearest, &c.

6 Yet thou didst bloom on earth at first,
In meekness proved, in sorrow nursed;
And heaven must own its debt to earth,
Sweet Flower! for thy surpassing worth,
And angels, for their Queen's dear sake,
Our road to thee more smooth shall make.
Chorus.—Mother dearest, &c.

7 O help of Christians! mercy-laden!
O blissful Mother! blissful Maiden!
O Sinless! were it not for thee,
There were no faith, no liberty
To hold that God could stoop so low,
Or love His sinful creatures so.
Chorus.—Mother dearest, &c.

8 O Mary! when we think of thee,
Our hearts grow light as light can be!
For thou hast felt as we have felt,
And thou hast knelt as we have knelt;
And so it is,—that utterly,
Mother of God, we trust in thee!
Chorus.—Mother dearest, &c.

355. Praise to Mary, the All-fair and Beautiful, the Masterpiece of Grace!

Ecclus. xxiv. 25: "In me is all grace of the way and of the truth; in me is all hope of life and of virtue."

Chorus.
O THAT a seraph's voice divine
Could speak to us thy holy praise;
And tell what glories in thee shine
Through all thy saintly wondrous ways!

1 Hail! Juda's Virgin daughter, hail,
Thou masterpiece of grace!
Oh help us in this wretched vale,
Where combats never cease!
Chorus.—Oh that, &c.

2 Thou art all fair and beautiful;
There is no spot in thee;
Oh make thy children dutiful—
Lovers of purity.
Chorus.—Oh that, &c.

3 And when our exile here is o'er,
And pain and sorrow cease,
With Mary we shall evermore
Rejoice in endless peace.
Chorus.—Oh that, &c.

356. Praise to Mary, of all Creatures the Fairest!

Cant. i. 7: "O fairest among women, go forth."

1 Of all virgins thou art fairest,
Dearest Mary, heavenly Queen;
Of all creatures thou art purest,
Like to thee was never seen.

2 Thy sweet face is like the heavens,
Full of grace and purity;
Beauty so divine adorns it,
God alone surpasses thee!

3 Thy right eyes with love are beaming,
Like twin stars of heaven they shine;
And thy looks are flaming arrows,
Wounding hearts with love divine.

4 Thy chaste hands, whose sight enamours,
Are like pearls of lustre rare;
Ever full of heavenly treasures,
For all those who ask a share.

5 Queen art thou, whom all things worship,
Earth and hell, and heaven above;
But thy heart o'erflows with goodness,
Just and sinners feel thy love.

6 When, ah! when at length in heaven,
May I hope thy face to see!
When, ah! when—my heart keeps sighing—
Haste—I faint—I pine for thee!

7 Souls unnumbered thou dost ever
Rescue from the evil one;
Dearest Lady, grant me also
Not to lose thy blessèd Son.

8 Him who gave us such a mother,
Let our grateful songs proclaim:
Loving hearts and joyful voices
Praise her great Creator's name!

9 Glory to the name of Mary!
Raise your voices—louder raise!
And of Jesus, Son of Mary,
Every creature chant the praise!

357. Praise to Mary, of all Creatures the Highest!

"Mary is that woman by whom hell is overcome, the devil trodden upon, man saved."—*St. Anselm.*

Ecclus. xxiv. 17: "I was exalted like a cedar in Libanus, and as a cypress-tree on Mount Sion."

1 I gazed upon the flow'rets fair
That deck the meadows green,
On many a treasure rich and rare,
On many a lovely scene.

2 I searched the breadth, I searched the height,
Of all creation through,
From realms of empyrean light,
To depths of ocean blue.

3 But found I nought in heaven or earth,
In air, or sky, or sea,
So beautiful, so high in worth,
Dear Mother-Maid, as thee.

4 O sacred link of heavenly gold
In human nature's chain,
Elect before the days of old,
Conceived without a stain!

5 Sublimest of created powers,
My hope and solace here,
Be thou with me when darkness flowers,
And dews of death are near.

358. Praise to Mary, of all Creatures the Loveliest!

Ps. lxxxvi. 2: "The Lord loveth the gates of Sion above all the tabernacles of Jacob."

1 Raise your voices, vales and mountains,
Flowery meadows, streams, and fountains;
Praise, oh, praise the loveliest maiden
Ever the Creator made:
Murm'ring brooks your tribute bringing,
Little birds with joyful singing,
Come with mirthful praises laden;
To your Queen be homage paid.

2 Say, sweet Virgin, we implore thee,
Say what beauty God sheds o'er thee;
Praise and thanks to Him be given
Who in love created thee.
Like a sun with splendour glowing
Gleams thy heart with love o'erflowing;
Like the moon in starry heaven
Shines thy peerless purity.

3 Like the rose and lily blooming,
Sweetly heaven and earth perfuming,
Stainless, spotless, thou appearest,
Queenly beauty graces thee.
But to God, in Whom thou livest,
Sweeter joy and praise thou givest,
When to Him in beauty nearest,
Yet so humble thou canst be.

(*The following may be used as Chorus.*)

4 Lovely Maid, to God most pleasing,
And for us His wrath appeasing;
Oh, by all thy love of Jesus,
Show to us thy clemency.

359. Praise to Mary, of all Creatures the Purest!

Wisd. vii. 25: "Therefore no defiled thing cometh into her. For she is the brightness of eternal light, and the unspotted mirror of God's majesty, and the image of His goodness."

PART I.

1 O PUREST of creatures! sweet Mother! sweet Maid! [Jesus was laid!
The one spotless womb wherein
Dark night hath come down on us, Mother! and we [of the Sea!
Look out for thy shining, sweet Star

2 Deep night hath come down on this rough-spoken world,
And the banners of darkness are boldly unfurled;
And the tempest-tossed Church—all her eyes are on thee,
They look to thy shining, sweet Star of the Sea!

3 The Church doth what God had first taught her to do;
He looked o'er the world, to find hearts that were true;
Through the ages He looked, and He found none but thee,
And He loved thy clear shining, sweet Star of the Sea!

4 He gazed on thy soul; it was spotless and fair; [been there;
For the empire of sin—it had never
None had e'er owned thee, dear Mother! but He,
And He blessed thy clear shining, sweet Star of the Sea!

5 Earth gave Him one lodging; 'twas deep in thy breast,
And God found a home, where the sinner finds rest,
His home and His hiding-place, both were in thee,
He was won by thy shining, sweet Star of the Sea!

6 Oh blissful and calm was the wonderful rest [virginal breast;
That thou gavest thy God in thy
For the heaven He left He found heaven in thee, [Star of the Sea!
And He shone in thy shining, sweet

PART II.

1 To sinners what comfort, to angels what mirth, [on earth,
That God found one creature unfallen
One spot where His spirit untroubled could be,
The depths of thy shining, sweet Star of the Sea.

2 Oh, shine on us brighter than ever, then, shine; [Mother, is thine;
For the greatest of honours, dear
"Conceived without sin," thy new title shall be,
Clear light from thy birth-spring, sweet Star of the Sea.

3 So worship we God in these rude latter days; [we praise
So worship we Jesus our Love, when
His wonderful grace in the gifts He gave thee,
The gift of clear shining, sweet Star of the Sea.

4 Deep night hath come down on us, Mother, deep night,
And we need more than ever the guide of thy light;
For the darker the night is, the brighter should be [the Sea.
Thy beautiful shining, sweet Star of

360. Praise to Mary, who is Above all Praise.

"By what praise shall I exalt thee, O Mary, I know not."—*St. Augustine.*

Chorus.
WHAT mortal tongue can sing thy praise,
Dear Mother of the Lord! [praise,
To angels only it belongs
Thy glory to record.

1 Who born of man can penetrate
Thy soul's majestic shrine?
Who can thy mighty gifts unfold,
Or rightly them divine?
Chorus.—What mortal tongue.

2 Say, Virgin, what sweet force was that
Which from the Father's breast
Drew forth His co-eternal Son,
To be thy bosom's guest?
Chorus.—What mortal tongue.

3 'Twas not thy guileless faith alone
That lifted thee so high;
'Twas not thy pure seraphic love,
Or peerless chastity.
Chorus.—What mortal tongue.

4 But, oh, it was thy lowliness,
Well pleasing to the Lord,
That made thee worthy to become
The Mother of the Word.
Chorus.—What mortal tongue.

5 O Loftiest!—whose humility
So sweet it was to see!
That God, forgetful of Himself,
Abased Himself to thee.
Chorus.—What mortal tongue.

6 Praise to the Father, with the Son,
And Holy Ghost, through Whom
The Word Eternal was conceived
Within the Virgin's womb.
Chorus.—What mortal tongue.

361. Feast of the Purity of the Blessed Virgin Mary. 362.

(*Third Sunday in October.*)

1 PRÆCLARA custos virginum,
Intacta Mater numinis,
Cœlestis aulæ janua,
Spes nostra cœli gaudium.

2 Inter rubeta lilium,
Columba formosissima.
Virga e radice germinans
Nostro medelam vulneri.

3 Turris draconi impervia,
Amica stella naufragis,
Tuere nos a fraudibus,
Tunque luce dirige.

4 Erroris umbras discute
Syrtes dolosas amove,
Fluctus tot inter, devius
Tutam reclude semitam.

1 BLEST Guardian of all virgin souls!
Portal of bliss to man forgiven!
Pure Mother of Almighty God!
Thou hope of earth and joy of heaven!

2 Fair Lily, found amid the thorns!
Most beauteous Dove with wings of gold!
Rod from whose tender root there sprang
That healing Flow'r long since foretold!

3 Thou Tow'r, against the dragon proof!
Thou Star, to storm-toss'd voyagers dear!
Our course lies o'er a treacherous deep;
Thine be the light by which we steer.

4 Scatter the mists that round us hang;
Keep far the fatal shoals away; [sweep,
And while through darkling waves we
Open a path to life and day.

5 Jesu tibi sit gloria
Qui natus es de Virgine,
Cum Patre et almo Spiritu,
In sempiterna sæcula.
Amen.

5 O Jesu, born of Virgin bright!
Immortal glory be to Thee;
Praise to the Father infinite,
And Holy Ghost eternally.
Amen.

FIRST AND SECOND VESPERS.

V. Cum jucunditate virginitatem beatæ Mariæ semper virginis celebremus.
R. Ut ipsa pro nobis intercedat ad Dominum Jesum Christum.

V. Let us celebrate with joy the virginity of blessed Mary, ever Virgin.
R. That she may intercede for us before our Lord Jesus Christ.

SECT. III.—HYMNS ON THE CONFIDENCE WE OUGHT TO HAVE IN OUR LADY'S INTERCESSION.

"After God," says St. Basil, "Mary is our only hope."—"Mary," says St. Ephrem, "is the hope of the despairing; the harbour of the wrecked, the only aid of the destitute."

"Let us always serve this our great Queen, who never abandons those who hope in her."—*St. Bede.*

363. Blessed Virgin Mary, Help of Christians. 364.

(*May* 24.)

1 SÆPE dum Christi populus cruentis
Hostis infensi premeretur armis,
Venit adjutrix pia Virgo cœlo
Lapsa sereno.

2 Prisca sic patrum monumenta narrant,
Templa testantur speliis opimis
Clara, votivo repetita cultu
Festa quotannis.

3 En novi grates liceat Mariæ
Cantici lætis modulis referre
Pro novis donis, resonante plausu
Urbis et orbis.

4 O dies felix! memoranda fastis
Qua Petri sedes fidei magistrum
Triste post lustrum reducem beata
Sorte recepit.

5 Virgines castæ, puerique puri,
Gestiens clerus, populusque grato
Corde Reginæ celebrare cœli
Munera certent.

1 OFTTIMES, when, hemmed around by hostile arms, [mayed,
The Christian people lay all sore dis-
From Heaven hath come the Virgin
To lend her loving aid. [gliding down,

2 So speak the monuments of olden time,
And temples which all bright with spoils appear; [praise,
So speak the festivals in her sweet
Returning year by year.

3 Now for new mercies a new song we pour,
To Mary lifting high our grateful voice;
Now let all Rome with shouts triumphant ring,
And the wide world rejoice.

4 Oh, happy day! on which Saint Peter's throne [again:
Received the faith's great Ruler back
Returning from His banishment in
O'er Christendom to reign. [peace,

5 Ye youths and virgins, priests and people all, [glad day,
Pour out your grateful hearts on this
Striving with all your strength to Heaven's high Queen
Her well-earned praise to pay.

6 Virginum virgo, benedicta Jesu
Mater, hæc auge bona; fac, precamur,
Ut gregem Pastor Pius ad salutis
Pascua ducat.

7 Te per æternos veneremur annos,
Trinitas, summo celebranda plausu,
Te fide mentes, resonoque linguæ
Carmine laudent.

Amen.

V. Dignare me laudare te Virgo sacrata,
R. Da mihi virtutem contra hostes tuos.

6 Virgin of virgins! Jesu's Mother bless!
Add yet another mercy to the past;
And grant our Pastor all his flock to lead
Safe into heaven at last.

7 To Thee, blest Trinity, be endless praise,
Blessing, and majesty, and glory due;
To Thee may we our hearts and voices raise,
Eternal ages through.
Amen.

V. Graciously suffer me to praise thee, O sacred Virgin.
R. Grant me strength against thine enemies.

365. Trust in Mary, she is so Beautiful, and therefore so Pleasing to God!

Ecclus. xxiv. 18: "I was exalted like a palm-tree in Cades, and as a rose-plant in Jericho."

1 MYSTICAL Rose! by God's own hands
Planted upon Judea's land,
Sweet mystical Rose!

Chorus.
Breathe on us wanderers here while we roam
Fragrance to lure us on to our home.

2 In winter's snow, thy virgin stem
Blossomed unseen in Bethlehem,
Sweet mystical Rose!
Chorus.—Breathe on us, &c.

3 And angels round the Flower divine
Their homage join, blest Rose, with thine,
Sweet mystical Rose!
Chorus.—Breathe on us, &c.

4 Sweet is the tribute paid by thee,
The fragrance of thy purity,
Sweet mystical Rose!
Chorus.—Breathe on us, &c.

5 Incense like thine, oh! mystic Rose,
No spikenard-plant, or balsam grows,
Sweet mystical Rose!
Chorus.—Breathe on us, &c.

6 Never was fanned from spice-fraught tree,
Odour as sweet as breathed from thee,
Sweet mystical Rose!
Chorus.—Breathe on us, &c.

7 High now in heaven, thy fadeless bloom,
Sheds near God's throne its best perfume,
Sweet mystical Rose!
Chorus.—Breathe on us, &c.

366. Trust in Mary, she is so Powerful!

Ecclus. xxiv. 15: "And so I was established in Sion and my power was in Jerusalem."

"Nothing, O Mary, resists thy power, for the Creator esteems thy glory as His own."—*St. Gregory of Nicomedia.*

1 MOTHER of our Lord and Saviour,
First in beauty as in power,
Glory of the Christian nations,
Ready help in trouble's hour.

2 Nought can hurt the pure in spirit,
Who upon thine aid rely!
At thy hand secure of gaining
Strength and mercy from on high.

3 Safe beneath thy mighty shelter,
Though a thousand hosts combine,
All must fall or flee before us,
Scattered by His arm divine.

4 Through the everlasting ages,
Blessed Trinity, to Thee,
Father, Son, and Holy Spirit,
Praise and endless glory be.

367. Trust in Mary, she is so Bountiful!

Ecclus. xxiv. 26: "Come over to me, all ye that desire me, and be filled with my fruits."

1 THE moon is in the heavens above,
Its light lies on the foamy sea;
So shines the star of Mary's love
O'er this dark scene of misery.

Chorus.
Our hands to life's hard work are laid,
But our hearts are thine, sweet Mother-Maid.

2 Oh, thou art bright as bright can be,
As bountiful as thou art bright;
And welcome is the thought of thee,
As fragrance of an Eastern night.
Chorus.—Our hands, &c.

3 Calm as the blessèd eye of God,
When looking o'er this world below,
He bids thee shed His peace abroad,
A secret balm for every woe.
Chorus.—Our hands, &c.

4 By thee we gain, dear spotless Queen!
Some glimpse of what our God must be;
And in thy glory His is seen,
He shows Himself when He shows thee.
Chorus.—Our hands, &c.

368. Trust in Mary, of all Mothers Sweetest, Best!

"O blessed confidence, O secure refuge, the Mother of God is my Mother!"—*St. Anselm.*

1 O MOTHER blest, whom God bestows
On sinners and on just,
What joy, what hope thou givest those
Who in thy mercy trust!

Chorus.
Thou art clement, thou art chaste,
Mary, thou art fair:
Of all mothers sweetest, best;
None with thee compare.

2 O heavenly Mother, Mistress sweet,
It never yet was told
That suppliant sinner left thy feet
Unpitied, unconsoled.
Chorus.—Thou art clement, &c.

3 O Mother, pitiful and mild,
Cease not to pray for me:
For I do love thee as a child,
And sigh for love of thee.
Chorus.—Thou art clement, &c.

4 Most powerful Mother, all men know
Thy Son denies thee nought;
Thou askest, wishest it, and lo!
His power thy will has wrought.
Chorus.—Thou art clement, &c.

5 O Mother blest, for me obtain,
Ungrateful though I be,
To love that God who first could deign
To show such love to me.
Chorus.—Thou art clement, &c.

369. Trust in Mary, the Comforter of the Afflicted.

"The heart of Mary is so full of compassion, that the moment she knows our miseries she diffuses the milk of her mercy."—*Richard of St. Victor.*

1 LIKE the voiceless starlight falling
Through the darkness of the night,
Like the silent dewdrops forming
In the cold moon's cloudless light;
So there come to hearts in sorrow
Mary's angels dear and bright.

2 Like the scents of countless blossoms
That are trembling in the air,
Like the breaths of gums that perfume
Sandy deserts bleak and bare,
Are our Lady's ceaseless answers
To affliction's lowly prayer.

3 They are endless, they are countless,
Like the leaves upon the trees;
Healings soothing sweetly hidden
Like the fragrance in the breeze;
Spirits lifting to the drooping,
Like the freshness from the seas.

4 For in Mary's ear all sorrow
Singeth ever like a psalm;
Welcome, Mother, are the tempests
Which thou layest with thy calm;
Sweet the broken hearts thou healest
With thine own heart's nameless balm.

370. Trust in Mary, the Faithful Virgin.

"Who, Blessed Mary," exclaims St. Eutichian, "has ever implored thy omnipotent aid, and has been abandoned by thee? Truly no one ever."

1 O VIRGIN most faithful! thy praises we sing, [arches shall ring:
Our joy-burdened anthems heaven's
The battle of life we'll endure to the end, [defend.
If thou, faithful Virgin, art near to

Chorus.

Oh hear our prayer!
We to thy care
Our souls confide—Mother!
And may we meet
All at thy feet,
And ever abide with thee!
With thee! with thee!

2 What cause have thy children to suffer alarm? [harm:
No fiend so unholy dare offer them
For God is their Father, and Jesus their friend, [to defend.
And thou, faithful Virgin, art near
Chorus.—Oh hear our prayer, &c.

3 Vain are the assaults of the world and its toys, [and noise;
Its deceitful allurements, its bustle
To draw us from thee its temptations ne'er tend, [defend.
For thou, faithful Virgin, art near to
Chorus.—Oh hear our prayer, &c.

4 When fiercest temptations like mountains shall rise, [longing eyes,
And threaten to hide thee from our
Like fragrance of incense our prayers shall ascend, [defend.
Be thou, faithful Virgin, then near to
Chorus.—Oh hear our prayer, &c.

371. Trust in Mary, our Faithful Mother and our Faithful Queen.

"O Lady, in thee, after Jesus, I have placed all my hopes."—*St. Bonaventure.*

1 BRIGHT Queen of heaven's angelic hosts,
On this our festal day,
Our hearts, o'erjoyed and full of love,
At thy blest feet we lay.
Our voice as one in praise ascends,
Our song with angel music blends,
To bless thy faithful love.

2 O faithful Virgin, faithful Queen,
No being earth hath trod,
Faithful like thee, in life, in death,
Faithful unto thy God.
Thou art the Handmaid of the Lord,
The Hearer, Keeper of His word,
The Home of love divine.

3 Nor earth, nor heaven e'er hath known
A love so deep as thine,
Binding thy heart with faithful love
To Jesus' heart divine.
'Mid Bethlehem's cold or Egypt's lands,
Or where the Cross of Calvary stands,
There art thou faithful still.

4 O faithful Mother of our race,
God's precious gift from heaven,
Our hearts with grateful love o'erflow
For all thy love has given.
'Mid every sorrow, every fear,
Sweet Mother! thou art ever near,
Our Sweetness, Life, and Hope.

5 Orphaned of earthly Mother's love,
Sweet Mother! hear our prayer,
For those whose loving hearts and hands
Receive us 'neath their care.
The power of thy protection lend,
To guard and save the orphan's friend
Now and for evermore.

6 Around thy shrine thy children throng,
Bearing from far-off lands,
A crown to wreath thy Virgin brow,
Blessed by our Pontiff's hands.
Oh may that crown an emblem shine
Of crowns of love, by grace divine,
We weave, fair Queen, for thee.

372. Trust in Mary, in every Danger, in every Affliction.

"Never shall any one perish who remains sedulously devoted to the Virgin Mother of God."—*St. Ignatius Martyr.*

1 DREAR is the nightfall,
Lonely we roam,
Wandering exiles,
Far from our home;
Borne on the billows
Of life's stormy sea,
Bright Star of Heaven,
Our trust is in thee.
When night falls drearily,
When life flows wearily:
Respice Stellam,
Voca Mariam.

2 Winds of affliction
Raise their rude blast,
Ruffling the ocean
Whereon we're cast;
Waves of temptation
Mountain-like roll,
'Neath their dark billows
Sinking the soul.
Fear not, but gaze afar,
On the soft shining star:
Respice Stellam,
Voca Mariam.

3 When shall lone spirits
Sorrow no more?
When shall our aching eyes
Gaze on the shore?
Oh for the twilight
To break through the gloom!
Oh for the rest
Of our only true home!
Stay, mourner, stay thy fears,
Joy shall dry up thy tears:
Respice Stellam,
Voca Mariam.

4 Gentle and beautiful
Beaming above,
Shines out all brightly
The fair star of love.
Rest of the weary,
Hope 'mid the night
Guiding the lonely
In its soft light.
Yes, 'mid the darkest night,
That star still shineth bright:
Respice Stellam,
Voca Mariam.

373. The Heart of Mary is our Home.

Ps. xvii. 10: "He bowed the heavens and came down."—"The Lord bowed the heavens as a vessel, which He emptied into the heart of Mary."—*Cardinal Hugo.*

1 MOTHER of God, we hail thy Heart,
Throned in the azure skies;
While far and wide within its charm
The whole creation lies.
O sinless Heart, all hail!
God's dear delight, all hail!
Our home, our home is deep in thee,
Eternally, eternally.

2 Mother of God, from out thy Heart
Our Saviour fashioned His;
The fountains of the Precious Blood
Rose in thy depths of bliss.
O sinless Heart, all hail!
God's dear delight, all hail!
Our home, our home is deep in thee,
Eternally, eternally.

3 Mother of God, when near thy Heart
The unborn Saviour lay,
He taught it how to burn with love
For sinners gone astray.
O sinless Heart, all hail!
God's dear delight, all hail!
Our home, our home is deep in thee,
Eternally, eternally.

4 Mother of God, He broke thy Heart
That it might wider be,—
That in the vastness of its love
There might be room for me.
O sinless Heart, all hail!
God's dear delight, all hail!
Our home, our home is deep in thee,
Eternally, eternally.

5 Mother of God, thy Heart hath heights
On which God loves to dwell;
And yet the lowliest child on earth
Is welcome there as well.

O sinless Heart, all hail!
God's dear delight, all hail!
Our home, our home is deep in thee,
Eternally, eternally.

"Immaculate Heart of Mary, pray for us."
—*One hundred days' indulgence each time.*

374. Hide us, O Mary, in thy Heart.

Prov. viii. 35: "He that shall find me shall find life, and shall have salvation from the Lord."

1 Oh how the heart of Mary burns!
Untired, unchanged in love it turns,
With ceaseless breathings of desire,
Towards Jesus' Heart, its sacred fire.

Chorus.

O Mary, be this Heart our stay
Till death shall call our souls away;
From this frail dust, whene'er we part,
Hide us, O Mary, in thy heart!

2 The chains of love which Jesus threw
Round His own Heart, bound Mary's too;
Living by love, both breathe the same
Unchanged, unconquerable flame.

Chorus.—O Mary, be this Heart, &c.

3 Heart of the best of mothers, hear
The voice of thy poor suppliant's prayer;
Grant to our hearts, O Heart divine,
Some portion of that love of thine!

Chorus.—O Mary, be this Heart, &c.

4 Through that pure Heart, where thou dost dwell,
That Heart that loves thy Son so well,
May all their meed of homage send
To thee for ages without end.

Chorus.—O Mary, be this Heart, &c.

"Sweet Heart of Mary be my salvation."
—*Three hundred days' indulgence each time. Plenary once a month.*

SECT. IV.—HYMNS OF FILIAL DEVOTED LOVE TO OUR LADY.

Prov. viii. 17: "I love them that love me; and they that in the morning early watch for me, shall find me."

375. An Act of Tender Love to our Lady.

"I salute thee, O my Lady and my Mother, my heart and my soul! Who is there in the world who will not love this most amiable Queen?"—*St. Bonaventure.*

1 Mother of God! my life, my hope, my treasure,
Look on thy child, and hear me [from above;
Mother of God! what joy, what untold pleasure,
Thrills through the soul that thinks [on all thy love.

Chorus.

Mary, dear Mother,
Thy love impart,
Nothing shall sever
Thee from my heart.

2 Mother of God! my infancy caressing,
Fondly thine eye watched o'er my cradle bed,
Mother of God! each moment counts a blessing,
Which o'er my soul thy watchful love has shed.

Chorus.—Mary, dear Mother.

3 Mother of God! my heart, o'erwhelmed with sadness,
Found sweet relief when raised to thee in prayer;
Mother of God! the breath of holy gladness
Came to my spirit from thy tender care.

Chorus.—Mary, dear Mother,

4 Angels of heaven! in choirs sublime adoring,
Mark this my vow in heaven's bright sphere above;
Mother of God! my grateful heart's outpouring
Is pledged to thee in everlasting love.
Chorus.—Mary, dear Mother.

5 Mother of God! if e'er my heart forgetting,
Thy love unceasing that has guarded me,
Mother of God! ah, then, may deep regretting
Recall my soul to love of God and thee.
Chorus.—Mary, dear Mother.

376. A Supplication to Our Lady to obtain Perseverance in her Love and the Love of Jesus.

Ecclus. xxiv. 24: "I am the mother of fair love and of holy hope."

1 MOTHER of help and of beautiful love,
O Holy Virgin, conceived without stain,
From thy bright throne, 'midst the angels above,
Hear, oh hear our suppliant strain.
Chorus.
Mary, we love thee, do thou, Mother dear,
Teach us our sins—our sins to deplore;
With thee our help we have nothing to fear,
Oh, make us love—love thee still more.

2 Mother of help, thy sweet power display,
Never, O Queen, in our souls cease to reign,
And all our passions still help to allay,
Hear, oh hear our suppliant strain.
Chorus.—Mary, we love thee, &c.

3 Mother of help, O dear Mary mild,
In love of Jesus our hearts ever train,
Each of us with Him embrace as thy child,
Hear, oh hear our suppliant strain.
Chorus.—Mary, we love thee, &c.

4 Mother of help, yet this last grace supply,
When at death's hour our bright crown we would gain,
In Jesus' arms, oh, grant we may die!
Hear, oh hear our suppliant strain.
Chorus.—Mary, we love thee, &c.

377. Our Lady is Worthy all our Love.

"O Mary, who will not love thee? Thou art light in doubts, solace in grief, refuge in dangers."—*Blosius.*

(*Repeat the last line of every verse.*)

1 MOTHER of Mercy! day by day
My love for thee grows more and more,
Thy gifts are strewn upon my way
Like sands upon the great sea-shore.

2 Though poverty, and work, and woe
The masters of my life may be, [know
When times are worst, who does not
Darkness is light with love of thee?

3 But scornful men have coldly said
Thy love was leading me from God:
And yet in this I did but tread
The very path my Saviour trod.

4 They know but little of thy worth
Who speak these heartless words to me;
For what did Jesus love on earth
One half so tenderly as thee?

5 Get me the grace to love thee more,
Jesus will give if thou wilt plead;
And, Mother! when life's cares are [o'er,
Oh I shall love thee then indeed!

6 Jesus, when His three hours were run,
Bequeathed thee from the cross to me;
And oh! how can I love thy Son,
Sweet Mother! if I love not thee?

378. Our Lady's Love is the Sweetest Comfort in Life and at Death.

"Who could help not loving thee, dearest Mother? Oh! that I may be thine eternally; and may all creatures with me live and die for love of thee!"—*St. Francis of Sales.*

1 I SHALL see this cherished Mother,
This sweet hope beats in my heart,
Who can tell her love and goodness?
In her presence griefs depart.

Chorus.

Mother Mary!
This dark night
Is lit from heaven
With thy light. } *Repeat.*

2 All her love has flowed around me,
I have ever been her child,
And my sorrow for her absence
Deepens in this desert wild.
Chorus.—Mother Mary, &c.

3 All my joy is loving Mary,
And the light of her sweet name,
Falling in a rain of glory,
Crowns us with its ambient flame.
Chorus.—Mother Mary, &c.

4 When I see my mother's image,
Then my thoughts are ever bold,
Fashioning some dim resemblance
Of her loveliness untold.
Chorus.—Mother Mary, &c.

5 Dreary days of Mary's absence,
Dark days without Mary's light!
Yet will come the wished-for morning
O'er the threshold of the night.
Chorus.—Mother Mary, &c.

6 Though we see her not, her presence
Hangeth round us evermore; [eth—
In her star-crowned love she dwell-
Past the waves—upon the shore.
Chorus.—Mother Mary, &c.

7 Mother Mary, help thy children!
We are evermore thine own!
Watch us, shield us in this sorrow
Sitting on thy royal throne.
Chorus.—Mother Mary, &c.

SECT. V.—PRAYERS, INVOCATIONS, AND SUPPLICATIONS TO THE BLESSED VIRGIN, TO OBTAIN HER SUCCOUR IN OUR MANIFOLD NECESSITIES.

Prov. viii. 34: "Blessed is the man that watcheth daily at my gates and waiteth at the posts of my door."—18: "With me are riches and glory."
"We ask her prayers," says St. Anselm, "that the dignity of the Intercessor may make up for our poverty."

379. A Prayer to Mary, our Mother, our Comfort, our Hope.

"As we have access to the Eternal Father only through Jesus Christ, thus," says St. Bernard, "we have access to Jesus Christ only through Mary."

1 O MARY, my Mother, most lovely, most mild,
Look down upon me, your weak lowly child;
From the land of my exile I call upon thee; [on me.
Then Mary, my Mother, look kindly
O Mary, in pity look down upon me;
'Tis the voice of thy child that is calling on thee.

2 If thou shouldst forsake me, ah! where shall I go? [of woe;
My comfort and hope in this valley
When the world and its dangers with terror I view,
Sweet hopes come to cheer me in pointing to you.
O Mary, in pity look down upon me;
'Tis the voice of thy child that is calling on thee.

3 In sorrow, in darkness, be still at my side,
My light and my refuge, my guard and my guide;
Though snares should surround me, yet why should I fear?
I know I am weak, but my Mother is near.
Then, Mary, in pity look down upon me;
'Tis the voice of thy child that is calling on thee.

380. A Prayer to Mary, the Hope of Sinners.

"Mary stands in the presence of her Son, praying unceasingly for sinners."
—*St. Bede.*

(*From St. Alphonso.*)

1 Look down, O Mother Mary!
From thy bright throne above;
Cast down upon thy children
One only glance of love.
And if a heart so tender
With pity flows not o'er,
Then turn away, O Mother!
And look on us no more.
Chorus.—Look down, &c.

2 See how ingrate and guilty
We stand before thy Son;
His loving heart reproaches
The evil we have done.
But if thou wilt appease Him,
Speak for us but one word:
Thou only canst obtain us
The pardon of our Lord.
Chorus.—Look down, &c.

3 O Mary, dearest Mother!
If thou wouldst have us live,
Say that we are thy children,
And then He will forgive!
Our sins make us unworthy
That title still to bear,
But thou art still our Mother!
Then show a mother's care.
Chorus.—Look down, &c.

4 Open to us thy mantle,
There stay we without fear;
What evil can befall us
If, Mother, thou art near?
O sweetest, dearest Mother!
Thy sinful children save;
Look down on us with pity,
Who thy protection crave.
Chorus.—Look down, &c.

381. A Prayer to Mary, the Refuge of Sinners.

"Thou, O Mother of God, art omnipotent in saving sinners; for thou art the Mother of true life."—*St. Germanus.*

1 Mother of Jesus, hear a sinner's prayer:
Take me beneath the mantle of thy care,
Place me within thy sheltering arms this day,
And far from Satan bear my soul away.

Chorus.

He wearies not, but stealthily will dart
His poisoned arrow at th' uncovered heart;
Content to wound, when not allowed to slay—
Then, Blessed Mother, bear thy child away.

2 Away from Satan, and away from sin,
And teach me now perfection to begin;
Away from all that can reduce my soul,
And make it swerve from its eternal goal.
Chorus.—He wearies not, &c.

3 Take me above, and place me where the Lamb
Will lead me forward to the great "I Am;"
Oh thus, blest Mother! crown thy constant care,
Reject me not, nor this thy suppliant's prayer.
Chorus.—He wearies not, &c.

382. A Prayer to Mary, to obtain her Protection in all our Necessities.

"In all things have recourse to Mary; invoke Mary, to whom God has given the power to grant you everything."—*St. Basil.*

1 MARY, dearest Mother,
From thy heavenly height
Look on us thy children,
Lost in earth's dark night.
Mary, purest creature,
Keep us free from sin;
Help us erring mortals
Peace in heaven to win.

2 Mary, Queen and Mother,
Get us still more grace,
With still greater favour
Now to run our race.
Daughter of the Father,
Lady kind and sweet,
Lead us to our Father,
Leave us at His feet.

3 Mother of our Saviour,
Joy of God above,
Jesus bade thee keep us
In His fear and love.
Mary, spouse and servant
Of the Holy Ghost,
Keep for Him His creatures,
Who would else be lost.

4 Holy Queen of Angels,
Bid thine angels come
To escort us safely
To our heavenly home.
Bid the saints in heaven
Pray for us their prayers;
They are thine, dear Mother,
That thou mayest be theirs.

383. A Prayer to Mary, the Queen of Purity.

"O pure and immaculate Queen, save me, deliver me from eternal damnation."—*St. John Damascenus.*

1 O MAID, conceived without a stain,
O Mother, bright and fair,
Come thou within our hearts to reign,
And grace shall triumph there.
Hail, Mary, ever undefiled,
Hail, Queen of purity! [mild,
Oh, make thy children chaste and
And turn their hearts to thee.

2 Thou art far purer than the snow,
Far brighter than the day;
Thy beauty none on earth can know,
No tongue of man can say.
O Mother of all mothers best,
Who soothest every grief;
In thee the weary find their rest,
And anguished hearts relief.

3 Oh, then, for us thy children plead,
Thy pity we implore;
That we, from sin and sorrow freed,
May love thee more and more.
Hail, Mary, ever undefiled,
Hail, Queen of purity! [mild.
Oh, make thy children chaste and
And turn their hearts to thee.

384. A Prayer to Mary, to obtain her Help through Life's Stormy Ocean.

"If you do not wish to be overwhelmed by the tempest, turn to the Star and invoke the aid of Mary."—*St. Bernard.*

1 MARY Mother!
Shield us through life,
Protect us from
The ocean's strife.

Chorus.

Calm the wild sea,
Bid tempests cease;
Through thee we reach
The shore in peace. } *Repeat.*

2 Star of the main,
Beneath thy veil,
Clinging to thee,
We safely sail.
Chorus.—Calm the wild, &c.

3 O Mother dear,
O Virgin blest.
Our footsteps guide
Till death's long rest.
Chorus.—Calm the wild, &c.

4 Sweet morning star,
When life is o'er,
Then land us on
The eternal shore.
Chorus.—Calm the wild, &c.

385. A Prayer to Mary, the Star of the Sea.

"She is the star, the sign of help and of joy."—*St. Ephrem.*

1 AVE Maria! thou Virgin and Mother,
Fondly thy children are calling on thee; [another,
Thine are the graces, unclaimed by
Sinless and beautiful—Star of the Sea.

2 Ave Maria! the night shades are falling,
Softly our voices arise unto thee;
Earth's lonely exiles for succour are calling, [Sea.
Sinless and beautiful—Star of the

3 Ave Maria! thy children are kneeling— [to thee;
Words of endearment are whispered
Softly thy spirit upon us is stealing,
Sinless and beautiful—Star of the Sea.

4 Ave Maria! thy arms are extending,
Gladly within them for shelter we flee; [ones bending?
Are thy sweet eyes, on thy lonely
Sinless and beautiful—Star of the Sea.

386. A Prayer to Mary, Queen of Heaven and our Advocate.

"Mary is that woman by whom hell is overcome, the devil trodden upon, man saved."—*St. Anselm.*

1 HAIL, Queen of Heaven, the ocean star,
Guide of the wand'rer here below!
Thrown on life's surge we claim thy care,
Save us from peril and from woe.
Mother of Christ, Star of the Sea,
Pray for the wanderer, pray for me.

2 O gentle, chaste, and spotless Maid,
We sinners make our prayers through thee;
Remind thy Son that He has paid
The price of our iniquity.
Virgin most pure, Star of the Sea,
Pray for the sinner, pray for me.

3 Sojourners in this vale of tears,
To thee, blest advocate, we cry;
Pity our sorrows, calm our fears,
And soothe with hope our misery.
Refuge in grief, Star of the Sea,
Pray for the mourner, pray for me.

4 And while to Him who reigns above,
In Godhead One, in Persons Three,
The source of life, of grace, of love,
Homage we pay on bended knee;
Do thou, bright Queen, Star of the Sea,
Pray for thy children, pray for me.

387. A Prayer to Mary, the Gate of Paradise.

"By one woman came death, by another life; through Eve came perdition, through Mary, salvation."—*St. Augustine.*

1 HAIL, thou resplendent star,
Which shineth o'er the main,
Blest Mother of our God,
And ever Virgin-Queen.

2 Hail, happy gate of bliss,
Greeted by Gabriel's tongue,
Negotiate our peace,
And cancel Eva's wrong,

3 Loosen the sinner's bands;
All evils drive away;
Bring light unto the blind;
And for all graces pray.

4 Exert the mother's care,
And thus thy children own;
To Him convey our prayer,
Who chose to be thy Son.

5 O pure, O spotless Maid,
Whose virtues all excel;
Oh make us chaste and mild,
And all our passions quell.

6 Preserve our lives unstained,
And guard us on our way,
Until we come to thee,
To joys that ne'er decay.

7 Praise to the Father be,
With Christ, His only Son,
And to the Holy Ghost,
Thrice-blessed Three in One.

388. A Prayer to Mary, Mother of God, for all Those that are in Need.

"O Lady, hasten to our aid, save us by thy intercession, or we shall perish."—*Richard St. Laurence.*

1 BRIGHT Mother of our Maker, "hail!"
Thou Virgin ever-blest;
The ocean's Star, by which we sail,
And gain the port of rest.

Chorus.

Hear us, sweet Mother! thou hast known
Our earthly hopes and fears:
The bitterness of mortal toil,
The tenderness of tears.

2 We pray thee, first, for absent ones,
Those who knelt with us here—
The father, brother, and the son,
The distant and the dear.
Chorus.—Hear us, *&c.*

3 We pray thee for the little bark
Upon the stormy sea;
Affection's first great impulse is
To pray, for them, to thee.
Chorus.—Hear us, *&c.*

4 Pray for us, that our 'hearths and homes"
Be kept in love and peace—
"That peace which wicked worlds can't give"—
That love which flows from grace.
Chorus.—Hear us, *&c.*

5 O spotless Maid! whose virtues shine
With brightest purity,
Each action of our lives refine,
And make us pure like thee.
Chorus.—Hear us, *&c.*

389. Evening Supplication to Our Lady.

"As mariners are directed to the port by the polar star, thus Christians are guided to Paradise by Mary."—*St. Thomas.*

1 AVE Sanctissima,
We lift our souls to thee;
Ora pro nobis,
Tis nightfall on the sea.

2 Watch us while shadows lie
Far o'er the waters spread;
Hear the heart's lonely sigh—
Thine, too, hath bled.

3 Thou who hast looked on death,
Aid us when death is near;
Whisper of heaven to faith!
Sweet Mother, sweet Mother, hear!

4 Ora pro nobis,
The wave must rock our sleep!
Ora mater, ora,
Star of the deep.

390. Supplication to Our Lady to obtain the Favour of her Patronage till Death.

"The more exalted she is, the greater her clemency and sweetness towards penitent sinners."—*St. Gregory.*

1 SWEET Mother! turn those gentle eyes
Of pity down on me;
Oh! hear thy suppliant's tearful cries,
My humble prayer do not despise,
Star of the pathless sea!

2 In dark temptation's dreary hour,
To thee, bright Queen, we flee;
Oh! then exert a mother's power,
When storms are rough and tempests lower;
Star of the raging sea!

3 Through all my joys and cares, sweet Maid,
May I still look on thee,
Who bore the Price our ransom paid,
And ne'er the suppliant's cry hath stayed;
Star of the azure sea!

4 And when my last expiring sigh,
My soul from earth shall free,
Do thou, bright Queen of Saints, stand by,
And bear it up to God on high,
Star of the boundless sea!

391. Supplication to Our Lady to beg her Succour at the Hour of Death.

"I, their most dear Lady and Mother, will meet them (my servants) at death, that they may have consolation and refreshment."—*Revelations to St. Bridget.*

1 In the hour of my distress,
When temptations me oppress,
Holy Mary, comfort me.

2 When I lie upon my bed,
Sick in heart and sick in head,
Holy Mary, comfort me.

3 When the passing bell doth toll,
And death's terrors fill my soul,
Holy Mary, comfort me.

4 When the sins of my past years,
Crowd my mind with anxious fears,
Holy Mary, comfort me.

5 When the fiends with hellish cries,
Din mine ears and fright mine eyes,
Holy Mary, comfort me.

6 When the priest his last is praying,
And I hear not what he's saying,
Holy Mary, comfort me.

7 When the judgment is revealed,
And to Jesus I've appealed,
Holy Mary, comfort me.

392. Evening Hymn to Our Lady.

"How canst thou, O Mary, refuse to relieve the miserable, since thou art the Queen of Mercy?"—*St. Bernard.*

Chorus.
Hear thy children, gentlest Mother,
Prayerful hearts to thee arise;
Hear us while our evening Ave
Soars beyond the starry skies.

1 Darkling shadows fall around us,
Restful stars their watches keep;
Hush the heart oppressed by sorrow,
Dry the tears of those who weep.
Chorus.—Hear thy children, &c.

2 Hear, sweet Mother, hear the weary,
Borne upon life's troubled sea;
Gentle, guiding Star of Ocean,
Lead thy children home to thee.
Chorus.—Hear thy children, &c.

3 Still watch o'er us, dearest Mother,
From thy beauteous throne above;
Guard us from all harm and danger,
'Neath the sheltering wings of love.
Chorus.—Hear thy children, &c.

SECT. VI.—HYMNS FOR A CONSECRATION TO OUR LADY.

393. Hymn to be Sung before the Consecration of the Children of Mary.

"It is impossible that a servant of Mary should perish."—*St. Anselm.*

1 I hear thy false sweet voice, deceitful world,
Vain are thy lures and vain thy artful charms;
True to my Queen, I own no rule but hers,
My hope, my home, is in my mother's arms;
Her badge I wear, I own her sway,
I fear no foes on the battle-day.

Chorus.
Queen of the skies, Mother blest and beloved, [to thee:
Turn on us thine eyes, see we hasten
Lo! at thy feet, O dear Mother, we swear,
True children of Mary for ever to be. } *Three times.*

2 Let sinful men exult in worldly joys,
Short is their bliss, short-lived its transient glow;
Wild shouts of glee and bursts of laughter loud
Serve but to hide the heart's deep-seated woe;
But grief ensues, remorse awakes,
And peace the guilty soul forsakes.
Chorus.—Queen of the skies, &c.

3 Then bring fresh wreaths, and crown my head with flowers;
"Life is a feast," the reckless sinner cries,
"Let pleasures spring each day beneath my feet,"
But pleasures end, and soon the sinner dies.
Oh! what shall be that sinner's fate
Who thinks of death and hell too late!
Chorus.—Queen of the skies, &c.

394. Hymn to be Sung after the Consecration of the Children of Mary.

"Mary is the ladder of Paradise."—*St. Justin.*

1 THE vow is made, and we belong to Mary; [love;
After her Son, to her we give our
Life is but short to offer in her service; [prove.
Even in death our loyal life we'll

Chorus.
The vow is made; we'll break it never;
Mother of God! we're thine for ever.

2 The vow is made; unto our dearest Mother; [fatal charm:
O world! we know thy false and
Yet though our hearts be weak, and weak our voices, [harm.
Mary can keep us safe from sin and
Chorus.—The vow is made, &c.

3 The vow is made; it is before thine altar;
And here we give our hearts and souls to thee;
Mary! retrace thy gentle image on them! [be!
Mary! thine own, oh, let them ever
Chorus.—The vow is made, &c.

4 The vow is heard; 'tis heard by God on high; [bling tones;
Angels have listened to its trem-
And she, their Queen, has looked with eyes benign,
On those whom now she as her children owns.
Chorus.—The vow is made, &c.

"My Queen and my Mother! remember that I belong to thee; preserve and defend me as thy property and possession."

—*Forty days' indulgence each time.*

CHILDREN'S DEVOTIONAL HYMNS TO OUR LADY.

"It is impossible that the Mother of God be not heard."—*St. Bernard.*
"You shall never find Jesus except with Mary and through Mary."—*St. Bonaventure.*
"It is the will of God, that all we receive from Him should pass through the hands of Mary."—*St. Bernard.*

395. The Three Salutations to Our Lady.

"Mary is the dispensatrix of divine graces."—*St. Bernardine of Sienna.*
"The mediatrix between heaven and earth."—*St. Epiphanius.*

(May be used as a morning hymn for children.)

1 DAUGHTER of God the Father,
O Virgin pure and mild,
I venerate and love thee;
Accept me for thy child.
My soul and all its powers
I consecrate to thee;
Be pleased, most holy Mother,
From sin to keep me free.

2 Mother of our Redeemer,
O Virgin pure and mild,
I venerate and love thee;
Accept me for thy child.
My body and its senses
I consecrate to thee;
Be pleased, most holy Mother,
From sin to keep me free.

3 Spouse of the Holy Spirit,
O Virgin pure and mild,
I venerate and love thee:
Accept me for thy child.
My heart and its affections
I consecrate to thee;
Be pleased, most holy Mother,
From sin to keep me free.

396. Children's Evening Hymn to the Blessed Virgin Mary.

"Mary is the Lady above all blessed."—*St. Chrysostom.* "Who ever invoked her and was not heard?"—*Innocent III.*

1 BRIGHT Queen of Heaven,
Virgin most fair,
Mary most gentle,
List to our prayer.
Mother, protect us,
Aid to us bring,
Sweetly enfold us
'Neath shelt'ring wing.

2 Star of the Ocean,
Shedding soft light,
Solace in sorrow,
Rest 'mid the night:
Send in our slumbers
Peace from above;
Shine on us ever,
Bright star of love.

3 Though night be lonely
Why should we fear,
While thy soft gleaming
Shineth so near,
Leading us gently
'Mid darkling gloom,
Beck'ning us onwards
To our true home?

4 Soon may the morrow
Of bright endless day,
Chase the drear visions
Of dark night away;
Waft our lone spirits
To heaven's bright shore,
Where we may love thee
And rest evermore.

397. The Child's Hymn to the Blessed Virgin for Purity.

"In dangers, in anguish, in doubts, think of Mary, invoke Mary."—*St. Bernard.*

1 AVE Maria! hear the prayer
Of thy poor helpless child;
Beneath thy sweet maternal care
Preserve us undefiled.

Chorus.

Ave Maria! do I sigh
In deep affliction's hour;
Nor to a suppliant heart deny
Thy mediative power.

2 Ave Maria! for to thee,
Whom God hath pleased to choose
The Mother of His Son to be,
No prayer can He refuse.
Chorus.—Ave Maria! &c.

3 Ave Maria! then implore
One only grace for me;
This heart to give for evermore
To God alone and thee!
Chorus.—Ave Maria! &c.

398. Children's Hymn to the Blessed Virgin for Victory over every Sin.

Prov. xliv. 15: "After her shall virgins be brought to the King."

1 HOLY Queen! we bend before thee,
Queen of purity divine!
Make us love thee, we implore thee,
Make us truly to be thine.

Chorus.

Teach, oh teach us, holy Mother,
How to conquer every sin;
How to love and help each other;
How the prize of life to win.

2 Thou to whom a child was given
Greater than the sons of men,
Coming down from highest heaven
To create the world again.
Chorus.—Teach, oh teach us, &c.

3 Oh, by that Almighty Maker,
Whom thyself a Virgin bore!
Oh, by thy supreme Creator,
Linked with thee for evermore!
Chorus.—Teach, oh teach us, &c.

4 By the hope thy name inspires!
By our doom reversed through thee:
Help us, Queen of Angel choirs!
To a blest eternity!
Chorus.—Teach, oh teach us, &c.

399. The Child's Choice of Mary for a Mother.

"Mary is not only the Mother of Jesus, our Saviour; she is also the Mother of all the faithful."—*St. Bonaventure.*

1 O MARY blest,
A mother be to me;
For who in heaven or earth can find
A mother half so good and kind,
So fair, so sweet as thee?

2 Think, Mother blest,
That thine own Son divine,
When nailed upon His cross on high,
For me He was about to die,
Made thee, His Mother, mine.

3 O thou who art
In heaven at His right hand,
Obtain that I again may see
My parents dear with Him and thee,
In that bright happy land.

400. The Child's Supplication to be Numbered among the Faithful Children of Mary.

"O Mary, show thyself a mother."—*The Church.*

1 MAIDEN Mother, meek and mild,
Take, oh take me for thy child;
All my life, oh let it be
My best joy to think of thee.

2 When my eyes are closed in sleep,
Through the night my slumbers keep,
Make my latest thought to be
How to love thy Son and thee.

3 Teach me, when the sunbeam bright
Calls me with its golden light,
How my waking thoughts may be
Turned to Jesus and to thee.

4 And, oh, teach me through the day
Oft to raise my heart and say,
"Maiden Mother, meek and mild,
Guard, oh, guard thy faithful child!"

5 Thus, sweet Mother, day and night
Thou shalt guard my steps aright;
And my dying words shall be,
"Virgin Mother, pray for me!"

401. The Children's Praises of Mary.

"Glorious and admirable is thy name, O Mary!"—*St. Bonaventure.*
"Satan flees off, hell trembles, when I hail Mary."—*B. Alanus.*

1 WITH all thy affections,
My soul, praise thy Mother,—
Mary, thy sweet Mother,
And Jesus, her child.

Chorus.

Ave, ave, ave, Maria. } *Repeat.*

2 Thou purest of Virgins,
No stain or imprint
Of Adam's transgression
Thy soul hath defiled.
Chorus.—Ave, &c.

3 Tell Jesus that sinners,
Thy children, here bless thee,
While bright angels praise thee,
Their Queen fair and mild.
Chorus.—Ave, &c.

4 Far off I salute thee,
All virgins excelling;
The Infant God's dwelling
In thy womb undefiled.
Chorus.—Ave, &c.

5 O Refuge of sinners,
O Star of life's ocean,
In deepest devotion
I'll praise thee, most mild,
Chorus.—Ave, &c.

402. Our Lady, the Model of Children.

"Such was the life of Mary, that she has been an example to all."—*St. Ambrose.*

1 While I was yet a little one,
I pleased the Lord of grace,
And in His holy sanctuary
He granted me a place.

2 There sheltered by His tender care,
And by His love inspired,
I strove in all things to fulfil
Whatever He desired.

3 I wholly gave myself to Him,
To be for ever His;
I meditated on His law
And ancient promises.

4 And oft at my embroidery,
Musing upon the Maid
Of whom Messias should be born,—
Thus in my heart I prayed:

5 "Permit me, Lord, one day to see
That Virgin ever dear;
Predestinated in the courts
Of Sion to appear.

6 "Oh blest estate, if but I might
Among her handmaids be!
But such a favour, O my God,
Is far too high for me."

7 Thus unto God I poured my prayer,
And He that prayer fulfilled,
Not as my poverty had hoped,
But as His bounty willed.

8 Ere while a trembling child of dust,
Now robed in heavenly rays,
I reign the Mother of my God
Through sempiternal days.

9 To me the nations of the world
Their grateful tribute bring;
To me the powers of darkness bend;
To me the angels sing.

403. The Child's Desire to be Admitted with Mary in Heaven.

"Mary is the Paradise from which flows the River of Life, Christ our Lord."—*St. Andrew of Jerusalem.*

1 O Mary, my Mother,
So tender, so true,
In all my afflictions
I hasten to you.
Your heart is so gentle,
So loving, so mild,
You cannot reject your
Poor suppliant child.

Chorus.
Holy Mary, let me come,
Holy Mary, let me come;
Soon to be happy with
Thee in thy home.

2 O Mary, my Mother,
I long so to see
The glory thy Son has
Provided for thee—
That heaven of glory,
So purely thine own;
The reward which thy
Spotless virginity won.
Chorus.—Holy Mary, &c.

3 O Mary, my Mother,
So meek and so mild,
Look down upon me,
A poor pitiful child;
Secure me, 'midst dangers,
From enemies free,
And conduct me at death
Up to Jesus and thee.
Chorus.—Holy Mary, &c.

404. The Little Fishers' Evening Hymn to our Lady.

"If you do not wish to be overwhelmed by the tempest, turn to the star and invoke the name of Mary."—*St. Bernard.*

1 A LITTLE boat, with snow-white sail,
Is floating on the summer sea,
Oh, lightly moves it with the gale,
And all its crew are children three.

Chorus.

Kind Heaven, grant no harm betide,
Their fragile bark when night falls dim;
And hark! the breeze bears far and wide
The little fishers' evening hymn.

2 Poor fishermen, too weak we are
To stem the rolling ocean's wave;
And Mary! we have turned to thee,
A Mother's gentle help to crave.

Chorus.

Hail Mary! Star of Ocean, hail!
Oh hear the hymn we sing to thee;
The while we trim our shifting sail,
And shape our course across the sea.

3 Oh deign our feeble toil to bless,
And keep old ocean calm the while;
Oh grant us, Mary, good success,
And make our home with plenty smile.

Chorus.—Hail Mary, &c.

4 Sweet Mother! light our outward track;
Poor helpless little fishers three!
And bring our boat in safety back,
Across the wide and pathless sea.

Chorus.—Hail Mary, &c.

SECT. VII.—SPECIAL DEVOTIONS OF THE CHURCH IN HONOUR OF OUR LADY.

405. Hymn for Processions in Honour of Our Lady.

"All the honour which is given to the Queen-Mother is rendered to the King, her Son."—*St. Ildefonsus.*

1 We bear with us in crowned state
The image of our Queen,
Who far above in heaven's own light
Is decked in glorious sheen.

Chorus.

Of all the joys of loving hearts,
No joy can bring such bliss;
Of all the triumphs that are ours,
No triumph is like this.

2 And as we lift our voices up,
We think the while we sing,
Of that bright home above the skies
Where she is with our King.

Chorus.—Of all the joys, &c.

3 O Mother, we can scarcely wait
To see that sight so fair,
Our pilgrim hearts are wearying
To go and love thee there.

Chorus.—Of all the joys, &c.

4 Think, Mother, think of that blest hour,
When 'mid the solemn rite,
We gave our trembling hearts to thee,
Our youthful faith did plight.

Chorus.—Of all the joys, &c.

5 We give them now, we give them aye,
We pledge them at thy shrine,
For ever keep them true to thee,
For ever make them thine.

Chorus.—Of all the joys, &c.

406. Hymn in Honour of Our Lady.

As sung before her own Image.

"Mary is the image of God the most perfect, the most accomplished."
—*Arch. Fior.*

1 THIS is the image of our Queen
Who reigns in bliss above;
Of her who is the hope of men,
Whom men and angels love!
Most holy Mary! at thy feet
I bend a suppliant knee;
[*In all my joy, in all my pain,*]
Pray thou to God for me.

2 The sacred homage that we pay
To Mary's image here,
To Mary's self, then on to God,
Ascends the starry sphere.
Most holy Mary! at thy feet
I bend a suppliant knee;
[*In my temptations, each and all,*]
Pray thou to God for me.

3 Sweet are the flowers we have culled
This image to adorn;
But sweeter far is Mary's self,
That rose without a thorn!
Most holy Mary! at thy feet,
I bend a suppliant knee;
[*When on the bed of death I lie,*]
Pray thou to God for me.

4 O Lady, by the stars that make
A glory round thy head,
And by thy pure uplifted hands
That for thy children plead;
When at the judgment seat I stand,
And my dread Saviour see;
When hell is raging for my soul,
Pray thou to God for me.

[*When this Hymn is used during the month of May, omit the line in brackets in the first, second, and third verses, and insert instead,* "In this thy own sweet month of May."]

DEVOTIONS OF THE MONTH OF MARY.

407. Hymn of Welcome to the Month of May.

"Devotion to Mary is a characteristic of salvation."—*St. John Damascenus.*

1 WELCOME to this world of woe,
To each pilgrim here below,
Nature's voice o'er hill and dale,
Bids you, Month of Mary, hail;
Come, ye children of the spring,
Fair and fragrant flow'rets bring;
Welcome, Month of Mary!

2 Come, that from your treasures sweet
We may twine a chaplet meet
To be offered at the shrine
Of the Mother-Maid Divine;
Bring the rose, for in its hue
Mary's ardent love we view.
Welcome, Month of Mary!

3 Mystic Rose! that precious name
Mary from the Church doth claim;
In the lily's silver bells
The purity of Mary dwells.
In the myrtle's fadeless green
Mary's constancy is seen.
Welcome, Month of Mary!

4 Month of bright and radiant skies!
Tribute flowers to greet you rise.
Come, for we are weary here,
Till your music greets the ear;
Till your rosy fingers fair
Scatter perfumes on the air.
Welcome, Month of Mary!

5 We do love you, Month, most fair,
For the precious name you bear;
And we hail you with delight;
Mary's name sheds lustre bright;
Every flow'ret seems to say,
Mary's is the month of May.
Welcome, Month of Mary!

408. The Wreath with which we are to Crown our Lady Queen of May.

Isa. lxii. 3: "And thou shalt be a crown of glory in the hand of the Lord, and a royal diadem in the hand of thy God."

Chorus.
FLOWERS are springing, birds are singing,
The earth is bright and gay,
Then let us weave a blooming wreath
For Mary, Queen of May.

1 We'll twine the rose that early blows
With the lily of the vale;
And violet we won't forget,
That scents the morning gale.
Chorus.—Flowers are springing.

2 Our floral crown we'll place around
Her brows so heavenly fair;
And it will prove how much we love,
Though gleams no diamond there.
Chorus.—Flowers are springing.

3 For rose will tell we love her well
Who loved us unto death;
By lily flower we'll own her power
To win her sinless wreath.
Chorus.—Flowers are springing.

4 And violet sweet, that seeks retreat
To breathe its fragrant breath,
Will show that we the world will flee
And love her unto death.
Chorus.—Flowers are springing.

409. The Gifts we are to Beg of Our Lady during the Month of May.

"To thee, O Mary, have been confided all the treasures of grace."
—*St. Ildefonsus.*

1 Joy of my heart! oh let me pay
To thee thine own sweet month of May.

2 Mary! one gift I beg of thee,—
My soul from sin and sorrow free.

3 Direct my wandering feet aright,
And be thyself mine own true light.

4 Be love of thee the purging fire,
To cleanse for God my heart's desire.

5 Mother! be love of thee a ray
From heaven, to show the heaven-ward way.

6 Mary! make haste thy child to win
From sin, and from the love of sin.

7 Mother of God! let my poor love
A mother's prayers and pity move.

8 O Mary! when I come to die,
Be thou, thy spouse, and Jesus nigh.

9 When mute before the Judge I stand,
My holy shield be Mary's hand.

10 O Mary! let no child of thine
In hell's eternal exile pine.

11 If time for penance still be mine,
Mother, the precious gift is thine.

12 Thou, Mary, art my hope and life,
The starlight of this earthly strife.

13 Oh, for my own and others' sin,
Do thou, who canst, free pardon win.

14 To sinners all, to me the chief,
Send, Mother, send thy kind relief.

15 To thee our love and troth are given,
Pray for us, pray, bright Gate of Heaven.

16 Sweet Day-Star! let thy beauty be
A light to draw my soul to thee.

17 We love thee, light of sinners' eyes!
Oh let thy prayer for sinners rise.

18 Look at us, Mother Mary! see
How piteously we look to thee.

19 I am thy slave, nor would I be
For worlds from this sweet bondage free.

20 O Jesus, Joseph, Mary, deign
My soul in heavenly ways to train.

21 Sweet Stewardess of God, thy prayers
We beg, who are God's ransomed heirs.

22 O Virgin-born! O Flesh Divine!
Cleanse us, and make us wholly thine.

23 Mary, dear Mistress of my heart,
What thou wouldst have me do, impart.

24 Thou, who wert pure as driven snow,
Make me as thou wert here below.

25 O Queen of Heaven! obtain for me
Thy glory there one day to see.

26 Oh then and there, on that bright day,
To me thy womb's chaste Fruit display.

27 Mother of God! to me no less,
Vouchsafe a mother's sweet caress.

28 Be love of thee, my whole life long,
A seal upon my wayward tongue.

29 Write on my heart's most secret core,
The five dear Wounds that Jesus bore.

30 Oh give me tears to shed with thee
Beneath the Cross of Calvary.

31 One more request and I have done
With love of thee and thy dear Son;
More let me burn, and more each day,
Till love of self is burned away.

410. Hymn of Praise to Mary, the Lovely Queen of May.

"That Mary is the Mother of God, supersedes all that which after God may be named or thought of."—*St. Anselm.*

1 The sun is shining brightly,
The trees are clothed with green,
The beauteous bloom of flowers
On every side is seen.
The fields are gold and em'rald,
And all the world is gay;
For 'tis the month of Mary,
The lovely month of May.

Chorus.
O Mary, dear Mother,
We sing a hymn to thee;
Thou art the Queen of Heaven,
Thou too our Queen shalt be.
Oh rule us and guide us
Unto eternity.

2 There's music in the heavens,
For birds are singing there;
And nature's songs and praises
Are sounding through the air;
And we with hearts o'erflowing
With joy will sing to-day;
For 'tis the month of Mary,
The lovely month of May.

Chorus.—O Mary, &c.

3 And when night closes o'er us,
And twinkling stars appear;
The chaste moon calmly reigneth,
In skies so bright and clear.
Oh, how that sight reminds us
Of heaven far away,
Where reigns, o'er saints and angels,
Our lovely Queen of May.

Chorus.—O Mary, &c.

411. Mary, the Queen of Seasons.

"A larger world and higher heavens God could create, but a Mother more exalted than the Mother of God He could not make."—*St. Bernard.*

1 All is divine which the Highest hast made,
From the day that He wrought till the day when He stayed;
Above and below, within and around,
From the centre of space to its uttermost bound.

2 In beauty surpassing the Universe smiled
On the morn of its birth like an innocent child,
Or like the rich bloom of some gorgeous flower,
And the Father rejoiced in the work of His power.

3 Yet worlds brighter still, and a brighter than those,
And a brighter again He had made if He chose;
More let me burn, and more each day,
Till love of self is burned away.

And you never could name that conceivable best,
To exhaust the resources the Maker possessed.

4 But I know of one work of His Infinite Hand, [to stand;
Which, special and singular, is ever
So perfect, so pure, and of gifts such store,
That even Omnipotence ne'er shall do more.

5 The freshness of May, and the sweetness of June, [noon,
And the fire of July in its passionate
Munificent August, September serene,
Are together no match for our glorious Queen.

6 O Mary, all months and all days are thine own, [they are gone;
In thee lasts their joyousness when
And we give to thee May, not because it is best,
But because it comes first and is pledge of the rest.

HYMNS FOR THE DEVOTION OF THE MOST HOLY ROSARY.

It is a pious custom in some places, and especially during Missions and Retreats, to sing a verse of a hymn before each mystery of the Rosary when it is publicly recited. The following verses have been written with the idea of their being used for this purpose. They will help the faithful to meditate on the mysteries, and will draw attention to the special virtue taught by each.

The concluding verse, "Queen of the Holy Rosary," may be either omitted, or sung after the last decade, as an offering of the whole chaplet to our Lady.

412. The Joyful Mysteries.

I. THE ANNUNCIATION.—HUMILITY.

HAIL! full of grace and purity,
Meek Handmaid of the Lord,
Hail! model of Humility,
Chaste Mother of the Word.

II. THE VISITATION.—CHARITY TO OUR NEIGHBOURS.

By that pure love which prompted thee
To seek thy cousin blest,
Pray that the fires of Charity
May burn within our breast.

III. THE BIRTH OF OUR LORD.—POVERTY.

This blessing beg, O Virgin Queen,
From Jesus through His birth,
By holy poverty to wean
Our hearts from things of earth.

IV. THE PRESENTATION IN THE TEMPLE.—OBEDIENCE.

Most Holy Virgin, Maiden mild,
Obtain for us, we pray,
To imitate thy Holy Child
By striving to obey.

V. THE FINDING OF OUR LORD.—LOVE OF HIM AND OF HIS SERVICE.

By thy dear Son, restored to thee,
This grace for us implore,
To serve our Lord more faithfully,
And love Him more and more.

(*Concluding Verse.*)

Queen of the Holy Rosary,
With tender love look down,
And bless the hearts that offer thee
This chaplet for thy crown.

413. The Sorrowful Mysteries.

I. THE PRAYER OF OUR LORD.—PRAYER.

LORD, by Thy prayer in agony,
On Olivet, alone,
Teach us to Pray, resigned like Thee,
And say, "Thy will be done."

II. THE SCOURGING.—MORTIFICATION.

Sweet Saviour, who didst bear for me
The scourges' pains intense,
Help me to fly all luxury,
And Mortify each sense.

III. THE CROWNING WITH THORNS.—FORTITUDE.

By the sharp thorns so meekly borne,
And scoffs and buffets rude,
Teach us to bear all pain and scorn
With holy Fortitude.

IV. THE CARRYING OF THE CROSS.—PATIENCE.

Lord, by Thy Cross Thy people spare,
And on us pity take,
Help us our daily cross to bear
With Patience for Thy sake.

V. THE CRUCIFIXION.—SPIRIT OF SELF-SACRIFICE.

O Jesus, victim for man's fall,
Lamb slain on Calvary,
Accept henceforth our lives, our all,
In Sacrifice to Thee.

(Concluding Verse.)

Queen of the Holy Rosary, &c.

414. The Glorious Mysteries.

I. THE RESURRECTION.—FAITH.

All hail, great Conqueror, to Thee,
Arisen from the dead!
Grant us the light of Faith, that we
May in Thy footsteps tread.

II. THE ASCENSION.—HOPE.

To heaven Thou dost ascend again,
Sweet Saviour of our race,
With Hope our fainting hearts sustain,
To see in heaven Thy face.

III. THE DESCENT OF THE HOLY GHOST.—ZEAL FOR SOULS.

O Holy Ghost, who didst descend
In cloven tongues of fire, [tend,
Our souls, which all too earthward
With burning Zeal inspire.

IV. THE ASSUMPTION.—DEVOTION TO OUR LADY.

Mother of God, enthroned above,
Beseech thy Son anew
To fill our hearts with childlike love
For thee, our Mother too.

V. THE CORONATION OF OUR LADY.—PERSEVERANCE.

All gracious Queen of Angels, deign
Our last request to hear,
For us this crowning gift obtain,
In grace to Persevere.

(Concluding Verse.)

Queen of the Holy Rosary, &c.

LITTLE OFFICE OF IMMACULATE CONCEPTION.

MATINS.

415.

Come, my lips, and wide proclaim the Blessed Virgin's spotless fame.

V. O Lady, make speed to befriend me.

R. From the hands of the enemy mightily defend me.

V. Glory be to the Father. Alleluia.

From Septuagesima to Easter, instead of Alleluia, is said,

V. Praise be to Thee, O Lord, King of everlasting glory.

Hail, Queen of the Heavens.

1 Hail, Queen of the Heavens!
Hail, Mistress of earth!
Hail, Virgin most pure,
Of immaculate birth!

2 Clear Star of the Morning,
In beauty enshrined!
O Lady, make speed
To the help of mankind!

3 Thee God in the depth
Of eternity chose;
And formed thee all fair,
As His glorious Spouse;

4 And called thee His Word's
Own Mother to be,
By whom He created
The earth, sky, and sea.

V. God elected her, and pre-elected her.
R. He made her to dwell in His tabernacle.
V. O Lady, hear my prayer.
R. And let my cry come unto thee.

Let us pray.

Holy Mary, Queen of Heaven, Mother of our Lord Jesus Christ, and Mistress of the world, who forsakest no one, and despisest no one; look upon me, O Lady, with an eye of pity, and entreat for me, of thy beloved Son, the forgiveness of all my sins; that, as I now celebrate with devout affection thy holy Immaculate Conception, so hereafter I may receive the prize of eternal blessedness, by the grace of Him whom thou, in virginity, didst bring forth, Jesus Christ our Lord; Who, with the Father and the Holy Ghost, liveth and reigneth, in perfect Trinity, God, world without end. Amen.

V. O Lady, hear my prayer.
R. And let my cry come unto thee.
V. Let us bless the Lord.
R. Thanks be to God.
V. May the souls of the faithful departed, through the mercy of God, rest in peace. *R.* Amen.

PRIME.

V. O Lady, make speed to befriend me.
R. From the hands of the enemy mightily defend me.
V. Glory be to the Father. Alleluia.

Hail, Virgin most Wise.

1 Hail virgin, most wise;
Hail, Deity's shrine!
With seven fair pillars,
And table divine!

2 Preserved from the guilt
Which has come on us all!
Exempt in the womb
From the taint of the Fall!

3 O new star of Jacob!
Of angels the Queen!
O gate of the saints!
O Mother of men!

4 Oh, terrible as
The embattled array!
Be thou of the faithful
The refuge and stay.

V. The Lord Himself created her in the Holy Ghost.
R. And poured her out among all His works.
V. O Lady, hear, &c., *with the prayer and versicles, as at Matins.*

TERCE.

V. O Lady, make speed to befriend me.
R. From the hands of the enemy mightily defend me.
V. Glory be to the Father. Alleluia.

Hail, Solomon's Throne.

1 Hail, Solomon's throne!
Pure Ark of the Law!
Fair Rainbow! and Bush
Which the Patriarch saw!

2 Hail, Gedeon's Fleece!
Hail, blossoming Rod!
Samson's sweet Honeycomb!
Portal of God!

3 Well fitting it was
That a Son so divine
Should preserve from all touch
Of original sin;

4 Nor suffer by smallest
Defect to be stained
That Mother, whom He
For Himself had ordained.

V. I dwell in the highest.
R. And my throne is on the pillar of the clouds.
V. O Lady, hear, &c., *with the prayer and versicles, as at Matins.*

SEXT.

V. O Lady, make speed to befriend me.
R. From the hands of the enemy mightily defend me.
V. Glory be to the Father. Alleluia.

Hail, Virginal Mother.

1 Hail, Virginal Mother!
Hail purity's cell!
Fair shrine where the Trinity
Loveth to dwell!

2 Thou land set apart
From uses profane,
And free from the curse
Which in Adam began!

3 Hail, garden of pleasure!
Celestial balm!
Cedar of Chastity!
Martyrdom's palm!

4 Thou city of God!
Thou gate of the East,
In thee is all grace,
O joy of the blest!

V. As the lily among the thorns.
R. So is my beloved among the daughters of Adam.
V. O Lady, hear, &c., *with the prayer and versicles, as at Matins.*

NONE.

V. O Lady, make speed to befriend me.
R. From the hands of the enemy mightily defend me.
V. Glory be to the Father. Alleluia.

Hail, City of Refuge.

1 Hail, City of refuge!
Hail, David's high tower!
With battlements crowned
And girded with power!

2 Filled at thy Conception
With Love and with Light!
The Dragon by thee
Was shorn of his might.

3 O Woman most valiant!
O Judith thrice blest!
As David was nursed
in fair Abishag's breast;

4 As the Saviour of Egypt
Upon Rachel's knee;
So the world's great Redeemer
Was cherished by thee.

V. Thou art all fair, my Beloved.
R. And the original stain was never in thee.
V. O Lady, hear, &c., *with the prayer and versicles, as at Matins.*

VESPERS.

V. O Lady, make speed to befriend me.
R. From the hands of the enemy mightily defend me.
V. Glory be to the Father. Alleluia.

Hail, Dial of Achaz.

1 Hail, dial of Achaz!
On thee the true sun
Told backward the course
Which from old he had run!

2 And, that man might be raised
Submitting to shame,
A little more low
Than the angels became.

3 Thou, wrapt in the blaze
Of His infinite light,
Dost shine as the morn
On the confines of night.

4 As the moon on the lost
Through obscurity dawns,
The serpent's destroyer!
A lily 'mid thorns!

V. I made an unfailing light to arise in heaven.
R. And, as a mist, I overspread the whole earth.
V. O Lady, hear, &c., *with the prayer and versicles, as at Matins.*

COMPLINE.

V. May Jesus Christ thy Son, reconciled by thy prayers, O Lady, convert our hearts.

R. And turn away His anger from us.

V. O Lady, make speed to befriend me.

R. From the hands of the enemy mightily defend me.

V. Glory be to the Father. Alleluia.

Hail, Mother most Pure.

1 Hail, Mother most pure!
Hail, Virgin renowned!
Hail, Queen of the stars
As a diadem crowned!

2 Above all the angels
In glory untold,
Standing next to the King,
In a vesture of gold!

3 O Mother of mercy!
O Star of the wave!
O Hope of the guilty!
O Light of the grave!

4 Through thee may we come
To the haven of rest;
And see Heaven's King
In the courts of the blest

V. Thy name, O Mary, is as oil poured out.

R. Thy servants have loved thee exceedingly.

V. O Lady, hear, &c., *with the prayer and versicles, as at Matins.*

THE COMMENDATION.

These Praises and Prayers.

1 These praises and prayers
I lay at thy feet,
O Virgin of virgins!
O Mary most sweet!

2 Be thou my true guide
Through this pilgrimage here;
And stand by my side
When death draweth near.

[*Pope Paul V. has granted a hundred days' indulgence to all the faithful who devoutly recite the following anthem and prayer.*]

Ant. This is the branch, in which was neither knot of original, nor bark of actual sin found.

V. In thy conception, O Virgin, thou wast immaculate.

R. Pray unto the Father for us, whose Son thou didst bring forth.

Let us pray.

O God, who by the Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin, didst prepare a fit habitation for Thy Son; we beseech Thee, that, as by the foreseen death of the same Son, Thou didst preserve her pure from all spot, so likewise grant, that we, by her intercession made free from sin, may attain unto Thee. Through our Lord Jesus Christ, Thy Son, who with Thee and the Holy Ghost, liveth and reigneth, one God, world without end. Amen.

End of the Little Office of our B. Lady.

Invocation to Mary Immaculate.

Holy Mary—conceived without sin—pray for us—pray for us—who have recourse to thee.

LITANY OF THE ASSOCIATION OF THE CHILDREN OF MARY.

416.

Lord, have mercy on us.
Christ, have mercy on us.
Lord, have mercy on us.
Christ, hear us.
Christ, graciously hear us.

O Daughter of God the Father, exalted above all creatures, reign over thy children;

Graciously hear us, O Mary.

O Mother of God the Son and our Mother, protect thy children;

O Spouse of the Holy Ghost, obtain the sanctification of thy children;

Mother of strength, obtain the spirit of fortitude for thy children;

Mother of love, obtain a solid, generous, and constant love for thy children;

Mother, full of zeal for thy Son's glory, obtain a prudent, enlightened, and burning zeal for thy children;

Mother, who wast pure as the lily among thorns, obtain that love of purity which trembles at the shadow of spot or stain for thy children;

Mother, who didst never lose sight of the presence of God, obtain the grace of recollection in the midst of the tumult of the world for thy children;

Mother, most generous, obtain a spirit of sacrifice for thy children;

Mother, ever calm, even in the agony of the cross, obtain a spirit of peace which no tempests shall ruffle for thy children;

Mother, full of faith, obtain that interior spirit which reveals God in all His creatures for thy children;

Mother, meek and humble, ask the virtues which Jesus loved, and of which He gave such touching examples for thy children;

Mother, who didst never seek any eye but that of God as witness of thy actions, obtain the desire of pleasing Him alone for thy children;

Mother, chaste and pure, obtain that the most perfect modesty may ever distinguish us thy children;

Mother, who didst despise all the vanities of the world, obtain strength to resist its deceitful charms for thy children;

Graciously hear us, O Mary.

By thy Immaculate Conception, *Mary our Mother, O hear thy children.*

By the fervour with which, at the age of three years, thou didst offer thyself to God, *Mary our Mother, O hear thy children.*

By thy heart, pierced with a sword of sorrow, *Mary our Mother, O hear thy children.*

Thou who wast ever resigned to the will of God, obtain a constant submission to the same holy will for thy children, *Mary our Mother, O hear thy children.*

Thou who forsakest no one, support in the midst of this life's perils those who art consecrated to thee as thy children, *Mary our Mother, O hear thy children.*

St. Joseph, chaste guardian of Jesus and Mary, *pray for us.*

St. John, who hadst the happiness of being allowed to take care of our Mother, *pray for us.*

St. Aloysius, and St. Stanislaus, burning with love for Mary, *pray for us.*

Lamb of God, who takest away the sins of the world, *Spare us, O Lord.*

Lamb of God, who takest away the sins of the world, *Graciously hear us, O Lord.*

Lamb of God, who takest away the sins of the world, *Have mercy on us.*

Jesus, hear us. Jesus, graciously hear us.

V. O Mary, full of grace.

R. From thy throne in heaven, bless thy children.

Let us pray.

O Jesus, who from the cross hast given Mary as a Mother for all men, and hast still further favoured us by admitting us into the number of her privileged children, grant that, profiting by the graces which thou pourest on us, we may realise in a happy eternity those consoling words: "A true servant of Mary cannot be lost." We implore this of Thee by the tenderness of Thy Sacred Heart, and the sufferings of Thy bitter Passion. Amen.

Renewal of Act of Consecration.

Queen of Heaven, Mother of God, and my Mother, how happy I am to have learnt to know thy greatness and thy ineffable goodness, how happy I am in possessing the sweet title of "Child of Mary"! O my Mother, thou

hast never rejected any one who had recourse to thee, and thou wilt not refuse to receive once more the offering which I now make thee of myself. Receive me into thy heart, O my Mother! it is there thy children should ever dwell. I prefer thy love to all earthly delights, my title of "Child of Mary" to all worldly honours, and I would rather die than forfeit the right of calling myself thy child. Blessed be the sweet chains which bind me to thy service, they will be my happiness here and my salvation hereafter, for thou wilt help me, O my Mother! to fulfil my promise, thou wilt not let thy child perish! No, I shall be thine for all eternity. Amen.

Repeat Invocation to Mary Immaculate.

Holy Mary—conceived without sin—pray for us—pray for us—who have recourse to thee.

417. Hymn for Festivals of our Lady, at Vespers. 418.

1 Ave maris stella,
Dei Mater alma,
Atque semper virgo,
Felix cœli porta.

2 Sumens illud Ave,
Gabrielis ore,
Funda nos in pace,
Mutens Hevæ nomen.

3 Solve vincla reis,
Profer lumen cæcis,
Mala nostra pelle,
Bona cuncta posce.

4 Monstra te esse matrem
Sumat per te preces,
Qui pro nobis natus,
Tulit esse tuus.

5 Virgo singularis,
Inter omnes mitis,
Nos culpis solutos,
Mites fac et castos.

6 Vitam præsta puram,
Iter para tutum,
Ut videntes Jesum,
Semper collætemur.

7 Sit laus Deo Patri
Summo Christo decus,
Spiritui Sancto,
Tribus honor unus.

1 HAIL, bright Star of ocean,
God's own Mother blest,
Ever-sinless Virgin,
Gate of heavenly rest;

2 Taking that sweet Ave
Which from Gabriel came,
Peace confirm within us,
Changing Eva's name.

3 Break the captive's fetters;
Light on blindness pour;
All our ills expelling,
Every bliss implore.

4 Show thyself a mother;
May the Word Divine,
Born for us thine Infant,
Hear our prayers through thine.

5 Virgin all excelling,
Mildest of the mild,
Freed from guilt, preserve us
Meek and undefiled;

6 Keep our life all spotless,
Make our way secure,
Till we find in Jesus
Joy for evermore.

7 Through the highest Heaven
To the Almighty Three,
Father, Son, and Spirit,
One same glory be.

V. Dignare me laudare te, Virgo sacrata.
R. Da mihi virtutem contra hostes tuos.

V. Graciously suffer me to praise thee, O sacred Virgin.
R. Grant me strength against thine enemies.

IN THE FIRST VESPERS.

Ant. Sancta Maria, succurre miseris juva pusillanimes, refove flebiles, ora pro populo, interveni pro clero, inter-

Ant. O Holy Mary, succour the miserable, help the dejected, comfort the afflicted, pray for the people, mediate

cede pro devoto femineo sexu: sentiant omnes tuum juvamen, quicumque celebrant tuam sanctam festivitatem.

for the clergy, intercede for the devout female sex, let all be sensible of thy help, who celebrate thy holy festival.

IN THE SECOND VESPERS.

At the Magnificat.

Ant. Beatam me dicent omnes generationes, quia ancillam humilem respexit Deus.

Ant. All generations shall call me blessed, because God hath regarded His humble handmaid.

ST. JOSEPH.

419. St. Joseph's Wonderful Privileges.

"He enjoyed two wonderful privileges, of which neither patriarchs nor prophets could boast: for St. Joseph was the spouse of Mary and the father of Jesus Christ."—*Tolet.*

Matt. i. 16: "And Jacob begot Joseph the husband of Mary, of whom was born Jesus, who is called Christ."

1 HAIL! holy Joseph, hail!
Husband of Mary, hail!
Chaste as the lily flower
In Eden's peaceful vale.

2 Hail! holy Joseph, hail!
Father of Christ esteemed!
Father be thou to those
Thy Foster-Son redeemed.

3 Hail! holy Joseph, hail!
Prince of the House of God,
May His best graces be
By thy sweet hands bestowed.

4 Hail! holy Joseph, hail!
Comrade of angels, hail!
Cheer thou the hearts that faint,
And guide the steps that fail.

5 Hail! holy Joseph, hail!
God's choice wert thou alone,
To thee the Word made flesh
Was subject as a Son.

6 Hail! holy Joseph, hail!
Teach us our flesh to tame;
And, Mary, keep the hearts
That love thy husband's name.

7 Mother of Jesus! bless,
And bless, ye saints on high,
All meek and simple souls
That to Saint Joseph cry.

420. St. Joseph's Exalted Dignity.

"There is not one among the blessed spirits who would presume to take the title of Father with regard to Jesus."—*St. Cyprian.*

1 JOSEPH, our certain hope of life,
Glory of earth and heaven!
Thou Pillar of the world! to thee
Be praise eternal given.

2 Thee, as Salvation's minister,
The mighty Maker chose;
As Foster-Father of the Word;
As Mary's spotless Spouse.

3 With joy thou sawest Him new-born,
Of whom the prophets sang;
Him in a manger didst adore,
From whom Creation sprang.

4 The Lord of lords, and King of kings,
Ruler of sky and sea,
Whom heaven and earth and hell
Was subject unto thee. [obey,

5 Blest Trinity! vouchsafe to us,
Through Joseph's merits high,
To mount the heavenly seats, and
With him eternally. [reign

421. St. Joseph's most Singular Power.

Ps. civ. 21: "He made him master of his house, and ruler of all his possession."

1 SEEK ye the grace of God,
And mercies from on high;
Invoke St. Joseph's holy name,
And on his aid rely.

2 So shall the Lord, well pleased,
Your earnest prayer fulfil;
The guilty cleanse from guilt, and make
The holy holier still.

3 So shall his tender care
To you through life be nigh;
So shall his love with triumph crown
Your dying agony.

4 Hail, mightiest of saints,
To whom, submissive, bent
He whose Creator-hand out-stretched
The starry firmament.

5 Hail, Mary's Spouse-elect,
Hail, Guardian of the Word,
Nurse of the Highest, and esteemed
The Father of the Lord.

6 Blest Trinity, to Thee
From all in earth and heaven,
And to St. Joseph's holy name,
Be praise and honour given.

422. St. Joseph, the Patron of the Universal Church.

Matt. xxiv. 45: "Who, thinkest thou, is a faithful and wise servant whom his Lord hath appointed over His Family?"

1 DEAR Spouse of our Lady! dear Nurse of her Child!
Life's ways are full weary, the desert home can we see;
is wild;
Bleak sands are all round us, no
Sweet Spouse of our Lady! we lean upon thee.

2 For thou to the pilgrim art Father and Guide, thy side;
And Jesus and Mary felt safe by
Ah, blessed Saint Joseph! how safe should I be, wert with me!
Sweet Spouse of our Lady! if thou

3 O blessed Saint Joseph! how great was thy worth, earth:
The one chosen shadow of God upon
The Father of Jesus, ah, then, wilt thou be, to me?
Sweet Spouse of our Lady! a Father

4 When the treasures of God were unsheltered on earth,
Safe keeping was found for them both in thy worth;
O Father of Jesus! be father to me,
Sweet Spouse of our Lady! and I will love thee.

5 God chose thee for Jesus and Mary, wilt thou thee now?
Forgive a poor exile for choosing
There is no saint in heaven I worship like thee: to love me!
Sweet Spouse of our Lady, oh, deign

423. St. Joseph, the Patron of a Happy Death.

"Now, O my Jesus, my Son, and my God! Thou dost dismiss Thy servant in peace."—*Life of St. Joseph.*

1 THERE are many saints above
Who love us with true love,
Many angels ever nigh;
But, Joseph, none there be,
Oh, none that love like thee—
Dearest of Saints! be near us when we die.

2 Thou wert guardian of our Lord,
Foster-Father of the Word,
Who in thine arms did lie;
If we His brothers be,
We are foster-sons to thee—
Dearest of Saints! be near us when we die.

3 Thou wert Mary's earthly guide,
For ever at her side;
Oh, for her sake hear our cry,
For we follow in thy way,
Loving Mary as we may— [we die.
Dearest of Saints! be near us when

4 Thou to Mary's virgin love
Wert the image of the Dove,
Who was her spouse on high;
Bring us gifts from Him, dear Saint,
Bring us comfort when we faint—
Dearest of Saints! be near us when
we die.

5 Sadly o'er the desert sands,
Into Egypt's darksome lands,
As an exile didst thou fly;
And we are exiles too,
With a world to travel through—
Dearest of Saints! be near us when
we die.

6 When thy gentle years were run,
On the bosom of thy Son,
Like an infant didst thou lie;
Oh! by thy happy death,
In the tranquil Nazareth— [we die.
Dearest of Saints! be near us when

424. St. Joseph, the Protector of those who Aspire to great Interior Sanctity.

Gen. xli. 55: "Go to Joseph, and do all that he shall say to you."

Chorus.
To all who would holily live,
To all who would happily die,
Saint Joseph is ready to give [high.
Sure guidance and help from on

1 Of Mary, the Spouse undefiled,
Just, holy, and pure of all stain,
He asks of his own Foster-Child;
And needs but to ask to obtain.
Chorus.—To all, &c.

2 In the manger that Child he adored,
And nursed Him in exile and flight;
Him, lost in His boyhood, deplored;
And found with amaze and delight.
Chorus—To all, &c.

3 The Maker of heaven and earth
By the labour of Joseph was fed;
The Son by ineffable birth
Submissive to Joseph was made.
Chorus.—To all, &c.

4 And when his last hour drew nigh,
Oh, full of all joy was his breast!
Seeing Jesus and Mary close by,
As he tranquilly slumbered to rest.
Chorus.—To all, &c.

5 All praise to the Father above;
All praise to the Infinite Son!
All praise to the Spirit of love;
While the days of eternity run.
Chorus.—To all, &c.

425. The Seven Dolours and Joys of St. Joseph.

"Ye, who seek Jesus Christ, you will find Him with Mary and Joseph."—*Origen.*

1 O Spouse of Mary, glorious Saint!
Thy heart with doubt was sore distressed,
But welcome came the Angel's word,
And changed thy trouble into rest!
When fears oppress on every side,
Dear Saint, our weary footsteps guide.

2 O Spouse of Mary! glorious Saint!
In poverty thou didst behold
The Infant Jesus born on earth;
But Angels' songs brought joy untold!
As through this drear cold world we roam,
May Angel voices lead us home!

3 O Spouse of Mary, glorious Saint!
The tears of Jesus wrung thy heart,
But His sweet Name thy anguish soothed—
Jesus, sweet balm for every smart!
Oh, may our lips with loving faith
Breathe that sweet Name, in life and death.

4 O Spouse of Mary, glorious Saint!
Thy heart was sad at Simeon's word,
But ransomed souls in vision rose,
Won by the pangs of Mary's Sword.
Oh, by that gladness and that pain,
Help us eternal life to gain!

5 O Spouse of Mary, glorious Saint!
All weary with the rugged way,
Sweet was thy toil, with Jesus near,
When Egypt's idols owned His sway.
Oh, let our hearts' loved idols fall—
And Jesus be our God—our All!

6 O Spouse of Mary, glorious Saint!
The tyrant's wrath aroused thy fear,
But Nazareth, thy humble home,
Was shelter safe, with Jesus near.
Oh, in this world so bleak and cold,
Still keep us safe in Christ's true Fold!

7 O Spouse of Mary, glorious Saint!
How couldst thou bear that three days' pain
With Mary's tears, and Jesus gone?
Oh joy to find thy Lord again!
May we, our weary wanderings o'er,
Find Jesus on the eternal shore!

426. St. Joseph's Prayer to the Infant Jesus.

(*From St. Alphonso.*)

Luke ii. 48-51: "Behold Thy father and I have sought Thee sorrowing. . . . And He went down with them, and came to Nazareth: and was subject to them."

1 "Jesus! let me call Thee Son,
Since Thou dost call me Father;
How I love Thee, sweetest One,
My God and Son together!"

Chorus.

Blessed Saint Joseph! to thee do we pray,
Offer our hearts to thy Jesus to-day. } *Repeat.*

2 "As my God I Thee adore,
And as my son, embrace Thee;
Let me love Thee more and more,
And in my bosom place Thee."
Chorus.—Blessed Saint Joseph.

3 "Since Thy guardian I must be,
My treasure I will make Thee;
Do not Thou abandon me,
And I will ne'er forsake Thee."
Chorus.—Blessed Saint Joseph.

4 "All my love henceforth is Thine,
My very life I proffer;
And my heart no more is mine,
For all I am I offer."
Chorus.—Blessed Saint Joseph.

5 "Since to share Thy presence sweet
To choose me here Thou deignest;
Shall we not in heaven meet,
Where Thou for ever reignest?"
Chorus.—Blessed Saint Joseph.

427. A Fervent Prayer to St. Joseph.

"Take St. Joseph for your special patron, your most powerful mediator, and best friend."—*Gerson.*

1 Holy Patron! thee saluting
There we meet with hearts sincere,
Blest Saint Joseph, all uniting
Call on thee to hear our prayer.

Chorus.

Happy Saint, in bliss adoring
Jesus, Saviour of mankind,
Hear thy children thee imploring,
May we thy protection find.

2 Worldly dangers for them fearing,
Youthful hearts to thee we bring,
Grant in virtue persevering
Vice may ne'er this bosom sting.
Chorus.—Happy Saint, &c.

3 Thou, who faithfully attended
Him whom heaven and earth adore,
Who with pious care defended
Mary, virgin ever pure.
Chorus.—Happy Saint, &c.

4 May our fervent prayers, ascending,
Move thee for our souls to plead;
May thy smile of peace, descending,
Benedictions on us shed.
Chorus.—Happy Saint, &c.

5 Through this life, oh watch around us,
Fill with love our every breath,
And when parting, fear surrounds us,
Guide us through the pangs of death.
Chorus.—Happy Saint, &c.

428. The Feast of St. Joseph.

Prov. xxvii. 18: "He that is the keeper of his master shall be glorified."

1 WORSHIPPED throughout the Church
to earth's far ends
With prayer and solemn rite,
Joseph this day triumphantly ascends
Into the realms of light.

2 Oh, blest beyond the lot of mortal
O'er whose last dying sigh [men!
Christ and the Virgin Mother watched
Soothing his agony. [serene,

3 Loosed from his fleshly chain, gently
As in calm sleep, away; [he fleets,
And, diademed with light, enters the
Of everlasting day. [seats

4 There, throned in power, let us his
loving aid
With fervent prayers implore,
So may he gain us pardon in our need,
And peace for evermore.

5 Glory and praise to Thee, blest Trinity!
One only God and Lord,
Who to Thy faithful ones unfailingly
Their aureoles dost award.

429. The Hymn of St. Joseph, at Vespers. 430.

1 Tu, Joseph, celebrent agmina cœlitum,
Te cuncti resonent Christiadum
chori,
Qui clarus meritis, junctus es inclytæ
Casto fœdere Virgini.

2 Almo cum tumidam germine conjugem
Admirans, dubio tangeris anxius,
Afflatu superi Flaminis angelus
Conceptum puerum docet.

3 Tu natum dominum stringis, ad exteras
Ægypti profugum tu sequeris plagas;
Amissum Solymis quæris et invenis,
Miscens gaudia fletibus.

4 Post mortem reliquos mors pia consecrat,
Palmamque emeritos gloria suscipit:
Tu vivens, superis par, frueris Deo,
Mira sorte beatior.

5 Nobis, summa Trias, parce precantibus,
Da Joseph meritis sidera scandere:
Ut tandem liceat nos tibi perpetim
Gratum promere canticum. Amen.

1 Joseph, pure spouse of that immortal
bride, [bright,
Who shines in ever-virgin glory
Thy praise let all the earth re-echoing
send
Back to the realms of light.

2 Thee, when sore doubts of thine
affianced wife [dismay,
Had filled thy righteous spirit with
An Angel visited, and; with blest
words,
Scattered thy fears away.

3 Thine arms embraced thy Maker
newly born, [thou flee;
With Him to Egypt's desert didst
Him in Jerusalem didst seek and find;
Oh, day of joy to thee!

4 Not until after death their blissful
crown [given
Others obtain; but unto thee was
In thine own lifetime to enjoy thy
God,
As do the blest in heaven.

5 Grant us, great Trinity, for Joseph's
sake,
The heights of immortality to gain:
There, with glad tongues thy praise
to celebrate
In one eternal strain. Amen.

FIRST VESPERS.

℣. Constituit eum Dominum domus suæ.
℟. Et principem omnis possessionis suæ.

℣. He made him lord over his household.
℟. And the ruler of all his possessions.

SECOND VESPERS.

V. Gloria et divitiæ in domo ejus.
R Et justitia ejus manet in sæculum sæculi.

V. Glory and riches are in his house.
R. And his justice remaineth for ever and ever.

THE HOLY FAMILY.

"This Trinity of persons, Jesus, Mary, and Joseph, has accomplished the work of our redemption: Jesus, as the author of salvation; Mary, as mediatrix; Joseph, as coadjutor."—*Suarez.*

431. Hymn of Praise to the Holy Family.

Matt. i. 16: "Joseph the husband of Mary, of whom was born Jesus."

Chorus.
COME, Christians, come, sweet anthems weaving,
Come, young and old; come, gay or grieving;
Praise, praise with me, adoring and believing,
God's Family, God's Holy Family!
(*Repeat last line.*)

1 Praise, praise to Jesus, Mary, Joseph,
The Three on earth most like the Three in heaven!
Praise, praise to Jesus, Mary, Joseph,
To whom these heavenly likenesses were given!
Chorus.—Come, Christians, come, &c.

2 'Mid Nazareth's sequestered mountains
How lovely was the household of the Three!
And by the desert's crystal fountains
What secret wonders did not Angels see!
Chorus.—Come, Christians, come, &c.

3 Then by the dark Egyptian river,
Joseph, the Mother, and the marvellous Child,
Heard the chill night-wind softly quiver
In the tall palms or o'er the sand-fields wild.
Chorus.—Come, Christians, come, &c.

4 Sweet Family! swift years are speeding;
Thrice ten hath passed o'er Nazareth's home.
Poor weary world! it lies all bleeding;
Why should it wait? Why should not Jesus come?
Chorus.—Come, Christians, come, &c.

5 Sweet Family! thy charms detain Him:
Thou savest Him from an untimely woe,
From men that would too soon have slain Him:
He hides in thee, God's paradise below!
Chorus.—Come, Christians, come, &c.

6 O House of Nazareth! Earth's Heaven!
Our households now are hallowed all by thee!
All blessings come, all gifts are given,
Because of thy dear earthly Trinity!
Chorus.—Come, Christians, come, &c.

7 Sing to the Three with jubilation!
Husbands and wives, parents and children, sing!
Sing to the House from which salvation
Flows o'er your homes as from a hidden spring!
Chorus.—Come, Christians, come, &c.

8 Now praise, oh praise the sinless Mother,
Praise to that household's gentle Master be;
And with the Child, whom we call Brother,
Oh weep for joy of that dear Family!
Chorus.—Come, Christians, come, &c.

432. Hymn for Members of the Holy Family after Consecration.

"As the Holy Family was united upon earth in a life of labour, of grace, and of love; thus do they now rejoice in heaven, both in soul and body, in glory and in love."—*St. Bernardine of Sienna.*

1 HAPPY we, who thus united
Join in cheerful melody,
Praising Jesus, Mary, Joseph,
In the "Holy Family."

Chorus.
Jesus, Mary, Joseph, help us,
That we ever true may be
To the promises that bind us
To the "Holy Family."

2 Jesus, whose Almighty bidding
All created things fulfil,
Lives on earth in meek subjection
To His earthly parents' will.

Chorus.
Sweetest Infant, make us patient
And obedient for Thy sake;
Teach us to be chaste and gentle,
All our stormy passions break.

3 Mary! thou alone wert chosen
To be Mother of thy Lord;
Thou didst guide the early footsteps
Of the Great Incarnate Word.

Chorus.
Dearest Mother! make us humble,
For thy Son will take His rest
In the poor and lonely dwelling
Of a humble sinner's breast.

4 Joseph! thou wert called the Father
Of thy Maker and thy Lord,
Thine it was to save thy Saviour
From the cruel Herod's sword.

Chorus.
Suffer us to call thee Father,
Show to us a Father's love;
Lead us safe through every danger
Till we meet in heaven above.

433. By what Spirit are all the Members of the Holy Family to be Animated.

Ps. cxxxii. 1: "Behold how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity."
Rom. xii. 10: "Loving one another with the charity of brotherhood, in honour preventing one another."

Chorus.
ONE Heart, one Soul have Brothers,
By love's eternal might,
Of all and each they're lovers
Who walk in Heaven's sight.

1 Oh sweet the tie of Brother
In holy bondage bound,
As sons of one same mother
In true affection found.
Chorus.—One Heart, &c.

2 Nor jarring words of anger,
Nor looks unkind we know,
Nor paths which souls endanger
And lead to endless woe.
Chorus.—One Heart, &c.

3 Our union is all holy,
By God's own blessing blest,
In spirits meek and lowly
That seek a heavenly rest.
Chorus.—One Heart, &c.

4 Then let us all remember
Pure Charity's sweet ways,
And be in kindness tender,
True Brothers all our days.
Chorus.—One Heart, &c.

434 By what Motives are all the Members of the Holy Family to be Guided:

—"All for Jesus, Mary, Joseph."

1 LET those who seek the world to please,
Do all for honour, wealth, and ease;
But in the Holy Family
A nobler motive far have we,

Chorus.
Living, we will say,
Joyfully each day:
All for Jesus, Mary, Joseph!
Dying, we will cry,
Till our latest sigh,
All for Jesus, Mary, Joseph!

2 O wicked world! we know thee well,
Thy works and maxims lead to hell:
We were thy slaves, but now are free,
We serve the Holy Family.
Chorus.—Living, we will say, &c.

3 What matter though we sometimes bear
A little suffering, toil, and care?
We serve a good and bounteous Lord,
And Heaven will soon be our reward.
Chorus.—Living, we will say, &c.

4 When, though despised and poor we be,
We're like the Holy Family;
If they could poverty endure,
We should be proud to be as poor.
Chorus.—Living, we will say, &c.

5 And when this wretched life is past,
And every moment seems the last,
Oh then the Holy Family
Our sweetest hope in death will be!

Chorus.
Living, we will say,
Joyfully each day,
All for Jesus, Mary, Joseph!
And when death is nigh,
Still our hearts will cry,
All for Jesus, Mary, Joseph!

435. An Invitation for all to Fight for God round the Banner of the Holy Family!

2 Kings xxii. 3: "God is my strong one, in Him will I trust: my shield, and the horn of my salvation."

Chorus.
Let us fight! for God let us fight!
Come let us throng round our Banner!
Wave it high now, our glorious Banner!
See how it glistens in the light:
O heart of Joseph! O heart of Mary!
Whose Heart with yours shines out so bright?
It is our Jesus! it is our Saviour,
Our Lord, our Leader in the fight!

1 Hark the sound of the fight hath gone forth,
And we must not tarry at home;
For our Lord from the South and the North
Has commanded His soldiers to come.
Chorus.—Let us fight, &c.

2 We must on, with our Banner unfurled;
We must on: 'tis Jesus who leads;
We must hasten to conquor the world
With the sign of the Lamb who bleeds.
Chorus.—Let us fight, &c.

3 We must stand to our colours like men;
Our Lord is a Leader to love;
For the wounded He heals, and the slain
He crowns in His city above.
Chorus.—Let us fight, &c.

4 We must march to the battle with speed!
Upon earth our one duty is strife;
Oh blest are the soldiers who bleed
For the Saviour who died to give life.
Chorus.—Let us fight, &c.

5 There are Three up in heaven above,
There are Three upon earth below,
And theirs is the Standard we love,
And theirs the one watchword we know.
Chorus.—Let us fight, &c.

6 Let us sing the new song of the Lamb,
Let us sing round our Banner so brave,
Let us sing of that beautiful Blood
Which was shed to redeem and to save.
Chorus.—Let us fight, &c.

436. How Bright, how Beautiful, the Banner of the Holy Family!

"O Jesus! Mary and Joseph! help us to our sweet home on high."

1 BRIGHTLY gleams our banner,
Pointing to the sky,
Waving wanderers onwards
To their home on high.
Hail, O holy banner,
Gladly thus we pray;
And, with hearts united,
Take our heavenward way.

Chorus.
Brightly gleams our banner,
Pointing to the sky,
Waving wanderers onwards
To their home on high.

2 Hail! sweet Jesus! Master!
Round Thy sacred feet,
Now, with hearts rejoicing,
See Thy children meet.
Long, alas! we've left Thee,
Straying far away;
But once more we enter
On the "narrow way."
Chorus.—Brightly gleams, &c.

3 Mary, Mother, Ave!
Israel's lily, hail!
Comfort of thy children
In this sinful vale.
'Mid life's surging ocean
Whither shall we flee
Save, O stainless Virgin
Mother, unto thee?
Chorus.—Brightly gleams, &c.

4 Ave! Joseph! Ave!
Chaste and spotless flower,
Cast thy mantle o'er us
At death's solemn hour.
Be our Father ever,
Joseph, meek and mild,
Husband of our Mother,
Keeper of her Child.
Chorus.—Brightly gleams, &c.

5 Jesus! Mary! Joseph!
Sweet and holy Three,
List the praise we pay you
On our bended knee.
May we sing your glory
In glad realms above,
Bound for ever to you
By the bonds of love.
Chorus.—Brightly gleams, &c.

HYMNS ON ANGELS AND SAINTS.

The Angels and Saints are the friends of God and His ministers. They are adorned with His own beauty, and admitted into His very presence. They therefore deserve our praise, our reverence, our love. That their prayers for us are most pleasing to God is clear from Apoc. viii. 4: "And the smoke of the incense of the prayers of the Saints ascended up before God, from the hand of the Angels."

I.—HYMNS IN HONOUR OF ST. MICHAEL, THE ARCHANGEL.

437. Invocation of St. Michael, the Chief of the Angelic Hosts.

Apoc. xii. 7: "And there was a great battle in heaven, Michael and his angels fought with the Dragon . . . and that Great Dragon, the Old Serpent, who is called the Devil and Satan, was cast unto the earth, and his angels were thrown down with him."

1 THOU Prince of the angelic Hosts,
I lift my heart to thee,
And call to mind with grateful soul
Thy wondrous victory.

Chorus.
Oh first of all the mighty Seven,
Before thy throne we bow,
And worship thee amidst the light
That streameth from thy brow.

2 For when dark Satan and his hosts
Rebelled against our Lord,
Thy mighty war-cry pierced the dark:
Who is like God adored?
Chorus.—Oh first of all, &c.

3 In that great day of battle fierce,
When Satan lost his crown,
Thou with thy faithful Hosts of light
Didst drive the rebels down.
Chorus.—Oh first of all, &c.

4 Down from the gleaming Paradise,
Gate of the sinless world,
Down to the gloomy prison-house,
In dim confusion hurled.
Chorus.—Oh first of all, &c.

5 The splendour of thy flaming sword
Flashed through the wondering night;
Thy golden armour's lightning-gleam
Burned like a sea of light.
Chorus.—Oh first of all, &c.

6 Now in thy peerless majesty,
Where warfare is not known,
Thou reignest in eternal rest
Before the sapphire throne.
Chorus.—Oh first of all, &c.

438. Praise to St. Michael, the Prince of the Celestial Army.

Dan. xii. 1: "At that time shall Michael rise up, the great prince, who standeth for the children of thy people."

1 HAIL, bright Archangel! Prince of heaven!
Spirit divinely strong!
To whose rare merit hath been given
To head the angelic throng!

2 Thine the first worship was, when gloom did move,
Through heaven's thinned ranks
Thus giving unto God the bloom
Of young creation's love.

3 O trumpet-tongued! O beautiful!
O force of the Most High!
The blessed of the earth look dull
Beside thy majesty.

4 First servant of the Ineffable!
The first created eye
That ever, proved and perfect, fell
On the dread Trinity!

5 O Michael! worship Him this night,
The Father, Word, and Dove,
Renewing with strong act the might
Of thy first marvellous love.

439. Hymn for the Feast of St. Michael, at Vespers. 440.

(*September 29.*)

1 TE splendor et virtus Patris,
Te vita, Jesu, cordium,
Ab ore qui pendent tuo,
Laudamus inter Angelos.

2 Tibi mille densa millium
Ducum corona militat:
Sed explicat victor crucem
Michael salutis signifer.

3 Draconis hic dirum caput
In ima pellit tartara,
Ducemque cum rebellibus
Cœlesti ab arce fulminat.

4 Contra ducem superbiæ
Sequamur hunc nos Principem,
Ut detur ex Agni throno
Nobis corona gloriæ.

1 O JESU! life-spring of the soul!
The Father's power, and glory bright!
Thee with the angels we extol: light.
From Thee they draw their life and

2 Thy thousand thousand hosts are spread
Embattled o'er the azure sky;
But Michael bears Thy standard dread,
And lifts the mighty Cross on high.

3 He in that sign the rebel powers
Did with their dragon prince expel;
And hurled them from the heaven's high towers,
Down like a thunderbolt to hell.

4 Grant us with Michael still, O Lord,
Against the Prince of Pride to fight;
So may a crown be our reward, light.
Before the Lamb's pure throne of

5 Patri, simulque Filio,
Tibique sancte Spiritus,
Sicut fuit, sit jugiter,
Sæclum per omne gloria.
Amen.

5 Now to the Father, and the Son,
Who rose from death, all glory be,
With thee, O Holy Comforter,
Henceforth through all eternity.
Amen.

FIRST VESPERS.

V. Stetit angelus juxta aram templi.

R. Habens thuribulum aureum in manu sua.

V. The angel stood by the altar of the temple.

R. Having in his hand a censer of gold.

II.—Hymns in Honour of St. Gabriel, the Archangel.

441. Praise to St. Gabriel, the Archangel.

Luke i. 19: "I am Gabriel, who stand before God."

1 Hail, Gabriel, hail; a thousand hails
For thine whose music still prevails
To charm the list'ning ear;
Angelic word, sent forth to tell
How He th' Eternal Word should dwell
Amid His creatures here.

2 Heaven's voice of sweetness, uttered low,
Thy words like strains of music grow
Upon the stilly night;
Clear echoes from the mind of God,
That steal through Mary's blest abode
In pulses of delight.

3 O voice, dear voice, the ages hear
That hail of thine still ling'ring near,
An unexhausted song;
And still thou com'st with balmy wing,
And still thou sweetly seem'st to sing,
Thine Ave to prolong.

4 Take up in Heaven for us thy part,
And singing to the Sacred Heart
Thy strains of rapture raise;
And tune with endless Ave still
The voices of the Blest, and fill
The ear of God with praise.

442. Hymn for the Feast of St. Gabriel, the Archangel, at Vespers. 443.

(*March* 18.)

1 Christe, sanctorum decus angelorum,
Gentis humanæ sator et Redemptor,
Cœlitum nobis tribuas beatas
Scandere sedes.

2 Angelus pacis Michael in sedes
Cœlitus nostras veniat, serenæ
Auctor ut pacis lacrymosa in orcum
Bella releget.

3 Angelus fortis Gabriel, ut hostes
Pellat antiquos, et amica cœlo,
Quæ triumphator statuit per orbem,
Templa revisat.

4 Angelus nostræ medicus salutis
Adsit e cœlo Raphael, ut omnes
Sanet ægrotos, dubiosque vitæ
Dirigat actus.

1 O Christ! the beauty of the angel worlds!
Of man the Maker and Redeemer blest!
Grant us one day to mount the path of light,
And in Thy glory rest.

2 Angel of Peace! thou, Michael, from above,
Come down, amid the homes of man to dwell;
And banish wars, with all their tears and blood,
Back to their native hell.

3 Angel of Strength! thou, Gabriel, cast out
Thine ancient foes, usurpers of thy reign;
The temples of thy triumph round the globe
Revisit once again.

4 And Raphael, Physician of the soul,—
Let him descend from his pure halls of light,
To heal the sick, and guide each doubtful course
Through all our life aright.

5 Virgo Dux pacis, genitrixque lucis,
Et sacer nobis chorus angelorum
Semper assistat, simul et micantis
Regia cœli.

6 Præstet hoc nobis Deitas beata
Patris, ac nati, pariterque sancti
Spiritus, cujus resonat per omnem
Gloria mundum.

Amen.

5 Thou too, O Virgin, with the angel choirs,
Mother of Light, and Queen of Peace,
And bring with thee the radiant court [descend!
Thy children to befriend. [of heaven,

6 This grace on us bestow, O Father blest;
And Thou, O Son, by an eternal birth:
With Thee, from both proceeding, Holy Ghost,
Whose glory fills the earth.

Amen.

FIRST VESPERS.

V. Stetit angelus juxta aram templi.

R. Habens thuribulum aureum in manu sua.

V. The angel stood by the altar of the temple.

R. Having in his hand a censer of gold.

III.—Hymns in Honour of St. Raphael, the Archangel.

444. Praise to St. Raphael, the Archangel.

Tobias xii. 15: "I am the angel Raphael, one of the seven who stand before the Lord."

1 By the spring of God's compassions,
Where the light is hard to bear,
Oh, who is that golden spirit
So intently gazing there?
By the sealed and secret fountain
In the midst of the abyss,
Where God's love of human nature
Springs in life and light and bliss.

2 Thou art Raphael the Healer,
Thou art Raphael the Guide,
Thou art Raphael the Comrade,
Aye at human sorrow's side.

O Archangel of compassion!
Unto thee God's Heart is given;
For thou lovest the gift of healing
Most of all the gifts of heaven.

3 O thou human-hearted seraph,
How I long to see thy face!
Where, in silver showers of beauty,
God bedews thee with His grace!
But I see thee now in spirit
'Mid the Godhead's silent springs,
With a soft, eternal sunset
Sleeping over on thy wings.

445. Hymn for the Feast of St. Raphael, at Vespers. 446.

(*October* 24.)

1 Tibi, Christe, splendor Patris,
Vita, virtus cordium;
In conspectu angelorum
Votis, voce psallimus:
Alternantes concrepando
Melos damus vocibus.

2 Collaudamus venerantes,
Omnes cœli principes,
Sed præcipue fidelem
Medicum, et comitem
Raphaelem, in virtute
Vigantem dæmonem.

1 Jesu, brightness of the Father!
Life and strength of all who live!
In the presence of the angels,
Glory to Thy name we give;
And Thy wondrous praise rehearse,
Singing in alternate verse.

2 Hail, too, ye angelic powers!
Hail, ye thrones celestial!
Hail, Physician of salvation!
Guide of life, blest Raphael
Who the foe of all mankind
Didst in links of iron bind.

3 Quo custode procul pelle,
Rex Christe piissime,
Omne nefas inimici,
Mundo corde et corpore:
Paradiso redde tuo
Nos sola clementia.

4 Gloriam Patri melodis
Personemus vocibus:
Gloriam Christo canamus,
Gloriam Paraclito;
Qui trinus et unus Deus
Extat ante sæcula.

Amen.

3 Oh may Christ, by thy protection,
Shelter us from harm this day;
Keep us pure in flesh and spirit;
Save us from the enemy;
And vouchsafe us, of His grace,
In His Paradise a place.

4 Glory to th' Almighty Father,
Sing we now in anthems sweet;
Glory to the great Redeemer,
Glory to the Paraclete;
Three in one, and one in three,
Throughout all eternity.

Amen.

FIRST VESPERS.

V. Stetit angelus juxta aram templi.

R. Habens thuribulum aureum in manu sua.

V. The angel stood by the altar of the temple.

R. Having in his hand a censer of gold.

IV.—Hymns in Honour of all the Holy Angels.

447. Chorus of Praise to all the Heavenly Host.

Ps. ciii. 4: "Bless the Lord, O my soul: who makest Thy angels spirits; and Thy ministers a burning fire."

1st Chorus.

Michael, prince of highest Heaven,
Noblest of celestial ranks,
Lowly singing in thine honour,
Bring we now our meed of thanks.

Solo.

Mighty victor, all resplendent,
Next to Mary thou dost reign;
Come and bless us with thy presence,
Bring with thee thy heav'nly train.
Repeat Chorus.—Michael, prince, &c.

2d Chorus.

Gabriel, silver-tongued and glorious;
Raphael, healer of our woes;
Blessed Angels, gentle guardians,
Be our aid, repel our foes;

Solo.

Breathe into our hearts your sweetness,
Fill our souls with love divine;
May your gracious presence ever
Round your charge protecting shine.
Repeat Chorus.—Gabriel, &c.

3d Chorus.

We will honour, we will love you,
Blessed Spirits, more and more,
Our devotion still increasing,
As you favours on us pour;

Solo.

Till with you for ever singing,
In a glad unending strain,
God the Father, Son, and Spirit,
Where the blessed ever reign.
Repeat Chorus.—We will honour, &c.

448. Invocation to the Most Holy Guardian Angels.

Dan. vii. 10: "Thousands of thousands minister to Him, and ten hundred times a hundred thousand stand before Him."

1 Blest spirits of light! ye who have not forsaken [from bliss;
The children of earth, though fallen
Oh still watch around us, our bosoms awaken [brighter than this.
To thoughts of a world that is

Chorus.

Ah! kindly watch over us, guard and protect us,
Sweet angels and guides, to the mansions of bliss.

2 The lily of innocence fondly we'll cherish,
Averting whatever its blossoms may stain;
And oh, if 'tis fading and ready to perish,
Restore it, sweet angels, its beauty again.
Chorus.—Ah! kindly watch, &c.

3 Then pray for thy children, and guard and defend them,
And ask of our Father, thy Maker, that we
May faithfully serve Him—may love and adore Him
In heaven, sweet angel, united with thee.
Chorus.—Ah! kindly watch, &c.

V.—Hymns in Honour of our Guardian Angel.

449. An Invocation to our Guardian Angel.

Ps. xc. 11: "He hath given His angels charge over thee: to keep thee in all thy ways."

1 Dear Angel! ever at my side,
How loving must thou be,
To leave thy home in heaven to guard
A guilty wretch like me.

2 Thy beautiful and shining face
I see not, though so near;
The sweetness of thy soft low voice
I am too deaf to hear.

3 I cannot feel thee touch my hand
With pressure light and mild,
To check me, as my mother did
When I was but a child.

4 But I have felt thee in my thoughts
Fighting with sin for me;
And when my heart loves God, I know
The sweetness is from thee.

5 And when, dear Spirit! I kneel down
Morning and night to prayer,
Something there is within my heart
Which tells me thou art there.

6 Yes! when I pray, thou prayest too,—
Thy prayer is all for me;
But when I sleep, thou sleepest not,
But watchest patiently.

7 But most of all I feel thee near
When from the good priest's feet
I go absolved, in fearless love
Fresh toils and cares to meet.

8 And thou in life's last hour wilt bring
A fresh supply of grace,
And afterwards will let me kiss
Thy beautiful bright face.

9 Ah me! how lovely they must be
Whom God has glorified!
Yet one of them, oh sweetest thought
Is ever at my side.

10 Then for thy sake, dear Angel! now
More humble will I be:
But I am weak, and when I fall,
Oh weary not of me.

11 Oh weary not, but love me still,
For Mary's sake, thy Queen;
She never tired of me, though I
Her worst of sons have been.

12 She will reward thee with a smile;
Thou know'st what it is worth!
For Mary's smiles each day convert
The hardest hearts on earth.

13 Then love me, love me, Angel dear!
And I will love thee more;
And help me when my soul is cast
Upon the eternal shore.

450. A Supplication to our Guardian Angel.

Matt. xviii. 10: "See that you despise not one of these little ones: for I say to you, that their Angels in heaven always see the face of My Father."

1 Sweet Angel of mercy!
By Heaven's decree
Benignly appointed
To watch over me!
Without thy protection,
So constant and nigh,
I could not well live;
I should tremble to die.

2 All thanks for thy love,
Dear companion and friend!
Oh may it continue
With me to the end!
Oh cease not to keep me,
Blest guide of my youth,
In the ways of religion
And virtue and truth.

3 Support me in weakness,
My spirit inflame;
Defend me in danger,
Secure me from shame,
That safe from temptation,
Or sudden surprise,
I may mount the straight path
That ascends to the skies.

4 When Satan his snares
For my ruin shall lay,
Be thou, gentle comrade,
My comfort and stay;
And in every event
That may happen to me,
Make all my desires
With thine to agree.

5 When I wander in error,
My footsteps recall,
Remove from my path
What might cause me to fall.
Preserve me from sin;
And in all that I do,
May God and His glory
Be ever in view.

6 O thou who didst witness
My earliest breath,
Be with me, I pray,
In the hour of death;
Console me in sadness,
Refresh me in pain,
And teach me how best
I may mercy obtain.

7 That, cleansed by confession
Complete and sincere,
From every defilement
Afflicting me here,
All glowing with love,
I may gladly depart,
With faith on my lips,
And with hope in my heart.

8 Nor then do thou leave me,
Angelical friend!
But at the tribunal
Of Judgment attend;
And cease not to plead
For my soul, till, forgiven,
Thou bear it aloft
To the Palace of Heaven.

"O Angel of God, whom God hath appointed to be my guardian, enlighten and protect, direct and govern me."

—*Indulgence of one hundred days each time. Plenary once a month if said daily.*

451. For the Feast of the Guardian Angels, at Vespers. 452.

(*October* 2.)

1 Custodes hominum psallimus angelos,
Naturæ fragili quos Pater addidit
Cœlestis comites, insidiantibus
Ne succumberet hostibus.

2 Nam quod corruerit proditor angelus,
Concessis merito pulsus honoribus,
Ardens invidia pellere nititur,
Quos cœlo Deus advocat.

3 Huc custos igitur pervigil advola,
Avertens patria de tibi credita
Tam morbos animi, quam requiescere
Quidquid non sinit incolas.

1 Praise those ministers celestial
Whom the dread Father chose
To be the Guardians of our nature
Against our scheming foes.

2 For, since that from his glory in the [frail,
The apostate angel fell,
Burning with envy, evermore he tries [skies
To drown our souls in hell.

3 Then hither, watchful Spirit, bend thy wing,
Our country's Guardian blest!
Avert her threatening ills, expel each thing
That hindereth her rest.

4 Sanctæ sit Triadi laus pia jugiter,
Cujus perpetuo numine machina
Triplex hæc regitur, cujus in omnia
Regnat gloria sæcula. Amen.

4 Praise to the glorious Trinity, whose strength
This mighty fabric sways;
Whose glory spreads beyond the utmost length
Of everlasting days. Amen.

FIRST AND SECOND VESPERS.

V. In conspectu angelorum psallam tibi Deus meus.
R. Adorabo ad templum sanctum tuum, et confitebor nomini tuo.

V. In sight of the angels, I will sing unto thee, O my God.
R. I will worship towards Thy holy temple, and give praise unto Thy name.

VI.—Hymns in Honour of St. John Baptist.

St. John Baptist, the forerunner or precursor of our Lord, was chosen by God to be the herald and harbinger of the world's Redeemer, the voice to proclaim to men the Eternal Word, the Angel of the New Testament (Malach iii. 1); a doctor, a virgin, a martyr; a prophet, nay, more than a prophet; a model of unparalleled innocence, charity, penance, humility, and zeal. He was beheaded by order of Herod Antipas, in the year 31 of our Lord.

453. Praise to St. John Baptist.

Matt. xi. 11: "Amen I say to you, there hath not risen among them that are born of women a greater than John the Baptist."

1 O BLESSED Saint, of snow-white purity!
Dweller in wastes forlorn!
O mightiest of the Martyr host on high,
Greatest of Prophets born!

2 Of all the diadems that on the brows
Of saints celestial shine,
Not one with brighter, purer halo glows
In heaven's high court than thine.

3 Oh then on us a tender, pitying gaze
Cast from thy glory's throne!
Straighten our crooked, smooth our rugged, ways,
And break our hearts of stone.

4 So may the world's Redeemer find us meet
To offer Him a place,
Where He may deign to set His sacred feet,
Coming with gifts of grace.

5 Praise in the heavens to Thee, O First and Last,
The Triune eternal God!
Spare, Jesu, spare Thy people, whom Thou hast
Redeemed with Thine own Blood.

454. Hymn for the Feast of St. John Baptist, at Vespers.

(*June 24.*)

1 Ut queant laxis resonare fibris
Mira gestorum famuli tuorum,
Solve polluti labii reatum,
Sancte Joannes.

2 Nuntius celso veniens Olympo,
Te patri magnum fore nasciturum,
Nomen, et vitæ seriem gerendæ
Ordine promit.

455.

1 UNLOOSE, great Baptist, our sin-fettered lips,
That with enfranchised voice we may proclaim
The miracles of thy transcendent life,
Thy deeds of matchless fame!

2 Oh, lot sublime! an Angel quits the skies,
Thy birth, thy name, thy glory to declare
Unto thy priestly sire, while to the Lord
He offers Israel's prayer.

3 Ille promissi dubius superni,
Perdidit promptæ modulos loquelæ:
Sed reformasti genitus peremptæ
Organa vocis.

4 Ventris obstruso recubans cubili,
Senseras Regem thalamo manentem:
Hinc parens, nati meritis uterque
Abdita pandit.

5 Sit decus Patri, genitæque Proli,
Et tibi compar utriusque virtus
Spiritus semper, Deus unus, omni
Temporis ævo. Amen.

3 Mistrustful of the promise from on high,
His speech forsakes him at the word;
But thou on thine eighth day dost Angel's
For him the vocal chord. [re-attune

4 No marvel; since yet cloistered in the womb,
The presence of thy King had thee inspired;
What time Elizabeth and Mary sang,
With joy prophetic fired.

5 Immortal glory to the Father be,
With His Almighty sole-begotten Son,
And Thee, coequal Spirit, One in Three,
While endless ages run. Amen.

FIRST VESPERS.

℣. Fuit homo missus a Deo.
℟. Cui nomen erat Joannes.

℣. There was a man sent from God.
℟. Whose name was John.

SECOND VESPERS.

℣. Iste puer magnus coram Domino.
℟. Nam et manus ejus cum ipso est.

℣. This child is great before the Lord.
℟. For the hand of God is with him.

HOLY APOSTLES.

Matt. x. 2: "And the names of the twelve Apostles are these: The first, Simon who is called Peter, and Andrew his brother. James the son of Zebedee, and John his brother, Philip and Bartholomew, Thomas and Matthew the publican, and James the son of Alpheus, and Thaddeus. Simon the Cananean, and Judas Iscariot, who also betrayed Him," and was replaced by Matthias (Acts i. 26.)

456. Hymn for the Common of Apostles, at Vespers. 457.

1 Exultet orbis gaudiis:
Cœlum resultet laudibus:
Apostolorum gloriam
Tellus et astra concinunt.

2 Vos sæculorum Judices,
Et vera mundi lumina,
Votis precamur cordium:
Audite voces supplicum.

3 Qui templi cœli clauditis,
Serasque verbo solvitis,
Nos a reatu noxios
Solvi jubete, quæsumus.

4 Præcepta quorum protinus
Languor, salusque sentiant:
Sanate mentes languidas:
Augete nos virtutibus.

1 Now let the earth with joy resound,
And highest heaven re-echo round;
Nor heaven nor earth too high can raise
The great Apostles' glorious praise.

2 O ye who, throned in glory dread,
Shall judge the living and the dead!
Lights of the world for evermore!
To you the suppliant prayer we pour.

3 Ye close the sacred gates on high:
At your command apart they fly:
Oh! loose us from the guilty chain
We strive to break, and strive in vain.

4 Sickness and health your voice obey;
At your command they go or stay:
Oh then from sin our souls restore;
Increase our virtues more and more.

5 Ut, cum redibit Arbiter
In fine Christus sæculi,
Nos sempiterni gaudii
Concedat esse compotes.

6 Patri, simulque Filio,
Tibique sancte Spiritus,
Sicut fuit, sit jugiter
Sæclum per omne gloria.
Amen.

5 So when the world is at its end,
And Christ to Judgment shall descend,
May we be called those joys to see,
Prepared from all eternity.

6 Praise to the Father, with the Son,
And Holy Spirit, Three in One;
As ever was in ages past,
And shall be so while ages last.
Amen.

FIRST VESPERS.

V. In omnem terram exivit sonus eorum.
R. Et in fines orbis terræ verba eorum.

V. Their sound is gone forth into all the earth.
R. And their words unto the ends of the world.

SECOND VESPERS.

V. Annuntiaverunt opera Dei.
R. Et facta ejus intellexerunt.

V. They declared the works of God.
R. And understood His doings.

458. Hymn for the Common of Apostles in Paschal Time, at Vespers. 459.

1 Tristes erant Apostoli
De Christi acerbo funere,
Quem morte crudelissima
Servi necarant impii.

2 Sermone verax Angelus
Mulieribus prædixerat:
Mox ore Christus gaudium
Gregi feret fidelium.

3 Ad anxios Apostolos
Currunt statim dum nuntiæ,
Illæ micantis obvia
Christi tenent vestigia.

4 Galilææ ad alta montium
Se conferunt Apostoli,
Jesuque, voti compotes,
Almo beantur lumine.

5 Ut sis perenne mentibus,
Paschale Jesu gaudium;
A morte dira criminum,
Vitæ renatos libera.

6 Deo Patri sit gloria,
Et Filio, qui a mortuis
Surrexit, ac Paraclito,
In sempiterna sæcula.
Amen.

1 When Christ, by His own servants slain,
Had died upon the bitter Cross,
The Apostles, of their joy bereft,
Were weeping their dear Saviour's loss:—

2 Meanwhile, an Angel at the tomb
To holy women hath foretold,
"The faithful flock shall soon with joy
Their Lord in Galilee behold."

3 Who, as they run the news to bring,
Lo, straightway Christ Himself they meet,
All radiant with heavenly light,
And falling, clasp His sacred feet.

4 To Galilee's lone mountain heights
The Apostolic band retire: [sight,
There, blest with their dear Saviour's
They taste in full their soul's desire.

5 O Jesu! from the death of sin
Keep us, we pray, so shalt Thou be
The everlasting Paschal joy
Of all the souls new-born in Thee.

6 Now to the Father and the Son,
Who rose from death, be glory given;
With Thee, O Holy Comforter,
Henceforth by all in earth and heaven.
Amen.

FIRST VESPERS.

V. Sancti et justi in Domino gaudete. Alleluia.
R. Vos elegit Deus in hereditatem sibi. Alleluia.

V. O ye holy and just ones, rejoice in the Lord. Alleluia.
R. God hath chosen you to Himself for an inheritance. Alleluia.

SECOND VESPERS.

V. Pretiosa in conspectu Domini. Alleluia.
R. Mors sanctorum ejus. Alleluia.

V. Precious in the sight of the Lord. Alleluia.
R. Is the death of His saints. Alleluia.

HYMNS IN HONOUR OF SS. PETER AND PAUL.

"St. Peter, the chief of the Apostles, and St. Paul, the Apostle of the Gentiles, were both martyred at Rome, on the same day, 29th of June, the year of our Lord 65. St. Peter was crucified with the head downwards, and St. Paul was beheaded."

460. Hymn for the Feast of SS. Peter and Paul, at Vesper.

1 Decora lux æternitatis, auream
Diem beatis irrigavit ignibus
Apostolorum quæ coronat principes,
Reisque in astra liberam pandit viam.

2 Mundi Magister, atque cœli Janitor,
Romæ parentes, arbitrique gentium,
Per ensis ille, hic per crucis victor necem
Vitæ senatum laureati possident.

3 O Roma felix! quæ duorum Principum
Es consecrata glorioso sanguine:
Horum cruore purpurata ceteras
Excellis orbis una pulchritudines.

4 Sit Trinitati sempiterna gloria,
Honor, potestas, atque jubilatio,
In unitate, quæ gubernat omnia,
Per universa sæculorum sæcula.

Amen.

461.

1 Bathed in eternity's all-beauteous beam,
And opening into heaven a path sublime.
Welcome the golden day which heralds in
The Apostolic Chiefs, whose glory fills all time!

2 Peter and Paul, the fathers of great Rome!
Now sitting in the Senate of the skies!
One by the Cross, the other by the Sword,
Sent to their thrones on high, and life's eternal prize.

3 O happy Rome! whom that most glorious blood
For ever consecrates while ages flow:
Thou, thus empurpled, art more beautiful
Than all that doth appear most beautiful below.

4 Praise, blessing, majesty, through endless days,
Be to the Trinity immortal given;
Who, in pure Unity, profoundly sways
Eternally all things alike in earth and heaven.

Amen.

FIRST VESPERS.

V. In omnem terram exivit sonus eorum.
R. Et in fines orbis terræ verba eorum.

V. Their sound has gone forth into all lands.
R. And their words to the ends of the world.

SECOND VESPERS.

V. Annuntiaverunt opera Dei.
R. Et facta ejus intellexerunt.

V. They declared the works of God.
R. And understood His doings.

R

462. Hymn for the Feast of the Chair of St. Peter, at Vespers. 463.

(*January* 18.)

Matt. xvi. 19: "And I will give to thee (Peter) the keys of the kingdom of heaven. And whatsoever thou shalt bind upon earth, it shall be bound also in heaven; and whatsoever thou shalt loose on earth, it shall be loosed also in heaven."

1 QUODCUMQUE in orbe nexibus vinxeris,
Erit revinctum, Petre, in arce siderum;
Erit solutum cœli in alto vertice;
In fine mundi judicabis sæculum.
Et quod resolvit hic potestas tradita,

1 PETER, whatever thou shalt bind on earth,
The same is bound above the starry [sky;
What here delegated thy power doth loose,
Is loosed in heaven's great citadel [on high:
To judgment shalt thou come when the world's end is nigh.

2 Patri perenne sit per sævum gloria,
Tibique laudes concinamus inclytas,
Æterne Nate, sit superne Spiritus
Honor tibi, décusque: sancta jugiter
Laudetur omne Trinitas per sæculum.
Amen.

2 Praise to the Father through all ages be!
The same to Thee, O co-eternal Son,
And Holy Ghost, one glorious Trinity!
To whom all majesty and might belong; [eternal song.
So sing we now, and such be our
Amen.

FIRST VESPERS.

V. Tu es Petrus.
R. Et super hanc petram ædificabo Ecclesiam meam.

V. Thou art Peter.
R. And on this rock I will build My Church.

SECOND VESPERS.

V. Elegit te Dominus sacerdotem sibi.
R. Ad sacrificandum ei hostiam laudis.

V. The Lord chose thee for a priest unto Himself.
R. To offer Him the sacrifice of praise.

464. Hymn for the Feast of St. Peter's Chains, at Vespers. 465.

(*August* 1.)

Acts xii. 7: "And he (the Angel) striking Peter on the side raised him up, saying: Arise quickly. And *the chains* fell off from his hands."

1 MIRIS modis repente liber, ferrea,
Christo jubente, vincla Petrus exuit:
Ovilis ille Pastor, et Rector gregis,
Vitæ recludit pascua et fontes sacros,
Ovesque servat creditas, arcet lupos.

1 THE Lord commands; and, lo, his iron chains, [obey:
Falling from Peter, the command
Peter, blest shepherd! who, to verdant plains, [day to day,
And life's immortal springs, from
Leads on his gentle charge, driving all wolves away.

2 Patri perenne sit per ævum gloria,
Tibique laudes concinamus inclytas,
Æterna nate, sit superne Spiritus
Honor tibi, decusque, sancta jugiter
Laudetur omne Trinitas per sæculum.
Amen.

2 Praise to the Father, through all ages be;
The same to Thee, O co-eternal Son,
And Holy Ghost, One glorious Trinity;
To whom all majesty and might belong;
So sing we now, and such be our eternal song.
Amen.

FIRST AND SECOND VESPERS.

V. Tu es Petrus.
R. Et super hanc petram ædificabo Ecclesiam meam.

V. Thou art Peter.
R. And upon this rock I will build My Church.

466. Hymn to St. Peter, the Patron of all the Faithful.

[John xxi. 15: He saith to him: "Feed My lambs . . feed My lambs, . . feed My sheep."

1 Seek ye a Patron to defend
Your cause?—then, one and all,
Without delay upon the Prince
Of the Apostles call.

Chorus.

Blest Holder of the heavenly Keys!
Thy prayers we all implore;
Unlock to us the sacred bars
Of heaven's eternal door.

2 By penitential tears thou didst
The path of life regain;
Teach us with thee to weep our sins,
And wash away their stain.
Chorus.—Blest Holder, &c.

3 Firm Rock whereon the Church is based!
Pillar that cannot bend!
With strength endue us: and the faith
From heresy defend.
Chorus.—Blest Holder, &c.

4 Save Rome, which from the days of old
Thy blood hath sanctified;
And help the nations of the earth
That in thy help confide.
Chorus.—Blest Holder, &c.

5 Oh, worshipped by all Christendom!
Her realms in peace maintain;
Let no contagion sap her strength,
No discord rend in twain.
Chorus.—Blest Holder, &c.

6 Guard us through life; and in that hour
When our last fight draws nigh,
O'er death, o'er hell, o'er Satan's power,
Gain us the victory.
Chorus.—Blest Holder, &c.

467. Hymn for the Feast of St. Paul, at Vespers. 468.

(*January* 25.)

Acts ix. 15: "And the Lord said to him: Go thy way, for this man (Saul of Tarsus) is to Me a vessel of election, to carry My name before the Gentiles, and kings, and the children of Israel."

1 Egregie doctor Paule, mores instrue,
Et nostra tecum pectora in cœlum trahe;
Velata dum meridiem cernat Fides,
Et solis instar sola regnet Charitas.

1 Lead us, great teacher, Paul, in wisdom's ways,
And lift our hearts with thine to heaven's high throne;
Till Faith beholds the clear meridian blaze,
And sunlike in the soul reigns Charity alone.

2 Sit Trinitati sempiterna gloria,
Honor, potestas, atque jubilatio,
In unitate, quæ gubernat omnia,
Per universa æternitatis sæcula.

Amen.

℣. Tu es vas electionis, sancte Paule Apostole.
℟. Prædicator veritatis in universo mundo.

2 Praise, blessing, majesty, through endless days,
Be to the Trinity immortal given;
Who in pure unity profoundly sways
Eternally all things alike in earth and heaven.

Amen.

℣. Thou art a vessel of election, holy Apostle Paul,
℟. A preacher of the truth throughout the whole world.

469. Hymn to St. Paul, the Patron of those who Suffer for Love of Jesus Christ.

Rom. ix. 3: "I wished myself to be an anathema from Christ, for my brethren."

1 All ye who groan beneath
A load of ills oppressed!
Intreat Saint Paul, and he will pray
The Lord to give you rest.

Chorus.

O Victim, dear to heaven!
O Paul, thou teacher true!
Thou love and joy of Christendom!
To thee for help we sue.

2 Pierced with the flame of love
Descending from on high; [once
'Twas thine to preach the faith that
Thou sought'st to destroy.

Chorus.—O Victim, &c.

3 Nor toil, nor threatened death,
Nor tempest, scourge, or chain,
Could from th' assembly of the Saints
Thy loving heart detain.

Chorus.—O Victim, &c.

4 True champion of the Lord!
Crush thou the schemes of hell;
And with adoring multitudes
Thy sacred temples fill.

Chorus.—O Victim, &c.

5 Through thy prevailing prayer
May charity abound;
Sweet charity, which knows no ill,
Which nothing can confound.

Chorus.—O Victim, &c.

6 To earth's remotest shores
May one same faith extend;
And thy Epistles through all climes
Their blessed perfume send.

Chorus.—O Victim, &c.

470. St. Andrew the Apostle, Patron of Scotland.

(*November* 30.)

St. Andrew, one of the first whom Christ called to the Apostolate, suffered martyrdom on the cross at Patras in Achaia, November 30th, in the year 62.

1 Great Saint Andrew, Friend of Jesus,
Lover of His glorious Cross,
Early by his voice effective,
Called from ease to pain and loss.
Sweet Saint Andrew, Simon's brother,
Who with haste fraternal flew,
Fain with him to share the treasure
Which from Jesus' lips he drew.

2 Blest Saint Andrew, Jesus' herald,
Meek Apostle, Martyr bold,
Who, by deeds his words confirming,
Sealed with blood the truth he told.
Ne'er to king was crown so beauteous,
Ne'er was prize to heart so dear,
As to him the Cross of Jesus
When its promised joys drew near.

3 Loved Saint Andrew, Scotland's patron,
Watch thy land with heedful eye,
Rally round the Cross of Jesus
All her storied chivalry!
To the Father, Son, and Spirit,
Fount of sanctity and love,
Give we glory, now and ever,
With the Saints who reign above.

HYMNS IN HONOUR OF ST. JOHN, THE APOSTLE AND EVANGELIST.

471. An Invocation of St. John, Evangelist.

(*December* 27.)

Called the beloved disciple of Christ, St. John had the privilege to lean upon the breast of Christ at the last supper. It was to him also that our Lord confided His Mother. Miraculously preserved from death when thrown into a caldron of boiling oil, he died in peace at Ephesus, December 27th, in the year 102.

1 SAINT of the Sacred Heart,
Sweet teacher of the Word,
Partner of Mary's woes,
And favourite of thy Lord!

Chorus.

Oh teach me then, dear Saint!
The secrets Christ taught thee;
The beatings of His Heart,
And how it beat for me!

2 We know not all thy gifts;
But this Christ bids us see,
That He who so loved all
Found more to love in thee.
Chorus.—Oh teach me, &c.

3 When the last evening came,
Thy head was on His breast,
Pillowed on earth, where now
In heaven the Saints find rest.
Chorus.—Oh teach me, &c.

4 Dear Saint! I stand far off,
With vilest sins opprest;
Oh may I dare, like thee,
To lean upon His breast?
Chorus.—Oh teach me, &c.

5 His touch could heal the sick,
His voice could raise the dead;
Oh that my soul might be
Where He allows thy head.
Chorus.—Oh teach me, &c.

6 The gifts He gave to thee
He gave thee to impart;
And I, too, claim with thee
His Mother and His Heart!
Chorus.—Oh teach me, &c.

472. Hymn of Praise to St. John, Evangelist.

Banished by the tyrant Domitian into the isle of Patmos, there St. John wrote the Apocalypse, or Book of Revelation, in the year 96.

1 AN exile for the faith
Of thy Incarnate Lord,
Beyond the stars, beyond all space,
Thy soul unprisoned soared:
There saw in glory Him
Who liveth, and was dead;
There Judah's Lion, and the Lamb
That for our ransom bled.

2 There of the Kingdom learnt
The mysteries sublime;
How, sown in martyrs' blood, the faith
Should spread from clime to clime.
The Holy City, bathed
In her dear Spouse's light,
Pure seat of bliss, thy spirit saw,
And gloried in the sight.

3 Now to the Lamb's clear fount,
To drink of life their fill,
Thou callest all; O Lord, in me
This blessed thirst instil.
To Jesus, Virgin-born,
Praise with the Father be;
Praise to the Spirit Paraclete,
Through all eternity.

HOLY MARTYRS.

473. Hymn for the Common of one Martyr, at Vespers.

1 DEUS tuorum militum
Sors, et corona, præmium,
Laudes canentes martyris
Absolve nexu criminis.

474.

1 O THOU, of all Thy warriors, Lord,
Thyself the crown and sure reward;
Set us from sinful fetters free,
Who sing thy Martyr's victory.

2 Hic nempe mundi gaudia,
Et blanda fraudum pabula
Imbuta felle deputans
Pervenit ad cœlestia.

3 Pœnas cucurrit fortiter,
Et sustulit viriliter,
Fundensque pro te sanguinem,
Æterna dona possidet.

4 Ob hoc precatu supplici
Te poscimus piissime:
In hoc triumpho martyris
Dimitte noxam servulis.

5 Laus et perennis gloria
Patri sit, atque Filio,
Sancto simul Paraclito,
In sempiterna sæcula.
Amen.

2 In selfish pleasures' worldly round
The taste of bitter gall he found;
But sweet to him was thy blest Name,
And thus to heavenly joys he came.

3 Right manfully his cross he bore,
And ran his race of torments sore;
For Thee he poured his life away;
With Thee he lives in endless day.

4 We, then, before Thee bending low,
Intreat Thee, Lord, Thy love to show
On this the day Thy Martyr died,
Who in Thy Saints art glorified!

5 Now to the Father, and the Son,
Be glory while the ages run;
The same, O Holy Ghost, to Thee!
Through ages of eternity.
Amen.

FIRST VESPERS.

V. Gloria et honore coronasti eum, Domine.
R. Et constituisti eum super opera manuum tuarum.

V. Thou hast crowned him with glory and honour, O Lord.
R. And established him over the works of Thine hands.

SECOND VESPERS.

V. Justus ut palma florebit.
R. Sicut cedrus Libani multiplicabitur.

V. The just shall flourish as the palm-tree.
R. And shall be multiplied as the cedar of Libanus.

475. Common of Many Martyrs, in Paschal Time. 476.

1 Rex gloriose martyrum,
Corona confitentium,
Qui respuentes terrea
Perducis ad cœlestia.

2 Aurem benignam protinus
Intende nostris vocibus:
Trophæa sacra pangimus:
Ignosce quod deliquimus.

3 Tu vincis inter Martyres,
Parcisque Confessoribus:
Tu vince nostra crimina,
Largitor indulgentiæ.

4 Deo Patri sit gloria,
Et Filio, qui a mortuis
Surrexit, ac Paraclito,
In sempiterna sæcula.
Amen.

1 O Thou, the Martyrs' glorious King!
Of Confessors the crown and prize!
Who dost to joys celestial bring
Those who the joys of earth despise;

2 By all the praise Thy Saints have won;
By all their pains in days gone by;
By all the deeds which they have done;
Hear Thou Thy suppliant people's cry.

3 Thou dost amid Thy Martyrs fight;
Thy Confessors Thou dost forgive;
May we find mercy in Thy sight,
And in Thy sacred presence live.

4 Now to the Father, and the Son,
Who rose from death, all glory be,
With Thee, O Holy Comforter,
Henceforth through all eternity.
Amen.

FIRST VESPERS.

V. Sancti et justi in Domino gaudete. Alleluia.
R. Vos elegit Deus in hereditatem sibi. Alleluia.

V. O ye holy and just ones, rejoice in the Lord.
R. God hath chosen you unto Himself for an inheritance. Alleluia.

SECOND VESPERS.

V. Pretiosa in conspectu Domini. Alleluia.
R. Mors sanctorum ejus. Alleluia.

V. Precious in the sight of the Lord. Alleluia.
R. Is the death of His Saints. Alleluia.

477. Hymn for the Common of Many Martyrs, at Vespers. 478.

1 SANCTORUM meritis inclyta gaudia
Pangamus sócii, gestaque fortia!
Gliscens fert animus promere cantibus
Victorum genus optimum.

2 Hi sunt, quos fatue mundus abhorruit;
Hunc fructu vacuum, floribus aridum,
Contempsere tui nominis asseclæ,
Jesu Rex bone cœlitum.

3 Hi pro te furias atque minas truces
Calcarunt hominum, sævaque verbera:
His cessit lacerans fortiter ungula,
Nec carpsit penètralia.

4 Cæduntur gladiis more bidentium:
Non murmur resonat, non querimonia;
Sed corde impavido mens bene conscia
Conservat patientiam.

5 Quæ vox, quæ poterit lingua retexere,
Quæ tu martyribus munera præparas?
Rubri nam fluido sanguine fulgidis
Cingunt tempora laureis.

6 Te summa, O Deitas, unaque poscimus,
Ut culpas abigas, noxia subtrahas,
Des pacem famulis, ut tibi gloriam
Annorum in seriem canant.

Amen.

1 SING we the peerless deeds of martyred Saints,
Their glorious merits, and their portion blest;
Of all the conquerors the world has seen,
The greatest and the best.

2 Them in their day the insensate world abhorred,
Because they did forsake it, Lord, for Thee;
Finding it all a barren waste, devoid
Of fruit, or flower, or tree.

3 They trod beneath them every threat of man,
And came through; victorious all torments
The iron hooks which piecemeal tore their flesh
Could not their souls subdue.

4 Scourged, crucified, like sheep to slaughter led,
Unmurmuring they met their cruel fate.
For conscious innocence their souls upheld,
In patient virtue great.

5 What tongue those joys, O Jesu, can disclose,
Which for Thy martyred Saints Thou dost prepare!
Happy who in Thy pains, thrice happy those
Who in Thy glory share!

6 Our faults, our sins, our miseries remove,
Great Deity supreme, immortal King!
Grant us Thy peace, grant us Thine endless love,
Through endless years to sing.

Amen.

FIRST VESPERS.

V. Lætamini in Domino, et exultate justi.
R. Et gloriamini omnes recti corde.

V. Be glad, O ye just, and rejoice in the Lord.
R. And be joyful, all ye that are right of heart.

SECOND VESPERS.

V. Exultabunt sancti in gloria.
R. Lætabuntur in cubilibus suis,

V. Thy Saints shall rejoice in glory.
R. And shall be joyful upon their beds.

479. St. George, Martyr, the First Patron of England.

(*April* 23.)

Born in Cappadocia, of noble Christian parents, he became a soldier, and was martyred during the reign of Diocletian about the year 303. The Greeks call him the "Great Martyr," and keep his festival a holiday of obligation.

Chorus.
ARM! arm! for the struggle approaches,
Prepare for the combat of life;
Saint George! be our watchword in battle,
Saint George! be our strength in the strife.

1 Great Saint! from the throne of thy splendour,
Look down on thy own chosen isle,
Soon, soon may they share in thy glory,
Who faithfully strive here awhile.
Chorus.—Arm! arm! &c.

2 The land of thy love is a desert,
Its temples and altars are bare,
The finger of death is upon it,
The footprints of Satan are there.
Chorus.—Arm! arm! &c.

3 Arise in the might of thy power,
And scatter the foes of the Lord;
As the idols of Rome in their temple
Were crushed at the sound of thy word.
Chorus.—Arm! arm! &c.

4 Oh bring back the faith that we cherish,
For which thou hast nobly withstood
The tortures and racks of the tyrants,
That faith which thou seal'st with thy blood.
Chorus.—Arm! arm! &c.

480. St. Venantius, Martyr. 481.

(*May* 18.)

Born at Camerino in Italy, he was martyred there at the age of fifteen, May 18, 250.

1 MARTYR Dei Venantius,
Lux et decus Camertium,
Tortore victo et judice,
Lætus triumphum concinit.

2 Annis puer, post vincula,
Post carceres, post verbera,
Longa fame frementibus
Cibus datur leonibus.

3 Sed ejus innocentiæ
Parcit leonum immanitas,
Pedesque lambunt martyris
Iræ famisque immemores.

1 UNCONQUERED Martyr of his God!
His country's light, her joy and prize!
Venantius triumphs o'er his judge,
And in victorious torment dies.

2 A boy in years, when chains, nor scourge,
Nor dungeon could his soul subdue,
To lions, with long hunger fierce,
At last the tender youth they threw.

3 But, oh, what power hath innocence
The fiercest nature to assuage!
The lions crouch to lick his feet,
Forget their hunger and their rage.

4 Verso deorsum vertice
Haurire fumum cogitur:
Costas utrinque et viscera
Succensa lampas ustulat.

5 Sit laus Patri, sit Filio,
Tibique Sancte Spiritus:
Da per preces Venantii
Beata nobis gaudia.
Amen.

4 Then downwards held in thickest smoke,
They make him drink the stifling stream;
While underneath, slow torches sear
His naked breast and side with flame.

5 To Thee, O Father, with the Son,
And Holy Spirit, glory be;
Oh, grant us, through thy martyr's prayer,
The joys of immortality.
Amen.

482. St. Lawrence, Martyr.

(*August* 10.)

A deacon of the Holy Roman Church, he was burned to death at Rome over a slow fire, on the 10th of August in the year 258.

1 Holy Deacon! by thy yearning
For the Martyr's glorious crown;
By thy tortures, by thy burning,
By thy death of bright renown;
When the world and flesh and devil
Tempt our souls to sin and evil,
Dear Saint Lawrence, pray for us!

2 By the love that thou didst ever
To thy Pontiff-Father bear,
Pray that no base act may sever
Us from Peter's loving care!
But when men would once more lead us [freed us,
Into bonds from which Christ
Dear Saint Lawrence, pray for us.

3 By the Pontiff's words of warning,
Bidding all thy sorrows cease,
Words foretelling bitter mourning
Leading unto lasting peace!
That to Jesus in our sadness
We may look for help and gladness,
Dear Saint Lawrence, pray for us!

4 By thy love, which knew no measure,
For the needy and the old,
Giving them the Church's treasure—
Dearer they than gems and gold!
Teaching us that alms well given
Are but treasures stored in heaven, [us!
Dear Saint Lawrence, pray for

5 By thy fervent love for Jesus,
By thy strong and constant faith,
Of our sinful burdens ease us!
Help us at the hour of death! [us,
When the fears of death confound
When the cleansing fires surround us, [us!
Dear Saint Lawrence, pray for

483. St. Stephen, Proto-Martyr.

(*December* 26.)

His name signifies the *Crowned*. He was one of the seven first deacons chosen by the apostles. He was "full of grace and fortitude and did great wonders and signs among the people" (Acts vi. 8). The Jews stoned him to death, at Jerusalem, on the 26th of December of the same year in which Christ was crucified.

1 O Captain of the Martyr host!
O peerless in renown!
Not from the fading flowers of earth
Weave we for thee a crown.

2 The stones that smote thee, in thy [blood
Made beauteous and divine,
All in a halo heavenly bright
About thy temples shine.

3 The scars upon thy sacred brow
Throw beams of glory round;
The splendours of thy bruised face
The very sun confound.

4 Oh, earliest victim sacrificed
To thy dear Victim Lord!
Oh, earliest witness to the faith
Of thy Incarnate God!

5 Thou to the heavenly Canaan first
Through the Red Sea didst go,
And to the Martyrs' countless host
Their path of glory show.

6 Erewhile a servant of the poor,
Now at the Lamb's High Feast,
In blood-empurpled robe arrayed,
A welcome nuptial guest!

484. Hymn for the Feast of the Holy Innocents, at Vespers. 485.

(*December 28.*)

Matt. ii. 18: "A voice in Rama was heard, lamentation and great mourning: Rachel bewailing her children, and would not be comforted, because they are not."

1 SALVETE, flores martyrum,
Quos lucis ipso in limine
Christi insecutor sustulit,
Ceu turbo nascentes roseas.

2 Vos prima Christi victima,
Grex immolatorum tener,
Aram sub ipsam simplices
Palma et coronis luditis.

3 Jesu, tibi sit gloria,
Qui natus es de Virgine,
Cum Patre et almo Spiritu,
In sempiterna sæcula.
Amen.

V. Herodes iratus occidit multos pueros.
R. In Bethlehem Judæ, civitate David.

1 LOVELY flowers of Martyrs, hail!
Smitten by the tyrant foe
On life's threshold—as the gale
Strews the roses ere they blow.

2 First to bleed for Christ, sweet lambs!
What a simple death ye died!
Sporting with your wreath and palms,
At the very altar-side!

3 Honour, glory, virtue, merit,
Be to Thee, O Virgin's Son!
With the Father, and the Spirit,
While eternal ages run.
Amen.

V. Herod, being wroth, slew many children.
R. In Bethlehem of Juda, the city of David.

HYMNS IN HONOUR OF ST. THOMAS OF CANTERBURY.

486. An Invocation of St. Thomas of Canterbury.

(*December 29.*)

Born in London in 1117, 21st of December, he became Lord Chancellor of England in 1157, Archbishop of Canterbury in 1162, and was martyred on the 29th of December in the year 1170, the 53d of his age, and the 9th of his episcopacy. He died as he declared it "*For God, for Justice, and for the liberty of the Church.*" On the night of the martyrdom, one of the Saint's household saw him in his pontifical vestments going up the altar steps, as if to say Mass; seeing the same thing on the second and on the third night, he said to him, "My lord, art thou not dead?" The Saint answered, "I died; but I am alive."—*Life of St. Thomas.*

1 DEAR Saint, who, as a shepherd true,
Did for your flock lay down your life,
Where shall we turn, unless to you,
Bring us aid amidst the strife?

2 Dear Saint, your torn and wounded head
Is laid upon your Master's breast,
And death, with all its conflict dread,
Is past and lost in endless rest.

3 Dear Saint, the Martyr's crown and palm
Are yours, and yours for evermore;
Your song, the Saints' triumphant psalm;
Your path the heaven's starry floor.

4 Dear Saint, no longer exiled now
From your true King and native land;
The crimson stains that gem your brow
Are wiped away by His own Hand.

5 Dear Saint, the storms of hell in vain
Have spent their fury on your head,
And our poor land blooms forth again,
And pilgrim steps to you are led.

6 Dear Saint, our way in peace protect!
And since you hold a burning light,
By its sweet ray our way direct,
And dissipate the clouds of night.

7 Dear Saint, though men are false and cold,
And pass you by without a word;
Yet help us, as you did of old;
Pray for us to your dearest Lord.

8 Dear Saint, we cannot tell the love
That God has given us for you;
But when we reach your home above,
We'll speak your praise in language true.

9 Dear Saint, yes: in the realms above,
In God's great Presence may we meet,
Together make our vows of love
In Jesus' Heart—at Mary's feet.
Amen.

487. Hymn of Praise to St. Thomas of Canterbury.

1 Rejoice, thou race of man, rejoice!
To-day the Church renews her boast
Of England's Thomas; and her voice
Is echoed by the heavenly host.

2 Rejoice, whoever loves the right;
Rejoice, ye faithful men and true:
The Prince of Peace o'errules the fight;
The many fall before the few.

3 Great is the priestly charge, and great
The line to whom that charge is given!
It comes not, that pontificate,
Save from the great High Priest in heaven.

4 A frowning king no equal brooked;
His minions cried, "Obey or die!"
Thomas, like Stephen, heavenward looked,
And saw the Son of Man on high.

5 Thou King of kings, and Lord of lords,
Thine!
That world Thy blood redeemed is
The Cross, not sceptres and not swords,
Leads on the march of things divine.

6 Lo! loss is gain, and gain is loss;
God lives, His Gospel is not bound;
The Saviour conquered from the Cross;
His Martyr from the bleeding ground.

488. English Martyrs and Saints.

1 When England, Lord, in days of faith, was Thine,
Saints lived and Martyrs bled!
And our dear isle became one mighty shrine
Of great and Sainted dead.

2 Dear Saints, the heretic of modern days
Has made your shrines his prize!
And in the pile our faith alone could raise,
That very faith denies.

3 For our loved land, dear Saints, you bore the Cross;
For us ye Martyrs died!
Nor hath your love for England suffered loss
Now you reign glorified.

4 Gain England back her titles and her power
Within the One True Fold!
"The Isle of Saints and blessed Mary's Dower,"
As in the days of old!

5 God of our Fathers, look upon our woe!
How long wilt Thou not hear?
How long shall Thy True Vine be trodden low,
Nor help from Thee appear?

6 Oh, by our glory in the days gone [by!
Oh, by Thine ancient love;
Oh, by our thousand Saints, who ceaseless cry
Before Thy throne above;

7 Lord, for this isle, compassionate though just,
Cherish Thy wrath no more!
But build again her temples from the [dust,
And our lost joy restore!

489. Hymn for Veneration of Holy Relics.

1 Now, while before your relics
Our prayers and incense rise,
Look down, ye Saints of heaven!
And help us from the skies.

2 What though in dismal ruin
Your bones so long have lain?
Yet still sublimest virtues
E'en in their dust remain.

3 Still in these holy temples
The Spirit makes His home,
Reserving them for glory
In other days to come.

4 Whence from beneath the altar
They yet exert their might,
Subduing death and sickness,
And putting Hell to flight.

5 O Christ, our Judge immortal,
Through all the worlds, to Thee
All glory with the Father
And Holy Spirit be.

HYMNS IN HONOUR OF CONFESSORS.

490. Hymn for the Common of Confessors, at Vespers.

1 Iste Confessor Domini, colentes
Quem pie laudant populi per orbem,
Hac die lætus meruit beatas
Scandere sedes.

(If it be not the day of his death, the following is substituted:)

Hac die lætus meruit supremos
Laudis honores.

2 Qui pius, prudens, humilis, pudicus,
Sobriam duxit sine labe vitam,
Donec humanos animavit auræ
Spiritus artus.

3 Cujus ob præstans meritum frequentur,
Ægra quæ passim jacuere membra,
Viribus morbi domitis, saluti
Restituuntur.

4 Noster hinc illi chorus obsequentem
Concinit laudem, celebresque palmas;
Ut piis ejus precibus juvemur
Omne per ævum.

491.

1 The Confessor of Christ, from shore to shore
Worshipped with solemn rite,
This day went up with joy, his labours [o'er,
To his blest seat in light.

This day receives those honours which are his,
High in the realms of light.

2 Holy and innocent were all his ways,
Sweet, temperate, unstained;
His life was prayer, his every breath was praise
While breath to him remained.

3 Ofttimes his merits high in every land
In cures have been displayed,
And still does health return at his command
To many a frame decayed.

4 Therefore to him triumphant praise we pay,
And yearly songs renew: [pray,
Praying our glorious Saint for us to
All the long ages through.

5 Sit salus illi, decus atque virtus,
Qui super cœli solio coruscans,
Totius mundi seriem gubernat
Trinus et unus.
Amen.

5 To God, of all the centre and the source,
Be power and glory given;
Who sways the mighty world through all its course,
From the bright throne of heaven.
Amen.

FIRST VESPERS.

V. Amavit eum Dominus, et ornavit eum.
R. Stolam gloriæ induit eum.

V. The Lord loved him and adorned him.
R. And clothed him with a robe of glory.

SECOND VESPERS.

V. Justum deduxit Dominus per vias rectas.
R. Et ostendit illi regnum Dei.

V. The Lord led the just through right ways.
R. And showed him the kingdom of God.

492. St. David, Patron of Wales.

(*March* 1.)

Born of princely race in Cardiganshire, he became Archbishop of Menevia (now called St. David's), and the glory of the British Church. He died about the year 544 in a very advanced age.

1 DEAR Saint David, we implore thee,
From thy blissful throne in glory,
Look on us who bend before thee—
Help us in our need!
See thy land to strangers given,
And the truth by falsehood riven—
Pray that we may give to heaven
Thought and word and deed.

Chorus.

On thy prayer relying,
Ev'ry foe defying,
Soon faith's banner o'er fair Wales
Triumphant shall be flying!
Foes advance! we, fearless, meet them!
For we must are long defeat them!
Onward! with our war-cry greet them!—
"Saint David, pray for us!"

2 As the Giant's feet once stumbled
On the mountain, crushed and humbled
By the Shepherd's faith which crumbled
Pride and might of old!
So, from royal race descended,
By thee was the faith defended,
And thy love thy dear flock tended
Safe within the fold!
Chorus.—On thy prayer, &c.

3 Pray in love, and pray in power,
That on us our God may shower
Choicest gifts, and richly dower
Our dear native land!
Pray that wealth or sin may never
From the Church thy children sever,
But that to the truth for ever
They may faithful stand!
Chorus.—On thy prayer, &c.

493. St. Chad.

(*March* 2.)

Brought up in the monastery of Lindisfarne, he became Bishop first of York, afterwards of Lichfield, where he died 2d of March in 673.

1 GLORY of our Saxon England,
Chosen to lead men to God!
Pray for us who now are toiling
Where thy feet in patience trod!

Chorus.

Hear thy children, gentle Patron,
Holy Bishop, dear Saint Chad!
Pray for us and for thy country,
For the sinful and the sad.

2 By thy life so pure and humble,
Loving Saint of gentle peace,
E'en thy very See resigning
That unholy strife might cease!
Chorus.—Hear thy children, &c.

3 When storms raged or winds were howling,
Thou didst bend in humble prayer,
Thinking of God's day of judgment,
Begging God His flock to spare.
Chorus.—Hear thy children, &c.

4 When thy life of toil was ending,
Angels, watching at thy side,
Bade thee leave this earth and hasten
To thy Jesus glorified!
Chorus.—Hear thy children, &c.

5 By thy life and death so holy,
By thy bliss with God on high!
Grant that like to thee, dear Patron,
We for God may live and die!
Chorus.—Hear thy children, &c.

HYMNS IN HONOUR OF ST THOMAS AQUINAS.

494. Invocation of St. Thomas Aquinas.*

☞ (*March* 7.)

Born in the county of Aquino, in Italy, in 1226. He joined the Dominican order at the age of seventeen. He became so learned that he is called "the Angel of the Schools." A voice came from the crucifix to him: "Thou hast written well of Me, Thomas, what recompense dost thou desire?" He answered, "No other than Thyself, O Lord." He died at Fossa Nuova, a Cistercian abbey, on the 7th of March, in 1274.

1 Sweet Saint Thomas, holy Patron,
Draw our hearts and hopes above!
Bless us with a Father's blessing,
Shield us with a Father's love!

2 From the starry throne of glory
In the shining light of heaven,
Thou wilt look upon the children
To thy holy keeping given.

3 Jesus, "of whom thou wrot'st so well,"
Thy reward Himself became,
Give us God's own truth to cherish,
Help us all our flesh to tame.

4 We will onwards in thy footsteps,
We will upwards to the goal;
And thy mighty power shall strengthen,
And thy whispered words console.

5 Keep us pure like thee, and teach us
Earth's false brightness to despise,
While we gaze with earnest longing
On our home beyond the skies.

6 Lone and sad are God's great temples,
Angels weep o'er ruined shrines;
Guide the weary feet that wander,
Fill the earnest heart that pines.

6 Pray the prayer of intercession,
And it shall not be in vain;
Plead, Saint Thomas, till thou give
To the Mother Church again.

495. Hymn of Praise to St. Thomas Aquinas.

1 Great Saint Thomas, wond'rous doctor,
Light resplendent of the world,
Holy Church's mighty champion
Who Truth's sacred flag unfurled,
And, confounded,
Back the pow'rs of error hurled.

2 Fiercely strove the world inciting
Unto evil, yet in vain;
Valiant Thomas, girt by angels,
Those white robes that ne'er knew stain,
Now thou wearest
'Mid the Bridegroom's virgin train.

* St. Thomas is the special patron of youth, of students, of chastity, of learning, and of devotion to the Most Holy Sacrament. He is also a special patron of vocation to the priesthood and the religious life, on account of the great temptation of his youth, so heroically overcome and so miraculously rewarded.

3 Still thy life's angelic lesson,
To us with thy name descends.
Life's perfection, which, with action,
Holy contemplation blends:
Matchless beauty
Thee this blessed union lends.

4 From thy brows, in crownlike splendour,
Rays of ev'ry virtue shine,
Saint, who with the cherub's wisdom,
Love of seraphs dost combine
In thy "writings,"
Hallowing each golden line.

5 Sweet Saint Thomas, now thou reignest,
Crowned eternally above,
Deign to help thy suppliant children;
Beg the Paraclete, the Dove,
To shed o'er us
Treasures of His light and love.

HYMNS IN HONOUR OF ST. PATRICK.

496. St. Patrick, Apostle and Patron of Ireland.

(*March* 17.)

Born, most likely, in France, in Little Brittany, on the coast of Leon, about the year 373. He was carried into captivity by certain barbarians, who took him to Ireland. It was there he laid the foundation of a sanctity which made him one of the greatest apostles and patrons of Holy Church. Having received his mission from Pope Celestine, and being consecrated a Bishop, he converted the whole of Ireland, and filled the country with churches and schools of piety and learning. He died and was buried at Down, in Ulster, in the year 464, at the age of ninety-two.

1 On wings of holy charity
To Erin's coast Saint Patrick came,
To curb the devil's tyranny,
And spread the love of Jesu's name.

Chorus.
The Faith is firm in Erin's land,
And Patrick dear to Irish hearts;
Though heresy has raised her brand,
And struck her sons with Satan's dart. } *Repeat.*

2 Through ages lone of gloomy night
Our Fathers in fell bondage lay,
When Patrick brought the Gospel's light,
To light in truth our heavenward way.
Chorus.—The Faith is firm, &c.

3 Then by celestial doctrine taught,
To Faith and Hope was Erin turned:
The flame of Love her children caught,
And Peter's Chair their Faith confirmed.
Chorus.—The Faith is firm, &c.

4 Still, Patrick, pray that sin may fly
From every Irish heart and home,
And those who love to own thee nigh,
In lawless ways may never roam.
Chorus.—The Faith is firm, &c.

497. Hymn of Praise to St. Patrick.

1 HAIL, glorious Saint Patrick, dear Saint of our isle!
On us, thy poor children, bestow a sweet smile;
And now thou art high in the mansions above,
On Erin's green valleys look down in thy love.

2 Hail, glorious Saint Patrick! thy words were once strong
Against Satan's wiles and a heretic throng:
Not less is thy might where in heaven thou art—
Oh, come to our aid, in our battle take part.

3 In the war against sin, in the fight
for the Faith,
Dear Saint, may thy children resist
to the death;
May their strength be in meekness,
in penance and prayer,
Their banner the Cross, which they
glory to bear.

4 Thy people, now exiles on many a
shore,
Shall love and revere thee till time be
no more;
And the fire thou hast kindled shall
ever burn bright,
Its warmth undiminished, undying
its light.

5 Ever bless and defend the sweet land
of our birth,
Where the shamrock still blooms as
when thou wert on earth;
And our hearts shall yet burn, where-
soever we roam,
For God and Saint Patrick and our
native home.

498. St. Patrick's Day.

1 All praise to Saint Patrick, who
brought to our mountains
The gift of God's faith, the sweet
light of His love!
All praise to the shepherd who
showed us the fountains
That rise in the heart of the
Saviour above! [In tears,
For hundreds of years, in smiles and
Our Saint has been with us, our
shield and our stay; [alone,
All else may have gone, Saint Patrick
He hath been to us light when
earth's lights were all set,
For the glories of Faith they can
never decay; [with us yet,
And the best of our glories is bright
In the faith and the feast of Saint
Patrick's Day.

2 There is not a Saint in the bright
courts of heaven [of his choice:
More faithful than he to the land
Oh, well may the nation to whom he
was given, [apostle rejoice!
In the feast of their sire and
In glory above, true to his love,
He keeps the false faith from his
children away:
The dark false faith, that is worse
than death,
Oh! he drives it far off from the
green sunny shore,
Like the reptiles which fled from his
curse in dismay;
And Erin, when error's proud
triumph is o'er,
Will still be found keeping Saint Pat-
rick's Day.

3 Then what shall we do for thee,
heaven-sent Father? [be?
What shall the proof of our loyalty
By all that is dear to our hearts, we
would rather
Be martyred, sweet Saint! than
bring shame upon thee! [make,
But oh! he will take the promise we
So to live that our lives by God's
help may display
The light that he bore to Erin's shore:
Yes, Father of Ireland! no child
wilt thou own, [its way;
Whose life is not lighted by grace on
For they are true Irish, oh yes!
they alone,
Whose hearts are all true on Saint
Patrick's Day.

499. Hymn of Supplication to St. Patrick.

1 Saint Patrick, for our country pray,
Our ever-faithful land,
Whose martyred hosts so gloriously
Before God's great throne stand;
Look down upon thy children here,
Look down upon our race,
And bless, dear Saint, this little isle
And each one's native place.

Chorus.

From foes without, from fears
From every evil, every sin, [within,
Saint Patrick, set us free.

2 Oh, hear us, Patrick, while we pray,
Thou art our own dear Saint,
Uphold the weak, protect the young,
Strengthen the souls that faint;

Thou knowest how we are tempted still,
Thou knowest how we are tried,
Thou knowest that we are faithful too,
Whatever ills betide.
Chorus.—From foes without, &c.

3 Oh, help our poor in patient love
To bear their suffering life,
To think of that great victory
Which cometh after strife;
Keep from them all revengeful thoughts
Whene'er they suffer wrong—
The meek alone are crowned in heaven,
And heaven will come ere long.
Chorus.—From foes without, &c.

4 We are thy children, blessed Saint,
The children of thy love;
We know how mighty is thy prayer,
How it was heard above;
Pray for us now, for priest and nun,
For rich men and for poor,
That to the end, however tried,
Our faith may still endure.
Chorus.—From foes without, &c.

"We hereby grant an Indulgence of Forty Days to all who shall devoutly recite the Hymn of St. Patrick *with one Hail Mary*.

"✠ HENRY EDWARD,
"*Archbishop of Westminster.*

"*February 20th*, 1868."

500. St. Patrick, the Model and Patron of Temperance Guilds or Associations.

1 O HOLY Patrick! Ireland's Saint,
Pray for thy children here,
That God may keep us evermore
Firm in His faith and fear.

2 As Ireland's children by the wood
Which skirts the western sea,
Called thee to come unto their help,
So call we now to thee.

3 Oh, let not Erin's children stain
The heirloom of their faith
By maddening drink, the bitter source
Of want, and sin, and death.

4 Dear Father, who didst slake thy thirst
In Ireland's shining springs,
Make Irish lips to choose the taste
Which the clear fountain brings.

5 Thou didst do penance while on earth
For Erin and her sons;
In heaven now intercede for us,
Thine Irish little ones;

6 That we from childhood ne'er may stain
The gift of Holy Faith,
But temperate and pure may live,
Thy children unto death.

501. St. Cuthbert, the Thaumaturgus of Britain.

(*March* 20.)

Born near Mailros, on the bank of the Tweed, he became a monk, and then Bishop of Lindisfarne. For his miracles he was called the Thaumaturgus of Britain. He sweetly slept in Christ on the 20th day of March 687.

1 DEAR Patron of the faithful North,
Saint Cuthbert, hear thy children's prayer;
From thy bright throne in heaven look forth,
On us bestow a Father's care!

2 Oh! by thy pure and gentle youth,
A humble shepherd with thy sheep,
Secure within the Fold of Truth
Thy sinful children deign to keep!

3 God gave of old to thy good care
His flock to foster and to warn,
To rule the vales of Tyne and Wear,
Hexham and holy Lindisfarne.

4 Then to thy own dear Northern land
A Father and Protector prove;
Where trod thy feet, where blessed thy hand,
Look now in pity and in love!

5 In Durham's pile thy body lies,
By Angels secretly preserved!
And still that presence sanctifies
The isle which naught but wrath deserved!

6 In pity, as in days of old,
Guard this dear isle in every need;
Bring England back to Christ's true Fold,
Let Peter rule from Thames to Tweed!

502. St. Benedict, the Patriarch of the Western Monks.

(*March* 21.)

Born about 480, at Nursia, in Umbria, he became a hermit at the age of fifteen. He lived such a perfect life that he drew after him to God an immense host of holy religious. He is considered as the Patriarch of the Western monks. He calmly expired in prayer, on Saturday the 21st of March, about the year 543.

1 THROUGH the long nave and full resounding aisles
Let pealing anthems rise:
This day, that saw immortal Benedict
Ascend the skies!

2 A flowery path, affection, home, were his;
But vainly earth allured;
Deep in a lonesome cave his tender bloom
The saint immured.

3 There, amid prickly thorns, he curbed the rage
Of sin-incentive youth;
There drew his sacred Rule from the pure fount
Of life and truth.

4 There still upon the height the Baptist's shrine,
Memorial of his love,
Tells how he smote the Pagan god, and strewed
The Paphian grove.

5 Now from the heavenly dome, seated serene
Amid seraphic choirs,
He sees us all, and with celestial draughts
Each heart inspires.

6 Glory eternal to the Father be,
And sole-begotten Son;
With Thee, great Paraclete, eternal Three,
And trinal One!

503. St. Philip, Founder of the Oratorians.

(*May* 25.)

Born at Florence in 1515. He became a priest at Rome, where he exercised a wonderful apostolate in the Confessional. The founder of the Oratorians, he abounded in exceeding piety and zeal for the salvation of souls. He died at Rome 25th of May 1595.

1 FOUNDER and sire! to mighty Rome,
Beneath Saint Peter's shade,
Early thy vow of royal love
And ministry was paid.
The solemn porch and portal high
Of Peter was thy home;
The world's apostle he, and thou
Apostle of his Rome.

Chorus.

O sainted Philip, father dear,
Look on thy little ones, that we
Thy loveliness may copy here
And in the eternal kingdom see.

2 And first in the old catacombs,
In galleries long and deep,
Where martyr Popes had ruled the flock
And slept their glorious sleep,
There didst thou pass the nights in prayer,
Until at length there came
Down on thy breast, new lit for thee,
The Pentecostal flame.
Chorus.—O sainted Philip, &c.

3 Thou in that heart-consuming love
Didst walk the city wide,
And lure the noble and the young
From Babel's pomp and pride;

And gathering them within thy cell,
Unveil the lustre bright,
And beauty of thy inner soul,
And gain them by the sight.
Chorus.—O sainted Philip, &c.

4 And as the apostle, on the hill
Facing the imperial town,
First gazed upon his fair domain,
Then on the Cross lay down;
So thou, from out the streets of Rome,
Didst turn thy failing eye
Unto that mount of martyrdom,
Take leave of it and die.
Chorus.—O sainted Philip, &c.

504. St. Bede, Glory of the Saxon Church.

(*May 27.*)

Born in 673 near Jarrow monastery, he entered it at the age of seven, and lived there until the age of sixty-two. He was a model of devotion, humility, simplicity, charity, and penance. He became so learned that he is called "Father of the Church," the chiefest and brightest ornament of the English nation. He died on the 26th of May in 735. His festival is kept on the 27th.

1 From Jarrow's tower the vesper bell
Tolls solemnly across the Tyne;
Resting his oar, the mariner
Stays listening to its sacred chime.

2 The chant begins, but slow and sad;
For full of grief the monks are all,
Since one, by all revered and loved,
Is missing from his wonted stall.

3 Their vespers sung, they leave the choir,
And crowd around his couch with speed,
To see once more, ere he expire,
Their own dear *Venerable Bede.*

4 Earnest he was in work and prayer,
And full of love for Holy Writ;
Destined to share the Doctors' fame,
And near to them in heaven to sit!

5 E'en from the days of tend'rest youth
He loved the cloister's solitude!
God's will—a love for holy truth—
Christ-like, he made his daily food!

6 Ascension-Eve had wellnigh gone
When his sweet life of toil did cease;
The Gospel of Saint John explained,
Ere he did pass to heaven in peace.

7 O glory of the Saxon Church!
Beam forth again, within thy hand,
Bearing the torch of truth to chase
The gloom that shrouds thy native land.

8 Behold! thy shrines are desolate:
Lo! Durham, Jarrow, Wearmouth mourn;
Build up the altars now laid waste,
Bid faith and peace again return.

505. St. Aloysius Gonzaga, Patron of Youth.

(*June 21.*)

Born, in 1568, in the castle of Castiglione, of a princely race, he entered the Society of Jesus at about eighteen. There he lived the life of an angel rather than that of a man, and died, as he had foretold, on the 21st of June 1591. He is the patron of youth.

1 Angelic youth! at whose blest birth
Bright choirs of heavenly spirits thronged;
How great the day which gave to earth
A treasure that to heaven belonged.

Chorus.
Patron of youth who, pure, hast known
The dangers that beset our way,
We fear the world to walk alone,
Let Thy sweet name support and stay. } *Repeat.*

2 O happy youth, from thy first hour,
Thy steps e'er were to heaven bound,
Thou ne'er didst yield to demon power,
Nor fall 'neath sin which raged around.
Chorus.—Patron of youth, &c.

3 Thy guileless tongue and gentle heart
From Jesus' love was never riven;
In things of earth thou hadst no part,
For all thy thoughts were set on heaven.
Chorus.—Patron of youth, &c.

4 From dewy morn till evening fair,
From vespers' toll till break of day,
Our enemies their toils prepare,
And seek to make our souls their prey.
Chorus.—Patron of youth, &c.

5 Oh be our guide, for thou wert pure,
And we are stained with many a sin;
Without, life's ills we scarce endure;
Alas! how cold and dark within.
Chorus.—Patron of youth, &c.

6 Life's morn is past, the sky grows dark,
And clouds forebode a troubled sea,
The waves are swelling round our bark,
It may not speed unblest by thee.
Chorus.—Patron of youth, &c.

7 Through Christ's sweet love, oh, pray for those
For whom He died upon the tree;
Through love thy soul has gained repose,
Through love we hope to follow thee.
Chorus.—Patron of youth, &c.

506. St. Vincent de Paul, Founder of the Fathers of the Mission and of the Sisters of Charity.

(*July* 19.)

A native of Pouï in Gascony. He became a priest—founded both the Order of the Fathers of the Mission, often called Lazarites, and that of the Sisters of Charity. He also established a great number of other works of mercy. He calmly expired in Paris on the 27th of September 1660.

Chorus.
O Blessed Father! sent by God,
His mercy to dispense,
Thy hand is out o'er all the earth,
Like God's own providence.

1 There is no grief or care of men
Thou dost not own for thine;
No broken heart thou dost not fill
With mercy's oil and wine.
Chorus.—O Blessed Father! &c.

2 Thy miracles are works of love,
Thy greatest is to make
Room in a day, for toils that weeks
In other men would take.
Chorus.—O Blessed Father! &c.

3 All cries of suffering through the earth
Upon thy mercy call,
As though thou wert, like God Himself,
A father unto all.
Chorus.—O Blessed Father! &c.

4 Dear Saint, not in the wilderness
Thy fragrant virtues bloom,
But in the city's crowded haunts,
The alley's cheerless gloom.
Chorus.—O Blessed Father! &c.

5 The father of the childless old,
The lonesome widow's stay,
The gladness of the orphan groups
Out in the streets at play.
Chorus.—O Blessed Father, &c.

6 Yet not unto the towns confined
The gifts thy mercy gave,
The Gospel to the villager,
His freedom to the slave.
Chorus.—O Blessed Father! &c.

7 For charity anointed thee
O'er want, and woe, and pain;
And she hath crowned thee emperor
Of all her wide domain.
Chorus.—O Blessed Father! &c.

507. St. Ignatius, Founder of the Jesuits.

(*July* 31.)

Born in 1491, in the castle of Loyola, Spain, this remarkable saint, from a soldier, became one of the greatest promoters of God's glory. On the 15th of August, 1534, he instituted the Jesuit order, which has ever since been the vanguard of Christ's Church militant on earth. He calmly expired July 31, 1556.

1 IGNATIUS, Warrior Saint,
Cheer the weak and faint,
And lead thy soldiers to the victory!
In thine earthly life
Thou didst face the strife:—
Hear from heaven now our cry to thee!

2 Ignatius, train us well,
By the magic spell
Manresa taught thee in its solitude!
From the state of wrath
Along our Saviour's path
Guide us, through suffering, to beatitude.

3 Ignatius, Saint of prayer,
Thou biddest none despair;
For God, our God, will ne'er desert us:
Grace to us shall speed
Sufficient for our need,
And baffle Satan's craft to hurt us.

4 Ignatius, chaste of soul,
Brace us to control
Each motion that might lure our hearts to sin!
Always may we strive
Angel lives to live,
And guard our senses with all discipline.

5 On the part of Christ
Thou biddest us enlist,
And spurn earth's wealth and all its bravery;
Thou, against the world,
Christ's banner hast unfurled,
And proved the matchless worth of poverty.

6 Thou hast shown the way
To universal sway
And high dominion o'er the things of sense;
Thou hast cast aside
Riches, honour, pride,
And all by virtue of obedience.

7 When the strife is done
And the battle's won
Through pain, humiliations, weariness:
As on earth we bore
Jesus' likeness more,
More shall we partake His happiness.

508. St. Alphonsus, Founder of the Redemptorists.

(*August* 2.)

Born in 1696 at Marianella, near Naples, he united the zeal of an apostle with the austerities of a Cistercian, the science of a doctor of the Church with the humility of the publican. He founded a new order of missionaries called the Order of Our Holy Redeemer, or Redemptorists. He died August 1, 1787.

1 HARK! angelic songs resounding
Through the happy courts of heaven!
For the triumph of Alphonsus
Endless praise to God is given.
Saint Alphonsus! holy Patron
Of our confraternity.
Let thy children sing thy praises
In a blest eternity.

2 See Alphonsus silent kneeling,
Rapt in loving ecstasy,
At the altar where his Jesus
Hides in love His Majesty.
Saint Alphonsus! dearest Father!
Would our hearts were like to thine;
Make us share thy deep devotion
To this Sacrament divine.

3 By the crib where Jesus, trembling,
Lies upon a little straw,
See Alphonsus, lowly bending,
Lost in tenderness and awe.
Blessed Father! make thy children
Love the Babe of Bethlehem,
Till with thee we see His glory
In the New Jerusalem.

4 Lost in loving contemplation
Of the Passion of his Lord,
See Alphonsus, pierced with anguish,
Shares in Mary's bitter sword.
Saint Alphonsus! our offences
Nailed thy Jesus to the wood,
Pray that they may now be cancelled [Blood.
By His sweet and saving

5 When Alphonsus speaks of Mary,
When his lips pronounce her name,
Every word with love is burning,
And his hearers catch the flame.
Saint Alphonsus! holy Father!
Hear our praises, grant our prayer,
Make us love our Blessed Mother,
And in heaven her glory share.

509. St. Dominic, Founder of the Preaching Friars.

(*August* 4.)

Born in 1170, at Calaruega in Spain, of the illustrious house of the Guzmans. He endowed Holy Church with two magnificent institutions—that of the holy Rosary and the order of preaching friars called Dominicans. He died on August 6, 1221.

1 Thou who, hero-like, hast striven
For the cause of God and heaven!
Dominic, whose life was given
Sinners to recall.
Saint of high and dauntless spirit,
By thy vast unmeasured merit,
By thy name which we inherit,
Hear us when we call.

2 Flower of chastity, the fairest
Of her lily buds thou bearest,
Snow-white as the robe thou wearest,
Gift from hands divine.
With thy brow of starry splendour,
With thine eyes so mild and tender,
Mary's client—truth's defender,
To our prayers incline.

3 Great Apostle, ever claiming
Souls for Jesus—by the naming
Mary and her Son proclaiming
Mysteries of faith;
Still, O Dominic, the preaching
Of those childlike beads is reaching
Childlike hearts all sweetly teaching
Christ's own life and death.

4 With those Aves, first and plainest
Of the Church's prayers, thou rainest
Blessings on the earth and gainest
Souls whom Jesus made.
Loving Father! at thy station
Of seraphic contemplation,
In each hour of dark temptation,
Give thy saving aid.

510. St. Francis of Assisi, Founder of the Friars Minors.

(*October* 4.)

This glorious Saint was born at Assisium, in Umbria, in 1182. Of his humility of heart, his love of poverty, and his imitation of Christ crucified, nothing could be said to give any true idea. Marked with the five wounds of Christ crucified, on Mount Alverno, this seraphic Saint yielded up his soul to God, October 4, 1226.

1 Let Alverno's holy mountain
That high mystery proclaim,
Of the stamps of life eternal
Which on blessed Francis came;
While he sobbed, and while he [sighed,
Grieving for the Crucified.

2 As he prayed in cold and hunger;
As he poured his glowing tears;
In his fervent spirit mounting
Far above terrestrial spheres,
Every earthly thing forgot
'Is Saviour's bitter lot.

3 Lo! to him, in form seraphic,
Borne upon a cross on high,
Six irradiant wings expanding,
Came the King of Glory nigh!
Gazing on him with a face
Of benignity and grace.

4 He that tender glance returning,
Saw th' Incarnate Light of light;
Saw his gracious meek Redeemer
Robed in glory infinite;
Drank the words that from Him fell,
Words divine, unspeakable!

5 Straightway all the sacred summit
Kindles like a flaming pyre;
Holy Francis sinks enraptured,
Fainting with ecstatic fire;
And upon his flesh appear
Christ's immortal Stigmata!

6 Honour to the high Redeemer,
Who for us in torments died;
In whose image blessed Francis
Suffered and was sanctified,
Counting everything but loss
For the glory of the Cross.

511. Hymn of Praise and Supplication to St. Francis.

1 From the streets of lone Assisi
Rang a voice of piercing might
Through the orange groves and myrtles,
In the sunshine and the night;
Through the world that lay in darkness
Rang that sweet and thrilling cry,
When our Francis called the nations
To the Wisdom from on high.

2 O thou messenger of Jesus!
O thou Saint of gentle love!
Who didst see thy God in all things,
And didst dwell with Him above;
Like the angel, in mid heaven,
With the everlasting scroll,
Thou didst bear the Gospel tidings
To each lost and darkened soul.

3 In the likeness of thy Master
Thou wast poor as poor could be,
But in sorrow and in suffering
God was glorified in thee;
How resplendent were thy footsteps,
On the day when thou wast sealed,
And the mysteries of the Kingdom
To thy spirit were revealed!

4 On Alverno thou wast kneeling
In a rapture deep and high,
When the seraph, six-winged, cross-borne,
Burned before thee on the sky;
Then there flowed those lines of splendour,
On thy hands and feet and side,
That transformed thee to the Image
Of thy Saviour crucified.

5 From Alverno and Assisi,
As if borne on seraph wing,
Thou didst seek the rock-built City
In the garden of the King;
Now the gleaming throne of jasper,
Whence there fell the Morning Star,
Is thy throne, thou sweet Saint Francis,
Where the crowned and sceptred are.

6 From that glory, Father Francis,
Look upon us day by day;
We implore thee for thy blessing,
In this steep and narrow way:
Make us humble with thy spirit,
Make us more and more thine own,
Till the night has passed for ever,
And we see thee on thy throne.

512. St. Wilfrid.

(*October* 12.)

Born in Northumberland about the year 634, he became Bishop of York, and after many labours and persecutions for right, justice, and truth, he died at Oundle in Northamptonshire, April 24, 709.

1 Hail, holy Wilfrid, hail!
Kindest of patrons, hail!
Whose loving help doth ne'er
Thy trusting children fail!

2 Saint of the cheerful heart,
Quick step, and beaming eye!
Give light unto our lives,
And at our death be nigh!

3 To Mary's lovers thou,
Sweet Saint! hast shown the road;
Oh teach us how to love
The Mother of our God!

4 Teach us, dear Saint! to make
The Church our only home;
To love the faith, the rites,
And all the ways of Rome!

5 Lover of youth, do thou
Our English children bless;
Their joyous hearts' first love
For Mary's service press.

6 Into our souls, dear Saint!
With thy blithe courage come,
And make us missioners
Of Mary and of Rome!

7 Hail, holy Wilfrid, hail!
Saint of the free and gay!
Look how we follow thee,
And bless us in our way!

513. St. Edward, King and Confessor, Patron of England.

(*October* 13.)

Son of King Ethelred II., he was born at Islip in Oxfordshire. An exile from his country, he was taught in the school of adversity the admirable virtues he later on practised on the throne. Though married, he lived and died a virgin on the 5th of January 1066, after a reign of twenty-three years.

1 SAINT EDWARD, England's gift from
And the noblest of her kings, [God,
The promise of a second spring
Thy gracious memory brings.
For ere our England lost the faith
Received from holy Rome,
Thy name was aye a household word
In every English home.

2 An exile in a foreign land,
Poor, friendless, and alone, [blood,
Thou wouldst not shed one drop of
And yet didst win thy throne.
By great Saint Peter thou wert
To love his Holy See, [taught
To serve God's Church, and build her
With royal charity. [shrines

3 Christ blessed thee in the Holy Host
With His own sacred hand,
And for thy sake His blessings
On thy beloved land. [poured
For thee He healed her miseries,
For thee He slew her foes,
For thee He made the wilderness
To blossom like the rose.

4 By faith thou wert a conqueror
By whom no blood was shed;
By faith, though vowed to chastity,
Thou didst thine Edith wed,
And in the bonds of wedlock true
Didst lead a virgin life,
And leave in spotless maidenhood
Thy pure and holy wife.

5 Kind Saint, thy faith and charity
The Lord would often prove,
Yet the worst foulness of His poor
Did but increase thy love.
Oh pity then my poverty,
My sins, my misery foul,
And purify with heavenly love
My poor and sinful soul.

6 And, oh, for this dear English land
With Jesus intercede,
For which in life thou didst so oft
With that dear Saviour plead.
The centuries three are now run out,
The time of its sad woe,
Oh, may the tree of life, renewed,
Once more luxuriant grow!

514. St. John Cantius, Confessor, Patron of Poland. 515.

(*October* 22.)

Born about the year 1403, he was raised to the dignity of holy priesthood, and sanctified himself by his love for the Church, for the poor, and for Jesus Christ, whom he ardently worshipped, both in His Passion and in the Most Holy Sacrament. He died at the age of seventy, December 24th, 1473.

FIRST VESPERS.

1 GENTIS Polonæ gloria,
Clerique splendor nobilis,
Decus Lycæi, et patriæ
Pater, Joannes inclyte.

1 O GLORY and high boast
Of Poland's ancient race!
True father of thy fatherland!
Blest minister of grace!

2 Legem superni Numinis
Doces Magister, et facis:
Nil scire prodest; sedulo
Legem nitamur exequi.

3 Apostolorum limina
Pedes viator visitas;
Ad patriam, ad quam tendimus,
Gressus viamque dirige.

4 Urbem petis Jerusalem;
Signata sacro sanguine
Christi colis vestigia,
Rigasque fusis fletibus.

5 Acerbi Christi vulnera
Hærete nostris cordibus,
Ut cogitemus consequi
Redemptionis pretium.

6 Te prona mundi machina
Clemens adoret Trinitas,
Et nos novi per gratiam
Novum canamus canticum.
Amen.

V. Amavit eum Dominus, et ornavit eum.
R. Stolam gloriæ induit eam.

2 'Twas thine the law of God
To teach and to obey;
Oh, may we ever walk therein,
Nor from its precepts stray!

3 Th' Apostles' shrines thou didst
Visit in pilgrim guise;
Oh guide us to our home above,
Safe from all enemies!

4 Thou to Jerusalem
Didst go for love, and there
The traces of Thy Lord adore,
And wash with many a tear.

5 Oh may His blessed wounds
Deep in our hearts remain!
Through them may we the glorious
Of life eternal gain! [prize

6 Dread Trinity, to thee
Let the world's fabric bend;
While evermore, from hearts renewed,
New hymns of praise ascend.
Amen.

V. The Lord loved him and adorned him.
R. And clothed him with a robe of glory.

516. SECOND VESPERS. 517.

1 Te deprecante, corporum
Lues recedit, improbi
Morbi fugantur, pristina
Redeunt salutis munera.

2 Phthisi, febrique, et ulcere
Diram redactos ad necem,
Sacratas morti victimas
Ejus rapis e faucibus.

3 Te deprecante, tumido
Merces abactæ flumine
Tractæ Dei potentia
Sursum fluunt retrogradæ.

4 Cum tanta possis, sedibus
Cœli locatus, poscimus,
Responde votis supplicum,
Et invocatus subveni.

5 O una semper Trinitas!
O trina semper Unitas!
Da, supplicante Cantio,
Æterna nobis præmia.
Amen.

V. Justum deduxit Dominus per vias rectas.
R. Et ostendit illi regnum Dei.

1 Saint of sweetest majesty!
What a potent voice is thine!
At thy prayer diseases fly;
Fading health revives again.

2 Oft with wasting fever wan,
Ling'ring at their latest breath,
Dying men by thee are drawn
From the very jaws of death.

3 Oft the shipwrecked merchandise,
Sunk beneath the raging flood,
At thy prayer is seen to rise,
By the glorious might of God.

4 Oh, by thy surpassing power!
By thy joys celestial!
Help us in affliction's hour;
Hear us when on thee we call.

5 Everlasting Three in One!
Ever-blessed One in Three!
Grant us through thy Saint the boon
Of a glad eternity.
Amen.

V. The Lord led the just through right ways.
R. And showed him the kingdom of God.

518. St. Charles Borromeo, Founder of the "Oblates" of St. Charles.

(*November* 4.)

Born on the 2d of October in 1538, he became Archbishop of Milan, and a Cardinal. The model of pastors and the reformer of ecclesiastical discipline, he established a congregation of secular priests, now called *Oblates* of St. Charles. He died November 4, 1584.

1 O FATHER blest, and founder!
To thee our hearts we raise,
Rare pattern of a lovely life,
Above all human praise.

2 A glory o'er thy cradle
The future Saint revealed,
Its little altars from the first
Thy childhood joyed to build.

3 Rome won in thee new honour,
Her cardinal renowned,
New life thy native Milanese
In thee their bishop found.

4 No longer in thy presence
Their stormy factions rage;
Before thy firmness sink subdued
The voices of an age.

5 In vain the leaden bullet
Against thy breast is sped;
Before thee, like a rock, His shield
Thy loving God has spread.

6 Amidst the plague thou shinest
An angel of the Lord;
And so, through all things conqueror,
Dost pass to thy reward.

7 Henceforward to the clergy
A rule and model sure;
Hope of the flock, light of the world,
And altar of the poor!

8 Oh! from thy glory hear us,
Who sigh, dear Saint, to thee,
And present with us ever still
In prayer and spirit be.

9 To th' Everlasting Father
Be rendered evermore
Praise, with the Son and Holy Ghost,
As in all time before!

519. St. Stanislaus Kostka, Model of Youth.

(*November* 13.)

Born in the castle of Rostkou, in Poland, on the 28th of October 1550. He entered the Society of Jesus, and died at Rome at the age of about eighteen, after a life of angelical piety and purity. He foretold the day of his death, which happened August 15th, in 1568.

1 DEAR Saint, who on thy natal day
To Mary's tender care was given,
And didst beneath her gentle sway
Almost unsinning pass to heaven.

2 Sweet flower, that loved to bloom unknown,
A Saint 'mid worldly pomp and pride;
Who at the footstep of a throne
Knew naught but Jesus crucified.

3 Blest youth, who cast a crown away,
To be with Christ despised and poor;
Teach us to walk our lowly way,
Content, though humble be our store.

4 May no repining fill our breast
Amid the ills of poverty;
Oh make us feel that we are blest
To be thus poor with Christ and thee!

5 Teach us, like thee, to shrink from sin,
Like thee to love sweet purity;
That we from Mary's heart may win
The love she once bestowed on thee!

6 Thus safe beneath her gentle sway,
Oh may the grace to us be given,
To pass from earth some happy day,
And join thee in the courts of heaven.

520. St. Edmund of Canterbury.

(*November* 16.)

Born at Abingdon in Berkshire. He became Archbishop of Canterbury, and, to protest against abuses provoked by Henry III., he went as an exile to Pontigny and then to Soissy, in France, where he died November 16, 1242.

1 SING, England's song, the praises of Saint Edmund,
Who for Christ's Church braved earthly power and might:
Glowing with zeal for love of God and country, [in the fight.
Forward for heaven, and foremost
Chorus.
Father Saint Edmund,
Thy pilgrims cross life's sea;
Lead us home to Jesus,
And home, sweet Saint, with thee.

2 Oh for thy zeal, the spirit which inflamed thee, [thou hast trod;
Bidding men trace the rough ways
Raise up, brave Saint, a band of brave Crusaders, [our God.
Heroes for Faith, our Pontiff, and
Chorus.—Father Saint Edmund, &c.

3 Pray that the waves, in storm now furious raging,
Threatening to surge o'er Christ's own heaven-built rock,
May soon be stilled at the gentle voice of Jesus,
And peace shine o'er Rome's Shepherd and his flock.
Chorus.—Father Saint Edmund, &c.

4 Lift up thine arms, beseech for our loved England;
See how her brow is shorn of Faith's gemmed crown!
Robbed of God's truth, she wanders still in darkness;
Plead that God's light may yet once more shine down.
Chorus.—Father Saint Edmund, &c.

5 On foreign shores we leave, dear Saint, thy body,
Grateful to France for all her care and love;
May thy pure soul o'er England's sons still hover,
Till we unite in God's bright land above!
Chorus.—Father Saint Edmund, &c.

HYMNS IN HONOUR OF HOLY VIRGINS.

521. Common of Virgins. 522.

1 JESU, corona virginum,
Quem mater illa concipit,
Quæ sola virgo parturit,
Hæc vota clemens accipe.

2 Qui pergis inter lilia,
Septus choreis virginum
Sponsus decorus gloria,
Sponsisque reddens præmia.

3 Quocumque tendis, virgines
Sequuntur, atque laudibus
Post te canentes cursitant,
Hymnoeque dulces personant.

4 Te deprecamur supplices,
Nostris ut addas sensibus,
Nescire prorsus omnia
Corruptionis vulnera.

1 THOU Crown of all the Virgin choir!
That holy Mother's Virgin Son!
Who is, alone of womankind,
Mother and Virgin both in one.

2 Encircled by thy Virgin band,
Amid the lilies Thou art found,
For Thy pure brides with lavish hand,
Scattering immortal graces round.

3 And still, wherever Thou dost bend
Thy lovely steps, O glorious King,
Virgins upon Thy steps attend,
And hymns to Thy high glory sing.

4 Keep us, O Purity Divine,
From every least corruption free;
Our every sense from sin refine,
And purify our souls for Thee.

5 Virtus, honor, laus, gloria
Deo Patri cum Filio,
Sancto Simul Paraclito,
In sæculorum sæcula.
Amen.

5 To God the Father and the Son
All honour, glory, praise, be given;
With Thee, O Holy Paraclete!
Henceforth by all in earth and heaven.
Amen.

FIRST VESPERS.

V. Specie tua, et pulchritudine tua.
R. Intende, prospere procede, et regna.

V. With Thy beauty and comeliness.
R. Set out, proceed prosperously, and reign.

SECOND VESPERS.

V. Diffusa est gratia in labiis tuis.
R. Propterea benedixit te Deus in æternum.

V. Grace is poured abroad in Thy lips.
R. Therefore God hath blessed Thee for ever.

523. St. Agnes, V.M.

(*January* 21.)

Born at Rome. She was noble, rich, and beautiful. Having dedicated her virginity to Christ from her tenderest years, no torments, no enticements could prevail upon her to be unfaithful to her Heavenly Spouse. St. Ambrose and St. Austin say that she was only thirteen years of age at the time of her glorious death. She was beheaded at Rome, January 21, 305. She has been always looked upon by the Church as a special patroness of purity.

1 Saint Agnes, holy child,
All purity;
Oh may we undefiled
Be pure as thee;
Ready our blood to shed
Rather than with sin to wed,
And forth as martyrs led
To die like thee.
Chorus.—Saint Agnes, &c.

2 O gentle Patroness
Of holy youth,
Ask God all those to bless
Who love the truth;
And guide us on our way
To the bright eternal day,
With our hearts pure and gay,
Dear Saint, like thee.
Chorus.—Saint Agnes, &c.

3 Look down and hear our prayer
From realms above;
Show us a sister's care,
A mother's love;
Be near us all through life,
Guard and keep us from all strife,
Till in eternal life
We dwell with thee.
Chorus.—Saint Agnes, &c.

524. St. Brigid or Bride, V., Abbess and Patroness of Ireland.

(*February* 1.)

Born at Faughard in Ulster. She received the veil from St. Mel, nephew and disciple of St. Patrick, at Kill-dara, or Cell of the Oak, and she became foundress of several other nunneries throughout Ireland, being, as her name implies, the bright shining light of that country by her virtues and miracles. She died February 1, 523.

1 Saint Brigid, Saint most holy,
Dear Patron of our isle,
Oh keep us meek and lowly
Whatever foes beguile;
Watch o'er our sea-girt island,
Thy mantle spread around,
As once thou did extend it
On Curragh's holy ground.

2 Ask that God's Saints may bless us
With blessings not a few;
What can we fear of evil
With Patrick and with you?
Make the holy still more holy,
Make the pure ones still more pure.
With thy protection, Brigid,
Of blessings we are sure.

3 Pray for us, saintly maiden,
Pray for thy own dear isle,
And keep us from the tempter,
From sin and every guile.
Oh make our faith still stronger,
Our patience yet more sure,
And teach us that the victor
Must to the end endure.

4 Pray for us, then, Saint Brigid,
Thy children we would be,
And guide us up to heaven,
To Patrick and to thee.
We fight for crowns eternal,
We suffer but to win,
And he must fight who conquers
The tempter and the sin.

"We hereby grant an Indulgence of Forty Days to all who shall devoutly recite the Hymn of St. Brigid *with one Hail Mary.*

✠ "HENRY EDWARD,
"*Archbishop of Westminster.*

"*February 20th*, 1868."

525. St. Agatha, V.M. St. Lucy, V.M.

(*February* 5.) (*December* 13.)

St. Agatha was born in Sicily of a rich and illustrious family. Having been consecrated to God from her tender years, she triumphed over many assaults upon her chastity. Having had her breast tortured and cut off, she expired, after enduring several other torments, in the year 251.

St. Lucy was born at Syracuse. Having obtained the cure of her mother's sickness at the tomb of St. Agatha, she suffered a glorious martyrdom at Syracuse, about the year 304.

1 ONE virgin sought another—
The Bright* one sought the Good,†
She pleaded for her mother,
And won the grace she sued.

2 But why shouldst thou, blest Lucy,
To Agatha resort?
No grace will God refuse thee,
Who owneth all thy heart.

3 As Catana draws thousands
To Agatha's fair shrine,
So shall the Syracusans
With Lucy's glory shine.

4 So Lucy to the needy
Divided all she had,
And blithely made her ready
To meet the headsman's blade.

5 No cruel torment shook her,
Beneath no threat she quailed;
Her courage ne'er forsook her,
By Jesus' self upheld.

* Lucy. † Agatha.

526. St. Catherine of Sienna.

(*April* 30.)

Born at Sienna in Italy in 1347, she became a nun of the Third Order of St. Dominic. Her sublime virtues and her heavenly gifts made her the very wonder of her age. She died at Rome, on 29th of April, in 1380.

1 SING, my soul, Saint Catherine's praises,
Say what majesty adorns
That meek brow, so pure and holy,
Circled with its crown of thorns.

Chorus.

Holy Mother! guard our Pontiff,—
Raging billows round him foam;
Saint seraphic! still the tempest,
Aid the Church, and pray for Rome!

2 Here on earth she sought no glory,
But for Christ to live and die;
Patron now the Church proclaims her,
And exalts her name on high.
Chorus.—Holy Mother, &c.

3 All her life she prayed and suffered,—
Suffered for the Church's woes,—
And her voice of intercession
Ever for Christ's Vicar rose.
Chorus.—Holy Mother, &c.

4 In His Vicar she beheld Him
Exiled from His kingly throne,
With the Cross upon His shoulder,
Mocked, rejected by His own.
Chorus.—Holy Mother, &c.

5 Then the fire burned within her,
And her prayers and tears prevailed,
And the weeping, widowed city
Once again its Pontiff hailed.
Chorus.—Holy Mother, &c.

6 When the rebels stormed and threatened,
Dauntless and unmoved she stood,
For the Church and for Christ's Vicar
Ready still to give her blood.
Chorus.—Holy Mother, &c.

7 Love of souls her only passion,
Holy Church her only home,
Dying, still her life she offered
For the Mother Church of Rome.
Chorus.—Holy Mother, &c.

8 There she died—beneath the shadow
Of Saint Peter's mighty dome;
And Saint Peter's voice proclaims her
Patron Saint of holy Rome!
Chorus.—Holy Mother, &c.

527. St. Juliana of Falconieri, Virgin, Foundress of the Servites. 528.

(*June* 19.)

Born in 1270 of the illustrious family of Falconieri in Italy. She helped the foundation of the Mantellatæ, or Third Order of the Servites. She died at Florence in the year 1340.

1 Cœlestis Agni nuptias,
O Juliana, dum petis,
Domum paternam deseris,
Chorumque ducis virginum.

2 Sponsumque suffixum Cruci
Noctes diesque dum gemis,
Doloris icta cuspide,
Sponsi refers imaginem.

3 Quin septiformi vulnere
Fles ad genu Deiparæ:
Sed crescit infusa fletu,
Flammasque tollit charitas.

4 Hinc morte fessam proxima
Non usitato te modo
Solatur et nutrit Deus,
Dapem supernam porrigens.

5 Æterne rerum Conditor,
Æterne Fili par Patri,
Et par utrique Spiritus,
Soli tibi sit gloria. Amen.

1 To be the Lamb's celestial bride
Is Juliana's one desire;
For this she quits her father's home,
And leads the sacred virgin choir.

2 By day, by night, she mourns her Spouse
Nailed to the Cross, with ceaseless tears;
Till in herself, through very grief,
The image of that Spouse appears.

3 Like Him, all wounds, she kneels transfixed
Before the Virgin-Mother's shrine;
And still the more she weeps, the more
Mounts up the flame of love divine.

4 That love so deep the Lord repaid
His handmaid on her dying bed:
When, with the food of heavenly life,
By miracle her soul He fed.

5 All praise to Thee, O Maker blest!
Praise to the everlasting Son!
Praise to the mighty Paraclete,
While ages upon ages run. Amen.

FIRST VESPERS.

V. Specie tua, et pulchritudine tua.
R. Intende, prospere procede, et regna.

V. With Thy beauty and comeliness.
R. Set out, proceed prosperously, and reign.

SECOND VESPERS.

V. Diffusa est gratia in labiis tuis.
R. Propterea benedixit te Deus in æternum.

V. Grace is poured abroad in Thy lips.
R. Therefore God hath blessed Thee for ever.

529. St. Etheldreda, Virgin.

(*June* 23)

Born at Ermynge in Suffolk, she lived and died a virgin, though she had been engaged twice in the holy bonds of matrimony. She died in the isle of Ely in the year 672.

1 SAINT ETHELDREDA, holy Nun,
To thee our eyes we raise;
We pause, as in life's race we run,
To hear or sing thy praise!
Oh pray for us, our Patron dear,
That we may walk in holy fear,
With Christ, our Lover, ever near!

2 A maiden thou of royal race,
And rich in worldly store,
But richer still in heavenly grace,
And wise in sacred lore.
Oh look on us, our Patron dear!
We long to walk in holy fear
With Christ, our Saviour, always near!

3 A triple glory decks thy brow,
A triple grace thy life;
A Virgin thou, by holy vow,
Yet twice a wedded wife.
Oh smile on us, our Patron dear,
The while we strive to walk in fear,
With Christ, thy heavenly Bridegroom, near!

4 Oh smile on us, for virgin smiles
Can melt a heart of stone,
And lure away from Satan's wiles
The lost and erring one.
Oh smile on us, our Patron dear!
And we shall walk in holy fear,
And feel that Jesus Christ is near!

5 Oh pray for us, and o'er our land
The light of faith shall burn;
And all shall feel the Shepherd's hand,
And hear Him say, "Return!"
And every heart shall hold Him dear,
And all shall walk in faith and fear,
And know that Christ indeed is near!

530. St. Margaret, V.M.

(*July* 20.)

She suffered at Antioch in Pisidia, in the last general persecution, prosecuted by her own father, a priest of the idols.

1 LILIES white and roses red,
Virgin-Martyr, crown thy head!
Lilies for a Virgin white!
Roses for a Martyr bright!

2 Holding fast the glorious faith,
Firm in life, and firm in death,
Wishing but for Christ to live,
Thou for Him thy life didst give!

3 Spurning threats and earthly pain,
Thou the prize of heaven didst gain:
Thou the demon didst defeat,
Trampling him beneath thy feet!

4 Margaret, twice blessed thou!
Twofold honours grace thee now!
Virgin-Martyr, pure and brave,
By thy prayer thy children save!

531. St. Martha, V.

(*July* 29.)

Sister to Mary and Lazarus. She was one of those holy women who attended Christ during His Passion. After His ascension she came to Marseilles, and ended her life at Tarascon in Provence.

1 O DEAR Saint Martha! busy Saint!
By love's keen fervours ever pressed,
Oh get us fervour not to faint
Until we reach our heavenly rest.

2 We too, like thee, since we have known
How sweet our blessed Lord could be,
Mourn o'er the years too quickly [flown,
And fain would hurry on like thee.

3 Christ looked with love into thy face;
His looks were spurs to spur thee on;
How swiftly didst thou run thy race,
How gloriously thy race was won!

4 O dearest Jesus! in our need
Give us our Mother's burning heart:
They who on earth have Martha's speed,
In heaven shall meet with Mary's part.

532. St. Innocence, V.M.

(*September* 26.)

For the children at Norwood, where her body is preserved.

1 Dear little Saint! sweet Innocence!
Thy throne in heaven we see;
Jesus, thy love, the Eternal King,
Hath done great things for thee.

2 In days of darkness when the world
Despised our Saviour's name,
Thy childish heart, by grace grown old,
Gloried in such dear shame.

3 The Roman children knew thee well,
Light-hearted in thy play,
Filling the vineyards with thy songs,
The gayest of the gay.

4 They saw thee at thy daily tasks,
Obedient, gentle, still;
They learned from thee how softly love
Its duties can fulfil.

5 They wondered at thy modesty,
Thy soul's most sweet defence;
It made thee like a queen to them,
Dear little Innocence.

6 And now thou art a real queen
Up in the land of heaven;
Jesus to thee a jewelled crown
And fadeless palm hath given.

7 In grand old Rome thy love was set
On our dear Lord alone:
He saw the secret of thy heart,
And took thee for His own.

8 He gave thee faith that made thy heart
Strong as the walls of Rome;
He gave thee love and purity,
And then He called thee home.

9 Dear martyr-child! they tore thy flesh,
With fire they scorched each limb;
But games 'midst orange gardens seemed
Less sweet than death for Him.

10 And now thou art with Him, fair child!
Nestling at His dear feet;
Thou knew'st that heaven was bright, but not
That it was half so sweet.

11 Our own dear Saint! make us like thee;
Be thou our kind defence;
Give us thy gift of modesty,
Sweet sister Innocence!

533. St. Teresa, V. 534.

(*October* 15.)

Born at Avila, on the 28th of March 1515, this most holy and wonderful Virgin arrived to a most eminent degree of sanctity and heavenly knowledge. Having entered the Carmelite convent, she most strenuously helped the reform of her order, and calmly expired on the 15th of October 1582, at sixty-eight years of age.

1 Regis superni nuntia
Domum paternam deseris,
Terris, Teresa, barbaris
Christum datura, aut sanguinem.

2 Sed te manet suavior
Mors, pœna poscit dulcior,
Divini amoris cuspide
Vulnus icta concides.

1 Blest messenger of heaven! thou didst
Thy home in childhood leave,
Intending to barbaric lands
Christ or thy blood to give.

2 But thee a sweeter death awaits;
A nobler fate is thine;
Pierced with a thousand heavenly darts,
To die of love divine.

3 O charitatis victima!
Tu corda nostra concrema,
Tibique gentes creditas
Averni ab igne libera.

4 Sit laus Patri cum Filio,
Et Spiritu paraclito,
Tibique, sancta Trinitas,
Nunc et per omne sæculum.
Amen.

3 Victim of perfect charity!
Our souls with love inspire;
And save the nations of thy charge
From everlasting fire.

4 Praise to the Father, with the Son,
And Holy Spirit, be;
Praise to the Blessed Three in One,
Through all eternity.
Amen.

FIRST VESPERS.

V. Specie tua, et pulchritudine tua.
R. Intende, prospere procede, et regna.

V. With Thy beauty and comelines
R. Set out, proceed prosperously, an reign.

SECOND VESPERS.

V. Diffusa est gratia in labiis tuis.
R. Propterea benedixit te Deus in æternum.

V. Grace is poured abroad in Thy lips.
R. Therefore God hath blessed Thee for ever.

535. St. Teresa's Glorious Death.

1 This day, beneath the form
Of a pure snow-white dove,
Teresa's unbound spirit sought
The sanctuary above.

2 She heard the Bridegroom's voice—
"Sister, from Carmel come;
Come to the marriage of the Lamb,
To thy eternal home."

3 Spouse of the Virgin choir!
Let all the blest adore
Thee, Jesu! and in nuptial songs
Extol Thee evermore.

536. St. Winifred, V.M.

(*November* 3.)

Born of noble parents in the kingdom of North Wales, she became a nun near Holywell, where later on she was murdered by Caradoc, the son of the prince of that country, on the 22d of June, in the 7th century.

1 More fair than all the vernal flowers
Embosomed in the dales,
Saint Winifred in beauty bloomed,
The rose of ancient Wales.

2 With every loveliest grace adorned,
The Lamb's unsullied Bride;
Apart from all the world she dwelt,
Upon the mountain-side.

3 Till Caradoc, with impious love,
Her fleeing steps pursued,
And in her sacred maiden blood
His cruel hands imbrued.

4 He straight the debt of vengeance
Ingulfed in yawning flame; [paid,
But God a deed of wonder worked
To her immortal fame.

5 For where the grassy sward received
The Martyr's severed head,
A holy fountain upward gushed,
Of crystal veined with red.

6 Here miracles of might are wrought;
Here all diseases fly; [dumb,
Here see the blind, and speak the
Who but in faith draw nigh.

7 Assist us, glorious Winifred,
Dear Virgin, ever blest!
The passions of our hearts appease,
And lull each storm to rest.

537. St. Cecilia, V.M.

(*November* 22.)

A native of Rome, and of noble family, she consecrated her virginity to God in her youth. She converted Valerian, to whom she was wedded, and both were martyred about the year 280. St. Cecilia, from her assiduity in singing the divine praises (in which, according to her Acts, she often joined instrumental with vocal music), is regarded as the patroness of church music.

1 Let the deep organ swell the lay
In honour of this festive day;
Let the harmonious choirs proclaim
Cecilia's ever-blessèd name.

2 Rome gave the Virgin-Martyr birth,
Whose holy name hath filled the earth,
And from the early dawn of youth
She fixed her heart on God and truth.

3 Then from the world's bewildering strife,
In peace she spent her holy life,—
Teaching the organ to combine
With voice, to praise the Lamb divine.

4 Cecilia, with a twofold crown [down
Adorned in heaven, we pray look
Upon thy fervent votaries here,
And hearken to their humble prayer.

538. St. Catherine, V.M.

(*November* 25.)

Born of royal blood at Alexandria in Egypt, she was an excellent scholar. She confuted and converted to the faith a company of the ablest heathen philosophers, who became themselves martyrs for the faith. After being bound to a terrible engine with four wheels, armed with sharp-pointed spikes, she was beheaded, November 25th, 307. It is recorded that her body was translated by angels and buried on Mount Sinai.

1 Once round Sinai's holy mountain
Israel stood in wondering awe,
'Midst the thunder and the lightning,
In the giving of the law.

2 Ages after, to that mountain
Came a white-robed Angel-band,
With Saint Catherine's martyred body
From the dark Egyptian land.

3 Thus her body sleeps on Sinai;
But her soul in heaven is blest,
Crowned with all her triple glory
In the fulness of her rest.

4 She had stood before the tyrant,
Faithful unto death had been;
Now for evermore she dwelleth
With the Virgin-Martyrs' Queen.

5 After all her fearful anguish,
Now with Jesus she doth reign,
Where no wheel of torture rolleth
With its agony of pain.

6 Knowledge there is bright for ever,
Rapture there can never cease;
There the Victors reign for ever
In the uncreated Peace.

7 Virgin-Martyr, sweet and glorious,
Holy Catherine, bright and pure,
Give us peace that never endeth,
Joys that evermore endure.

8 Bring us to the eternal mountain,
'Midst the crowned palm-bearing throng,
Where around the Lamb there riseth
Sweetness of the Virgins' song.

HYMNS IN HONOUR OF HOLY WOMEN.

539. Common of Holy Women. 540.

1 Fortem virili pectore
Laudemus omnes feminam,
Quæ sanctitatis gloria
Ubique fulget inclyta.

1 High let us all our voices raise,
In that heroic woman's praise,
Whose name, with saintly glory bright,
Shines in the starry realms of light.

2 Hæc sancto amore saucia,
Dum mundi amorem noxium
Horrescit, ad cœlestia
Iter peregit arduum.

3 Carnem domans jejuniis,
Dulcique mentem pabulo
Orationis nutriens,
Cœli potitur gaudiis.

4 Rex Christe virtus fortium,
Qui magna solus efficis,
Hujus precatu quæsumus,
Audi benignus supplices.

5 Deo Patri sit gloria,
Ejusque soli Filio,
Cum Spiritu Paraclito,
Nunc et per omne sæculum.
Amen.

2 Filled with a pure celestial glow,
She spurned all love of things below;
And heedless here on earth to stay,
Climbed to the skies her toilsome way.

3 With fasts her body she subdued,
But filled her soul with prayer's sweet food;
In other worlds she tastes the bliss
For which she left the joys of this.

4 O Christ, the strength of all the strong;
To whom all our best deeds belong!
Through her prevailing prayers on high,
In mercy hear thy people's cry.

5 To God the Father, with the Son,
And Holy Spirit, Three in One,
Be glory while the ages flow,
From all above, and all below.
Amen.

FIRST VESPERS.

V. Specie tua, et pulchritudine tua.
R. Intende, prospere procede, et regna.

V. With thy beauty and comeliness.
R. Set out, proceed prosperously, and reign.

SECOND VESPERS.

V. Diffusa est gratia in labiis tuis.
R. Propterea benedixit te Deus in æternum.

V. Grace is poured abroad in thy lips.
R. Therefore God hath blessed thee for ever.

541. St. Elisabeth, Queen of Portugal. 542.

(*July* 8.)

Daughter of Peter III., king of Aragón, she was born in 1271. She was given in marriage to Dionysius, king of Portugal. Admirable were her tenderness for the poor, her piety, her meekness, her spirit of prayer. She was a peacemaker from her very birth. After her husband's death, she put on the habit of the Third Order of St. Francis, and gave up her happy soul to God on the 4th of July 1336.

1 Domare cordis impetus Elisabeth
Fortis inopsque, Deo
Servire, regna præstulit.

2 En fulgidis recepta cœli sedibus,
Sidereæque domus,
Ditata sanctis gaudiis.

3 Nunc regnat inter cœlites beatior,
Et premit astra, docens
Quæ vera sint regni bona.

4 Patri potestas, Filioque gloria,
Perpetuumque decus
Tibi sit alme Spiritus.
Amen.

1 Pure, meek, with soul serene,
Sweeter to her it was to serve unseen
Her God, than reign a queen.

2 Now far above our sight, [height,
Enthroned upon the azure star-paved
She reigns in realms of light;

3 So long as time shall flow,
Teaching to all who sit on thrones below,
The good that power can do.

4 Praise to the Father be;
Praise to the Son; praise, Holy Ghost, to
Through all eternity. [Thee;
Amen.

V. Ora pro nobis, beata Elisabeth.
R. Ut digni efficiamur promissionibus Christi.

V. Pray for us, blessed Elizabeth.
R. That we may be made worthy of the promises of Christ.

543. St. Mary Magdalene. 544.

(*July* 22.)

This illustrious penitent has been to all ages the most perfect and encouraging model of true repentance. After the ascension of our Lord, being expelled by the Jews with SS. Lazarus and Martha, she was cast adrift in an open boat, but landed safe at Marseilles. She led for thirty years more a life of the highest contemplation at St. Baume, or the Holy Cave, and gave up her beautiful soul to God on the 22d of July.

1 PATER superni luminis,
Cum Magdalenam respicis,
Flammas amoris excitas,
Geluque solvis pectoris.

2 Amore currit saucia
Pedes beatos ungere,
Lavare fletu, tergere
Comis, et ore lambere.

3 Adstare non timet crucí,
Sepulchro inhæret anxia
Truces nec horret milites:
Pellit timorem charitas.

4 O vera, Christe, charitas,
Tu nostra purga crimina,
Tu corda reple gratia,
Tu redde cœli præmia.

5 Patri, simulque Filio,
Tibique, sancte Spiritus,
Sicut fuit, sit jugiter
Sæclum per omne gloria.
Amen.

V. Diffusa est gratia in labiis tuis.
R. Propterea benedixit te Deus in æternum.

1 FATHER of lights! one glance of Thine,
Whose eyes the universe control,
Fills Magdalene with holy love,
And melts the ice within her soul.

2 Her precious ointment forth she brings,
Upon those sacred feet to pour;
She washes them with burning tears,
And with her hair she wipes them o'er.

3 Impassioned to the cross she clings,
Nor fears beside the tomb to stay;
Of ruffian soldiers naught she recks,
For love has cast all fear away.

4 O Christ, thou very Love itself!
Blest hope of man, through Thee forgiven,
So touch our spirits from above,
And purify our souls for heaven.

5 To God the Father, and the Son,
With thee, O Spirit, glory be;
As ever was, and shall be so
Through ages of eternity.
Amen.

V. Grace is poured abroad in thy lips.
R. Therefore God hath blessed thee for ever.

545. Hymn of Praise and Supplication to St. Mary Magdalen.

1 FROM the highest heights of glory,
'Mid the sweets of endless calm,
Mary's spirit in its rapture
On the earth is dropping balm.
On the bosom of the Saviour,
Like a flower of stainless white,
Lies the trophy of His mercy,
In a blaze of heavenly light.

2 Pardoned sinner! wondrous convert!
Was there ever home like thine?
'Midst the splendours of the angels
How thy fervent graces shine!
And yet thou too once wert wandering,
Once wert soiled with darkest stains,
Who art now the fairest blossom
In the land where Jesus reigns.

3 Blessed swiftness of a pardon,
Which thy guilt could not delay!
Happy penance of a moment
Burning lifelong sins away!
Oh those gentle eyes of Jesus!
Oh those tender words He said!
Oh the value that He places
On the tears that sinners shed!

4 Ah! the sweetness of thine ointment
All the earth is filling now;
And thy tears are turned to jewels
For a crown upon thy brow;
There are thousands in all ages
Come to Christ because of thee;
Oh, then, Mary, with thy converts
In thy kindness number me!

546. St. Anne.

(*July 26.*)

No tongue could ever express the excellent dignity of the glorious mother of Mary, the masterpiece of creation and the Mother of God. She was born at Bethlehem, the city of David. She married Joachim, and it is after many years of sterility that her marriage was blessed, as no other could ever be, with the birth of her child. After consecrating her child to the service of the Temple, she retired to Nazareth, and slept in the Lord at the advanced age of seventy-eight years.

1 SPOTLESS Anna! Juda's glory!
Through the Church from East to West,
Every tongue proclaims thy praises,
Holy Mary's mother blest!

Chorus.
Gathered round thy sacred banner,
In the church that bears thy name,*
Mary's Mother! gracious Anna!
We thy grace and favour claim.

2 Saintly kings and priestly sires
Blended in thy sacred line;
Thou in virtue, all before thee
Didst excel by grace divine.
Chorus.—Gathered round, &c.

3 Linked in bonds of purest wedlock,
Thine it was for us to bear,
By the favour of high heaven,
Our eternal Virgin Star.
Chorus.—Gathered round, &c.

4 From thy stem in beauty budded
Ancient Jesse's mystic rod;
Earth from thee received the Mother
Of th' Almighty Son of God.
Chorus.—Gathered round, &c.

5 All the human race benighted
In the depths of darkness lay;
When in Anne it saw the dawning
Of the long-expected day.
Chorus.—Gathered round, &c.

6 Honour, glory, virtue, merit,
Be to Thee, O virgin's Son!
With the Father and the Spirit,
While eternal ages run.
Chorus.—Gathered round, &c.

* *In churches not dedicated to St. Anne,* Here assembled in thy name.

547. How Blessed, how Gloriously Happy is St. Anne, the Mother of Mary!

"O happy Joachim, O beautiful Anna, who gave life to a child altogether immaculate!"—*St. John Damascenes.*

1 O ANNE! thou hast lived through those long dreary years,
When childlessness hung o'er thy home like a blight,
But angels, dear mother! were counting thy tears,
And thy patience, like Job's, had been dear in God's sight.

2 Oh blest be the day, when old earth bore its fruit,
The fairest of daughters it ever had seen,
In the village that lies at the white mountain foot,
And the angels sang songs to the young Nazarene.

3 Since creation was ever such gladness as thine,
To whom God's chosen mother, as daughter was given?
Oh her beautiful eyes, dearest Anne! how they shine,
And the sound of her voice is like music from heaven.

4 She was crowned, even then, like a creature apart,
The child God had called to be mother and maid!
Didst thou watch how the fountains of blood in her heart,
Like the fountains in Sion incessantly played?

5 O Anne! from that blood the Creator will take
The flesh that shall save the lost tribes of our race;
And His wonderful love the Eternal will slake
At thy child's sinless heart, at those fountains of grace!

6 O thrice happy Saint! what a life didst thou live,
What an unbroken brightness of innocent bliss!
Every touch of thy child a fresh rapture could give,
And oh! dost thou not kneel ere thou darest to kiss!

7 And we too, glad Mother, are gay with thy mirth;
For thy child like a sunbeam lies over our lives;
There is brightness and goodness all over the earth,
For the souls Mary welcomes and Jesus forgives.

548. St. Helen.

(*August* 18.)

A native of Britain, she was the mother of Constantine the Great, the first Christian emperor. She was converted at an advanced age, but contributed by her piety and immense zeal to edify the Church; she helped to discover the Holy Cross on which our Redeemer died. She expired at Rome in August 323.

1 A PILGRIM far didst thou go forth,
In faith thou wearied'st never,
And thou didst find the Cross of Christ,
O woman famed for ever.

2 Peace to God's Church returned by thee
Through him so famed in story,
Thy Son, who conquered in the Cross,
And gloried in its glory!

3 Dear Saint, thy native England long
Thy glorious memory cherished,
Raise then the Cross o'er shrine and home,
Where'er God's truth hath perished!

4 Be that one sign our glory here;
And when the judgment neareth,
When with the Cross, the Crucified
As our dread Judge appeareth;

5 Saint Helen, may we stand with those
Whom naught from Him shall sever,
And hail redemption's sign with thee,
Thou woman famed for ever!

CONCLUSION OF THE CATHOLIC PAROCHIAL HYMN BOOK.

It contains hymns more especially adapted as a preparation for a holy death and a happy eternity:—

I. Hymns on the vanity of all earthly things, even man's life.
II. Hymns on death. Preparation for a holy death.
III. Hymns on the time immediately after death.
IV. Hymns on the last judgment and the last day.
V. Hymns on Hell and Heaven.
VI. Man's last victory and reward.

SECT. I.—ON THE VANITY OF ALL EARTHLY THINGS, EVEN MAN'S LIFE.

549. All Things on Earth are Vain.

Eccles. i. 2: "Vanity of vanities, and all is vanity."

1 CHRISTIANS, on this holy day,
Listen to the wise man's say;
Pleasures, wealth, and high degree;
Everything is vanity!

Chorus.
Vanity of vanities,
Everything is vanity.

2 Though a station you command
With the highest in the land,
Low enough you soon will be;
Pride of rank is vanity!
Chorus.—Vanity of vanities, &c.

3 Though your ancestors you show
Proudly standing in a row,
Death won't mind your pedigree;
Pride of name is vanity!
Chorus.—Vanity of vanities, &c.

4 Though you be as morning fair,
Decked in beauty past compare,
In your grave what will you be?
Beauty's merest vanity!
Chorus.—Vanity of vanities, &c.

5 Though your jewels may be seen
Thick as daisies on the green,
Canst thou take but one with thee?
All such toys are vanity!
Chorus.—Vanity of vanities, &c.

6 Though you've finest clothes to wear,
Silks and satins rich and rare,
Death will come, and you'll agree
These are naught but vanity!
Chorus.—Vanity of vanities, &c.

7 Though you've lands on every side,
Woods and green fields stretching wide,
Six feet soon enough will be,
All the rest is vanity!
Chorus.—Vanity of vanities, &c.

8 Though in feasting and delight
Time be passed both day and night,
Sad enough ere long you'll be,
Pleasure's naught but vanity!
Chorus.—Vanity of vanities, &c.

9 Turn to God, forsaking sin,
Repent and mend, His love you'll win;
Solid treasure, this will be;
All the rest is vanity!
Chorus.—Vanity of vanities, &c.

[*With the kind permission of Rev. E. Caswall; music and accompaniment to be had of Mr. Butler, 6 Hand Court, Holborn.*]

550. The Vanity of Human Life.

Ps. xxxviii. 6: "Indeed all things are vanity; every man living."

1 DAYS and moments quickly flying,
Blend the living with the dead;
Soon will you and I be lying
Each within our narrow bed.

2 Soon our souls, to God who gave them,
Will have sped their rapid flight;—
Able now by grace to save them,
Oh, that while we can we might!

3 Jesu, infinite Redeemer,
Maker of this mighty frame!
Teach, oh teach us to remember
What we are, and whence we came;—

4 Whence we came, and whither wending,
Soon we must through darkness go
To inherit bliss unending,
Or eternity of woe.

551. The Desire of Death.

Ps. cxix. 5: "Woe is me that my sojourning is prolonged!"

1 How gently flow the silent years,
The seasons one by one; [goes,
How sweet to feel each month that
That life must soon be done!

2 Oh, weary ways of earth and men!
Oh, self more weary still!
How vainly do you vex the heart
That none but God can fill!

3 It is not weariness of life
That makes us wish to die;
But we are drawn by cords which
From out eternity. [come

4 Eye has not seen, ear has not heard,
No heart of man can tell
The store of joys God has prepared
For those who love Him well.

5 Oh, may those joys one day be ours
Upon that happy shore;
And yet those joys are not enough—
We crave for something more.

6 And thus we long and long to die,
We covet to be free;
Not for Thy great rewards, O God,
Not for Thy peace—but Thee!

SECT. II.—HYMNS ON DEATH.

552. How Terrible is the Day of Death!

Ecclus. xli. 1: "O death, how bitter is the remembrance of thee to a man that hath peace in his possessions!"

1 DAY of death! in silence speeding
On the wings of darkness near!
How my inmost nature trembles,
Melting with excess of fear,
When, in sleepless thought reclined,
I depict thee to my mind!

2 Vainly strives imagination
That dread moment to portray,
When the soul, her course completed,
Soon to quit her home of clay,
Fiercely wrestles, might and main,
With her yielding fleshly chain.

3 When the rigid eyeballs darken;
When the torpid senses fail;
When the tongue its task refuses;
When the face, all wan and pale,
Members numb, and panting breath,
Tell of quick-approaching death.

4 While revived from deep oblivion,
Thoughts and words a mingled maze,
Long-forgotten deeds, unnumbered,
Crowd before the spirit's gaze;
Turn whichever way she will,
Ever there abiding still!

5 Oh, how then the guilty spirit
Shall her wasted years deplore!
Shall bewail salvation's season
Idly lost for evermore!
How supreme shall be her pain!
To have lived her life in vain!

6 Oh, how bitter then the sweetness
Of deluding flesh shall seem!
What a phantom, human greatness,
All dissolving like a dream!
What a mockery, pleasures brief,
Followed by eternal grief!

7 While the soul, her worth perceiving,
Which before she never weighed,
Spurns the filth in which so lately
She was lying, self-betrayed,
And, at any risk, would be
From her carnal bondage free.

8 King immortal! I beseech Thee,
By Thy Cross of bitter woe;
Jesu Christ! at my departure
Thy sustaining grace bestow;
Oh, in me at that dread hour,
Crush the tyrant-tempter's power.

9 Scatter all his host infernal,
Lay me fast in Thee asleep:
Then to fields of life eternal
Bear me, Shepherd of the sheep,
There to dwell in sight of Thee,
Safe for all ETERNITY!

553. All must Die.

Heb. ix. 27: "It is appointed unto men once to die, and after this the judgment."

Chorus.

On to death, on to death
We are hurrying fast:
This hour, nay this moment,
May be the last.

1 We all must die, our doom is fixed,
Nor youth, nor strength, nor art can save;
As sure as now we tread the earth,
So sure we're hastening to the grave.
Chorus.—On to death, &c.

2 For He has spoke that mighty word
Whose bidding none can e'er withstand,
As pilgrims we're upon this earth
Who journey towards a better land.
Chorus.—On to death, &c.

3 Then think, my soul! the day is near,
When thou upon thy bed shalt lie,
And thy pale and shrivelled form
Shall warn thy friends that death is nigh.
Chorus.—On to death, &c.

4 When gathering round thy couch they'll stand,
And sadly gaze upon thy face,
Will whisper low, but still their looks
Will plainly show that death they trace.
Chorus.—On to death, &c.

5 Farewell, farewell to all thou leavest,
Thy wife, thy children, riches, friends;
The world may smile while life endures,
But all is gone before it ends!
Chorus.—On to death, &c.

6 Then bid at once farewell to sin,
Nor leave thy guilty deeds behind,
In loathsome grasp to hold thee fast,
The bitter taste of sin to find.
Chorus.—On to death, &c.

7 The clock has struck the fatal hour,
The wearied heart has ceased to beat,
The eyes are vacant, glassy, dead,
And motionless the hands and feet.
Chorus.—On to death, &c.

8 But where, oh! where, now stands the soul?
It stands before God's awful throne;
Without a friend to plead its cause,
Before its God it stands alone.
Chorus.—On to death, &c.

554. The Approach of Death.

Isa. xxxviii. 12: "My life is cut off, as by a weaver."—15: "I will recount to Thee all my years in the bitterness of my soul."

1 When, racked with agonising pains,
I feel my death approaching near;
The world, and all that it contains,
Will like a fading dream appear.

2 Then will those earthly vanities,
That have my lifelong pursuit been,
Reversed before my closing eyes,
In their true emptiness be seen.

3 Then poor will seem and worthless all
The prayers that now content me well;
Then sins esteemed before as small,
Will into mighty mountains swell.

4 "Ah, wretch!" I then shall trembling say,
"And was it for such idle toys
Thou wert content to toss away
Thy birthright of eternal joys?

5 "Oh, had I but, while time was mine,
A stricter path of duty trod,
I should not now so much repine,
Nor fear so much to meet my God.'

555. The Soul's Last Farewell.

1 Kings xv. 32: "Doth bitter death separate in this manner."

1 Come, my soul, and let us dwell
On each lingering last farewell,
Which, at no far distant day,
Thou perforce wilt have to pay
To whatever here below
Shall have made thy joy or woe.

2 "Fare ye well," I hear thee sigh,—
"Fare ye well, O earth and sky!
Morning's golden-tissued ray!
Changing hours of night and day!
Wood and valley, sea and shore,
I may see your face no more!

3 "Fare ye well, affections vain,
Full of pleasure, full of pain!
Home and friends and kindred dear,
All that was my comfort here!
These poor eyes are closing fast
Now I look on you my last."

4 Dimmer, dimmer grows the light,
Now 'tis thick descending night;
Oh when next again I see,
What a sight awaiteth me,—
Speechless standing, all alone,
Right before the judgment throne!

556. Supplication to Jesus Agonising to obtain the Grace of a Happy Death.

Ps. cxv. 15: "Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of His saints."

1 Jesus! ever-loving Saviour,
Thou didst live and die for me;
Living, I will live to love Thee,
Dying, I will die for Thee.
Jesus! Jesus!
By Thy life and death of sorrow,
Help me in my agony.

2 When the last dread hour approaching
Fills my guilty soul with fear,
All my sins rise up before me,
All my virtues disappear.
Jesus! Jesus!
Turn not Thou in anger from me;
Mary! Joseph! then be near.

3 Kindest Jesus! Thou wert standing
By Thy foster-father's bed,
While Thy Mother, softly praying,
Held her dying Joseph's head.
Jesus! Jesus!
By that death so calm and holy,
Soothe me in that hour of dread.

4 Mary! Thou canst not forsake me,
Virgin-Mother undefiled!
Thou didst not abandon Jesus,
Dying tortured and reviled.
Jesus! Jesus!
Send Thy Mother to console me;
[illegible]! help Thy guilty child.

5 Jesus! when in cruel anguish
Dying on the shameful tree,
All abandoned by Thy Father,
Thou didst writhe in agony.
Jesus! Jesus!
By those three long hours of sorrow,
Thou didst purchase hope for me.

6 When the priest with holy unction
Prays for mercy and for grace,
May the tears of deep compunction
All my guilty stains efface.
Jesus! Jesus!
Let me find in Thee a refuge,
In Thy heart a resting-place.

7 If my eyes have sinned by seeing,
And my hands are stained with blood,
If I sinned by taste or hearing,
If my feet in vice have stood;
Jesus! Jesus!
Thy most pure and guiltless senses,
All have suffered for my good.

8 Then by all that Thou didst suffer,
Grant me mercy in that day!
Help me, Mary, my sweet Mother!
Holy Joseph, near me stay!
Jesus! Jesus!
Let me die, my lips repeating
Jesus mercy! Mary pray!

557. The Bona Mors, Litany for a Happy Death.

Numb. xxiii. 10: "Let my soul die the death of the just."

1 WHILST I dwell, O my God, in this valley of tears, [Thee;
For refuge and comfort I fly unto
And when death's awful hour with its terrors appears, [me!
O merciful Jesus, have mercy on

2 When my soul on the verge of its final release, [clouded shall be;
By the shadows of death o'er-
When all earthly enjoyments for ever shall cease, [to me.
Thou Joy of the dying bring mercy

3 When my strength shall decline, and my anguish increase,
And my numberless sins with terror I'll see;
When I turn to Thy mercy for pardon and peace, [brightly on me!
Then, Hope of the sinner, beam

4 When weakened by illness—by terror oppress, [Thee;
My pains and my terrors I offer to
When vainly I shall seek for some solace or rest,
Then, Strength of the martyrs, bring comfort to me!

5 When my reason shall fail, and my life shall decay, [vanish and flee,
When the scenes of this world shall
When sunshine and shower shall alike flee away, [sweetly on me!
Then, Light of the blessed, shine

6 When, heedless of earth and of all that surrounds me, [upon Thee;
For pardon and mercy I'll call
When death with its fetters for ever has bound me, [to me!
Then Jesus, sweet Jesus, be Jesus

7 When my weeping friends shall with fervour implore Thee, [cour to be!
My strength, my protector, my suc-
When helpless and lonely I tremble before Thee, [mercy on me!
Then, Fountain of mercy, have

8 Then, dear Lord, the dark chains of my mis'ries sever; [me to Thee;
Then, Rest of the weary one, call
Then, Crown of the just, be my portion for ever; [on me.
Then, merciful Jesus, have mercy
Amen.

SECT. III.—HYMNS ON THE TIME IMMEDIATELY AFTER DEATH.

558. What becomes of Man's Body and Soul after Death.

Ps. xxi. 16: "Thou hast brought me down into the dust of death."

1 BORNE, as an arrow from the bow,
Upon impetuous wing,
When I have left my body here below,
A pale and hideous thing;

2 Ah, then, what hurrying there will be
To hide it out of sight!
Which done, the world will think no more of me,
Than I perchance of it.

3 "God's peace be with him!" they will say,
And laugh with their next breath;
O busy world, how poor is thy display
Of sympathy with death!

4 And thou, who must thy journey make,
Of earthly aid bereft,
Which way, immortal spirit, wilt thou [take,
The right hand or the left?

5 Ah, 'tis impossible, I know,
Future and past to sever;
Whate'er was found at death thy course below,
The same is thine for ever.

559. The Shore of Eternity.

Eccles. xii. 5: "Man shall go into the house of his eternity."

1 ALONE! to land alone upon that shore!
With no one sight that we have seen before,
Things of a different hue,
And the sounds all new,
And fragrances so sweet the soul may faint;
Alone! oh, that first hour to be a saint!

2 Alone! to land alone upon that shore!
Knowing so well we can return no more;
No voice or face of friend,
None with us to attend
Our disembarking on that awful strand;
But to arrive alone in such a land!

3 Alone! no; God hath been there long before,
Eternally hath waited on that shore
For us who were to come
To our eternal home;
And He hath taught His angels to prepare there.
In what way we are to be welcomed

4 So not alone we land upon that shore,
'Twill be as though we had been there before;
We shall meet more we know
Than we can meet below,
And find our rest like some returning dove,
And be at home at once with our eternal love.

560. A Warning.

Eccles xi. 3; "If the tree fall to the south or to the north, in what place soever it shall fall, there shall it be."

1 As the tree falls,
So it must lie;
As the man lives,
So will he die.

2 As the man dies,
Such must he be
All through the days
Of eternity.

561. The Sinner's Death and Particular Judgment.

1 Peter iv. 18: "And if the just man shall scarcely be saved, where shall the ungodly and the sinner appear?"

1 WHEN to the silence of the tomb
The flesh in death descends,
Naught of the soul's eternal doom
Is known to former friends;
Whether it be in bliss or woe
But few a passing thought bestow;
Some decent tears, perchance, they shed,
Then haste the heritage to share,
And, eager for the spoil, prepare
To battle o'er the dead.

2 Both good and bad fall equally
By death's relentless aim;
And to the carnal human eye
Their lot appears the same.
But things alike to outer sense
Hide an eternal difference;
No after prayers will pardon win,
Naught will avail funereal rite,
Or sacrifice, for him whom night
O'ertakes in mortal sin.

3 Ah, wretch! to him the time is past
For penitential tears;
The hour delayed is come at last
Whence no retreat appears.
Look here below, or look on high,
There is no place where he may fly
From his Almighty Judge severe;
Hide he in heaven or deepest hell,
There is a force will him compel
His bitter doom to hear.

4 The soul that never Jesus loved,
Nor served in Mary's train,
From every hope of bliss removed,
Will then lament in vain:
For her no patron saint will plead,
No tender guardian intercede;
For well, too well, alas!—they know,
Vainly would Heaven its labour spend,
Striving to save a soul condemned
To everlasting woe.

562. The State of the Sinner's Soul after the Particular Judgment.

Luke xvi. 22: "And the rich man also died: and he was buried in hell."

1 The angels, while with tearful eyes
They bid a long adieu,
Will still confess the judgment wise,
And own the sentence true.
Yea, all the creatures of the Lord
Will that most righteous Judge applaud,
Nor any other sentence give;
Which, piercing through her heart of pride,
Will surer still than all beside
Her guilty conscience grieve.

2 Conscience itself, in blank despair,
Forced in its own despite,
Against itself will witness bear,
And own the judgment right.
Ah! then the torments will begin,
Torments for unrepented sin;
Then, lost to every chance of bliss,
The soul, to furious madness driven,
Smit by a sudden blast from heaven,
Shall sweep to hell's abyss.

3 There in herself most desolate,
Whelmed in the fiery flood,
Object of her own endless hate,
Abhorrence of the good.
Fated to weep, and weep in vain,
Never may she come forth again
From her drear prison-house of woe;
Severed from heaven, confined in hell,
By a deep gulf impassable,
While endless ages flow.

SECT. IV.—HYMNS ON THE LAST JUDGMENT AND THE LAST DAY.

563. The Last Judgment.

Matt. xxiv. 30: "And they shall see the Son of Man coming in the clouds of heaven with power and majesty."

1 God now prepares to show His
Time like a dream is o'er; [might,
Affrighted earth re-enters horrid night,
No more shall ages vex th' eternal [shore.

2 I hear the trumpet's startling blast,
Dismay and dread the boldest tame;
The vengeful lightnings of the Lord
flash fast, [final flame.
And wrapt the trembling world in

3 Laid low the riven mountains lie,
Engulfed in ruin, naught is spared; [cry,
The ocean flees away with wailing
The end of earth by chaos is declared.

4 Leave, lifeless dust, the empty tomb,
Where once a pale corpse hid from sight, [hear the doom,
All shall be judged and all shall
"Arise, ye dead!" God calls you back to light.

5 Christ comes, men gaze in silent awe,
His Cross chills guilty hearts with dread;
The sinner shudders who transgressed His law,
The just man hardly dares to lift his head.

6 Enthroned in majesty, He speaks:
"Ye blessed of my Father, come!
Your King, for whom ye fought, now seeks [them home."
His true and faithful ones, to lead

7 "Ye cursed, Satan's slaves, depart
To dungeons in the dark abyss,
Doomed to endure the fire's eternal smart, [fiery hiss."
Mocked by the writhing serpent's

8 Eternity of pain and woe,
Thus art thou bitterly begun;
Whilst Sion with its founts of bliss shall flow, [than the sun.
Her happy saints shine brighter

9 Great God of justice, who will be
The object of eternal ire?
What dark foreboding now oppresses me? [fire!
Woe to the victim salted with that

564. The Last Day.

2 Peter iii. 10: "But the day of the Lord shall come as a thief, in which the heavens shall pass away with great violence, and the elements shall be melted with heat, and the earth and the works that are in it shall be burnt up."

Chorus.
THAT day of wrath, that dreadful day,
When heaven and earth shall pass away
What power shall be the sinner's stay?
How shall he meet that awful day?

1 When shrivelling like a parched scroll,
The flaming heavens together roll;
When louder yet, and yet more dread,
The trumpet sounds that wakes the dead.
Chorus.—That day of wrath, &c.

2 On sinner's breasts what terrors lie,
When Christ descending from the sky!
When, dread and strange, the trumpet's tone
Is loud through death's dominions blown!
Chorus.—That day of wrath, &c.

3 When death and nature in surprise
Perceive the trembling creature rise,
And when the written books appeal,
Shall man's last sentence then reveal.
Chorus.—That day of wrath, &c.

4 Oh, on that day, that wrathful day!
When man to judgment wakes from clay,
Be Thou, O Christ, the sinner's stay;
Though heaven and earth shall pass away.
Chorus.—That day of wrath, &c.

5 O King of dreadful dignity!
O fount of pity, save thou me,
Remember, sweetest Lord, I pray,
That Thou for me didst tread life's way.
Chorus.—That day of wrath, &c.

6 In seeking me Thou sat'st forlorn,
And saved me on the tree of scorn!
O just avenging Judge! I pray,
Do take my countless sins away.
Chorus.—That day of wrath, &c.

7 O Thou who Magdalene didst free,
The thief likewise didst call to Thee;
Most gracious Lord! help me, lest I
Should burn in flames that never die.
Chorus.—That day of wrath, &c.

8 And when at last Thy righteous ire
Shall bind the damned in chains of fire,
Oh bid me with Thy sheep to stand;
And be secured at Thy right hand.
Chorus.—That day of wrath, &c.

9 That in that day of fearful doom!
When mankind riseth from the tomb,
Through Thee! with Thee! O Jesu blest!
Mine be an everlasting rest.—Amen.
Chorus.—That day of wrath, &c.

SECT. V.—HYMNS ON HELL AND HEAVEN.

HYMN ON HELL.

565. How many, how Terrible, the Torments of the Damned!

Matt. xxv. 41: "Depart from Me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire, which was prepared for the devil and his angels—" 46: "And these shall go into everlasting punishment."

1 ALAS! what tongue of man can speak,
What heart can comprehend,
That vengeance which the Lord will wreak
Upon the souls condemned?
The dread variety of pains
Apportioned to their thousand stains?
The torments singly to each soul
Strictly awarded, one by one,
According to what each has done?
The horror of the whole?

2 The fiery storm, the frozen blast;
The darkness thickly spread;
The shrieks of anguish rolling past;
The stench, as of the dead;
The pressure close, the stifling breath;
The sense of everlasting death;
The hellish crew, the spectres dim;
The fear, the thirst unquenchable;—
All these with bitter torments fill
Their chalice to the brim.

3 So widely stretch, so deep descend,
The murky vales below;
In such immensity extend
Those tracts of dismal woe;
That earth and all its realms contain,
With hell would be compared in vain;
Nay, all comparison is naught:
Of earth we speak from what we see,
But hell is awful mystery,
Exceeding sense and thought.

HYMNS ON HEAVEN.

566. Description of the City of the Blest.

Apoc. xxi. 2: "And I saw the Holy City, the new Jerusalem, coming down out of heaven from God . . . and I heard a great voice from the throne, saying: Behold the tabernacle of God with men."

1 Oh, what is this splendour that beams on me now,
This beautiful sunrise that dawns on my soul?
While faint and far off land and sea lie below,
And under my feet the huge golden clouds roll.

2 To what mighty King doth this city belong,
With its rich jewelled shrines, and its gardens of flowers;
With its breaths of sweet incense, its measures of song,
And the light that is gilding its numberless towers?

3 See! forth from the gates, like a bridal array,
Come the princes of heaven—how bravely they shine!
'Tis to welcome the stranger, to show me the way,
And to tell me that all I see round me is mine!

4 There are millions of saints, in their ranks and degrees,
And each with a beauty and crown of his own;
And there, far outnumbering the sands of the seas,
The nine rings of angels encircle the throne.

5 And far in the heart of that glorious light state,
The mighty Apostles are seated in state,
With Joseph and John, who in life's mortal night
Were appointed on Jesus and Mary to wait.

6 And still deeper in, Mary's splendour is seen,
Her beautiful self and her choice starry crown;
And all heaven grows bright in the smile of its Queen,
For the glory of Jesus illumines her throne.

7 And oh! if the exiles of earth could but win
One sight of the beauty of Jesus above,
From that hour they would cease to be able to sin,
And earth would be heaven—for heaven is love.

567. The Joys and Glories of Heaven.

1 Cor. ii. 9: "Eye of man hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man, what things God hath prepared for them that love Him."

1 Who can paint that lovely city,
City of true peace divine,
Whose pure gates, for ever open,
Each in pearly lustre shine,
Whose abodes of glory clear
Naught defiling cometh near?

2 There no stormy winter rages,
There no scorching summer glows;
But through one perennial springtide
Blooms the lily and the rose,
With the myrrh and balsam sweet,
And the fadeless violet.

3 There a paradisal perfume
Breathes upon the air serene;
There crystalline waters flowing
Keep the grass for ever green,
And the golden orchards show
Fruits that ne'er corruption know.

4 There no sun his circuit wheeleth,
There no moon or stars appear,
Thither night and darkness come not,
Death hath no dominion there;
But the Lamb's pure beaming ray
Scatters round eternal day.

5 There the saints of God, resplendent
As the sun in all its might,
Evermore rejoice together,
Crowned with diadems of light,
And from peril safe at last
Reckon up their triumphs past.

6 Happy he who with them seated
Doth in all their glory share!
Oh that I, my days completed,
Might be but admitted there!
There with them the praise to sing
Of my beauteous God and King.

568. The Delights of the Heavenly Jerusalem.

Apoc. xxi. 4: "And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes: and death shall be no more, nor mourning, nor crying, nor sorrow."

1 JERUSALEM, my happy home,
When shall I come to thee?
When shall my sorrows have an end?
Thy joys when shall I see?
For evermore thy trees bear fruit,
And evermore they spring;
For evermore thy saints repose,
And evermore they sing.

2 There neither dark nor foggy mist,
Nor gloomy darksome night;
For every saint shines as the sun,
And God Himself's their light.
There neither rain, nor sleet, nor snow,
Nor any stain is found;
There neither sorrow, no—nor care,
For there all joys abound.

3 Thy walls are all of precious stone,
Thy streets are paved with gold;
Thy gates are all of brightest pearl,
Most beauteous to behold.
Throughout thy streets with glory bright
The wood of life doth grow;
And on thy banks, on every side,
The flood of life doth flow.

4 There David stands with harp in hand,
Grand master of the choir;
Ten thousand spirits round him stand,
Whilst God their notes inspire.
Our Lady sings "Magnificat,"
To air most soft and sweet;
Whilst virgins, chanting out their part,
Their Queen devoutly greet.

5 Magdalen, fair, has dried her tears,
She has no more to weep;
At Saviour's feet on earth she kept,
And still would near Him keep.
They—the triumphant Church above,
We—militant below,
Are joined as one in sweet commune
Whence thousand blessings flow.

6 Their houses are of ivory,
Whilst ours are only clay;
Our bodies are of the same mould
Which runs to quick decay.
There they enjoy such sweet delights,
So happy and content,
That twice ten thousand years summed up
Seem but as one moment.

569. The Beauty of the Heavenly Jerusalem.

Apoc. xxi. 23: "And the city hath no need of the sun, nor of the moon to shine in it. For the glory of God hath enlightened it, and the Lamb is the lamp thereof."

1 JERUSALEM, Jerusalem!
Thy streets are paved with gold;
Thy pearly halls and palaces
Are glorious to behold;
Thy walls of jasper are inlaid
With every precious gem;
How pure, how lovely is the sight
Of our Jerusalem!

2 Jerusalem, Jerusalem !
No tear in thee is known ;
Thy bright and fragrant courts were [made
For happiness alone ;
The Lord alone thy Temple is,
And calls thee by His name ;
The Lamb alone is all the light
Of our Jerusalem !

3 Jerusalem, Jerusalem !
Thou city of the skies ;
Dear city of our King and God,
Dear object of our sighs !
How blest, how blest are thy abodes,
And those who dwell in them !
Thrice welcome here, O thought so [dear,
Of our Jerusalem !

570. The Sighs of the Soul after its Celestial Home.

Ps. xxxv. 9, 10 : "They shall be inebriated with the plenty of Thy house ; and Thou shalt make them drink of the torrent of Thy pleasure. For with Thee is the fountain of life, and in Thy light we shall see light."

1 O Heaven ! celestial home !
O boundless land of love,
I long to enter thee
And see my God above.

Chorus.
When will the angels come
And call my soul away ?
This earth is dark as night,
But heaven is bright as day.

2 Why stay I here so long,
An exile from the land
Where Mary sits enthroned
Upon her Son's right hand ?
Chorus.—When will, &c.

3 Pleading with tenderest love,
For all who breathe the name
Of Him who was, who is,
And e'er will be the same.
Chorus.—When will, &c.

4 Jesus, Thy love is more
Than mortal tongue can sing,
The fountain of my faith,
My hope, my ev'rything.
Chorus.—When will, &c.

5 If death no terror brings,
'Tis lasting, burning love
That fills my soul with zeal
To reach my God above.
Chorus.—When will, &c.

6 Sad sighs and tears my lot
Till th' angel's trumpet sounds,
To bid me glorious rise
To lands where joy abounds.
Chorus.—When will, &c.

7 Before the throne divine,
My voice at length I'll raise,
To God in Persons three,
With hymns of endless praise.
Chorus.—When will, &c.

571. The Desire of Faithful Hearts for the Possession of Jesus in Paradise.

Wisdom v. 16, 17 : "The just shall live for evermore : and their reward is with the Lord. . . Therefore shall they receive a kingdom of glory, and a crown of beauty at the hand of the Lord."

1 O Paradise ! O Paradise !
Who doth not crave for rest ?
Who would not seek the happy land,
Where they that loved are blest ?

Chorus.
Where loyal hearts and true
Stand ever in the light,
All rapture through and through,
In God's most holy sight ?

2 O Paradise ! O Paradise !
Wherefore doth death delay ?—
Bright death that is the welcome [dawn
Of our eternal day.
Chorus.—Where loyal hearts, &c.

3 O Paradise ! O Paradise !
'Tis weary waiting here ;
I long to be where Jesus is,
To feel, to see Him near.
Chorus.—Where loyal hearts, &c.

4 O Paradise! O Paradise!
I want to sin no more;
I want to be as pure on earth
As on thy spotless shore.
Chorus.—Where loyal hearts, &c.

5 O Paradise! O Paradise!
I feel 'twill not be long.
Patience! I almost think I hear
Faint fragments of thy song.
Chorus.—Where loyal hearts. &c.

572. Heaven is a Reward.

Matt. v. 12: "Be glad and rejoice, for your reward is very great in heaven."

1 Yes, heaven is the prize!
My soul shall strive to gain,
One glimpse of paradise
Repays a life of pain.
Chorus.
'Tis heaven!—'tis heaven!—yes,
Heaven is the prize!

2 Yes, heaven is the prize!
My soul, oh think of this!
All earthly goods despise,
For such a crown of bliss.
Chorus.—'Tis heaven, &c.

3 Yes, heaven is the prize!
When sorrows press around,
Look up beyond the skies
Where hope and strength are found.
Chorus.—'Tis heaven, &c.

4 Yes, heaven is the prize!
Oh, 'tis not hard to gain;
He surely wins who tries,—
For hope can conquer pain.
Chorus.—'Tis heaven, &c.

5 Yes, heaven is the prize!
The strife will soon be past,
Faint not! but raise your eyes
And struggle to the last.
Chorus.—'Tis heaven, &c.

6 Yes, heaven is the prize!
Faith shows the crown to gain,—
Hope lights the way, and dies—
But love will always reign.
Chorus.—'Tis heaven, &c.

7 Yes, heaven is the prize!
Too much cannot be given,
And he alone is wise
Who gives up all for heaven.
Chorus.—'Tis heaven, &c.

8 Yes, heaven is the prize!
Death opens wide the door,
And then the spirit flies
To God for evermore.
Chorus.—'Tis heaven, &c.

573. Hymn for the Dedication of a Church, at Vespers. 574.

1 Cœlestis urbs, Jerusalem,
Beata pacis visio,
Quæ celsa de viventibus
Saxis ad astra tolleris,
Sponsæque ritu cingeris
Mille angelorum millibus.

2 O sorte nupta prospera,
Dotata Patris gloria,
Respersa Sponsi gratia,
Regina formosissima,
Christo jugata Principi,
Cœli corusca civitas.

3 Hic margaritis emicant,
Patentque cunctis ostia:
Virtute namque prævia
Mortalis illuc ducitur,
Amore Christi percitus
Tormenta quisquis sustinet.

1 Jerusalem, thou city blest!
Dear vision of celestial rest!
Which, far above the starry sky,
Piled up with living stones on high,
Art as a bride, encircled bright
With million angel forms of light.

2 Oh, wedded in a prosperous hour!
The Father's glory was thy dower,
The Spirit all His graces shed,
Thou peerless Queen, upon thy head,
When Christ espoused thee for His bride,
O city bright and glorified!

3 Thy gates a pearly lustre pour;
Thy gates are open evermore;
And thither evermore draw nigh
All who for Christ have dared to die;
Or, smit with love of their dear Lord,
Have pains endured, and joys abhorred.

4 Scalpri salubris ictibus,
Et tunsione plurima,
Fabri polita malleo
Hanc saxa molem construunt,
Aptisque juncta nexibus
Locantur in fastigio.

5 Decus Parenti debitum
Sit usquequaque altissimo,
Natoque Patris unico,
Et inclyto Paraclito,
Cui laus, potestas, gloria
Æterna sit per sæcula.
Amen.

4 Thou too, O Church, which here we see,
No easy task hath builded thee;
Long did the chisels ring around,
Long did the mallet's blows rebound,
Long worked the head and toiled the hand,
Ere stood thy stones as now they stand.

5 To God the Father glory due
Be paid by all the heavenly host,
And to His only Son most true,
With Thee, O mighty Holy Ghost;
To whom praise, power, and honour be,
Through ages of eternity.
Amen.

FIRST VESPERS.

V. Hæc est domus Domini, firmiter ædificata.
R. Bene fundata est supra firmam petram.

V. This is the house of the Lord, firmly built.
R. Strongly founded upon a firm rock.

SECOND VESPERS.

V. Domum tuam, Domine, decet sanctitudo.
R. In longitudinem dierum.

V. Holiness becometh Thine house, O Lord.
R. Unto length of days.

SECT. VI.—CONCLUDING HYMN.

575. Man's last Victory and Reward.

1 John iii. 2: "We know, that, when He shall appear, we shall be like to Him: because we shall see Him as He is."

1 Lo, 'tis o'er, the sentence said!
Lift again thy drooping head!
Hail! eternally forgiven!
Hail! immortal heir of heaven!
He who did for thee atone
Now receives thee as His own.

2 Purified from earthly bane,
Soon shalt thou with Jesus reign;
Soon at thy dear Saviour's side,
Flesh and spirit glorified,
Thou shalt quaff, without alloy,
From the primal fount of joy!

3 So shall nature, grace endowed,
Raised above herself in God,
Reach the heavenly goal at last
Promised her in ages past;
And immersed in love divine,
Cease for Eden's joys to pine.

4 So shall grace that bliss attain,
Sought by nature's strength in vain;
So shall perish death and sin;
So shall endless life begin;
So shall hell in darkness hide;
So shall God be glorified;

5 So shall flesh its Maker see;
So shall man a seraph be,
Lost in purest ecstasy!
Keeping endless jubilee!
In immortal liberty!
Lost in depths of Deity!

VESPERS FOR SUNDAYS AND FESTIVALS.

Pater Noster, Ave Maria, *in secret.*

V. Deus, in adjutorium meum intende.
R. Domine, ad adjuvandum me festina.

V. O God, come to my assistance.
R. O Lord, make haste to help me.

V. Gloria Patri, et Filio, et Spiritui Sancto.
R. Sicut erat in principio, et nunc, et semper, et in sæcula sæculorum. Amen. Alleluia.

V. Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost.
R. As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end. Amen. Alleluia.

From Septuagesima to Palm Sunday, inclusively, is said:

Laus tibi, Domine, Rex æternæ gloriæ.
Ant. Dixit Dominus.

Praise be to Thee, O Lord, King of everlasting glory.
Ant. The Lord said.

In Paschal Time the Psalms are all said under this one Antiphon: Alleluia.

576. Psalm cix. *Dixit Dominus.* 577.

Dixit Dominus Domino meo: * Sede a dextris meis:
Donec ponam inimicos tuos: scabellum pedum tuorum.
Virgam virtutis tuæ emittet Dominus ex Sion: * dominare in medio inimicorum tuorum.
Tecum principium in die virtutis tuæ, in splendoribus Sanctorum: * ex utero ante luciferum genui te.

Juravit Dominus, et non pœnitebit eum: * Tu es sacerdos in æternum, secundum ordinem Melchisedech.
Dominus a dextris tuis: * confregit in die iræ suæ reges.

Judicabit in nationibus, implebit ruinas: * conquassabit capita in terra multorum.

De torrente in via bibet: * propterea exaltabit caput.

Gloria Patri, &c.
Ant. Dixit Dominus Domino meo: Sede a dextris meis.
Ant. Fidelia.

1 The Lord said to my Lord: Sit thou at My right hand:
2 Until I make thine enemies: thy footstool.
3 The Lord shall send forth the rod of thy power from out of Sion: rule thou in the midst of thine enemies.
4 Thine shall be the dominion in the day of thy power, amid the brightness of the saints: from the womb before the day-star have I begotten thee.
5 The Lord hath sworn, and will not repent: Thou art a priest for ever according to the order of Melchisedech.
6 The Lord upon thy right hand: hath overthrown kings in the day of His wrath.
7 He shall judge among the nations, He shall fulfil destructions: He shall smite in sunder the heads in the land of many.
8 He shall drink of the brook in the way: therefore shall he lift up his head.
Glory be to the Father, &c.
Ant. The Lord said to my Lord: Sit thou at My right hand.
Ant. Faithful.

578. Psalm cx. *Confitebor tibi.* 579.

Confitebor tibi, Domine, in toto corde meo: * in consilio justorum, et congregatione.
Magna opera Domini: * exquisita in omnes voluntates ejus.

Confessio et magnificentia opus ejus: * et justitia ejus manet in sæculum sæculi.

1 I will praise Thee, O Lord, with my whole heart: in the assembly of the just, and in the congregation.
2 Great are the works of the Lord: sought out are they unto all His pleasure.
3 His work is His praise and His honour: and His justice endureth for ever and ever.

Memoriam fecit mirabilium suorum misericors et miserator Dominus : * escam dedit timentibus se.

Memor erit in sæculum testamenti sui : * virtutem operum suorum annuntiabit populo suo :

Ut det illis hæreditatem gentium : * opera manuum ejus veritas et judicium.

Fidelia omnia mandata ejus ; confirmata in sæculum sæculi : * facta in veritate et æquitate.

Redemptionem misit populo suo : * mandavit in æternum testamentum suum.

Sanctum et terribile nomen ejus : * initium sapientiæ timor Domini.

Intellectus bonus omnibus facientibus eum : * laudatio ejus manet in sæculum sæculi.

Gloria Patri, &c.

Ant. Fidelia omnia mandata ejus, confirmata in sæculum sæculi.

Ant. In mandatis.

4 The merciful and gracious Lord hath left a memorial of His marvellous works : He hath given meat to them that fear Him.

5 He shall ever be mindful of His covenant : He shall show forth unto His people the power of His works :

6 That He may give them the heritage of the Gentiles : the works of His hands are judgment and truth.

7 Faithful are all His commandments ; they stand fast for ever and ever : they are done in truth and equity.

8 He hath sent redemption unto His people : He hath commanded His covenant for ever.

9 Holy and terrible is His name : the fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom.

10 A good understanding have all they that do thereafter : His praise endureth for ever and ever.

Glory be to the Father, &c.

Ant. Faithful are all His commandments ; they stand fast for ever and ever.

Ant. In His commandments.

580. Psalm cxi. *Beatus vir.* 581.

Beatus vir qui timet Dominum : * in mandatis ejus volet nimis.

Potens in terra erit semen ejus : * generatio rectorum benedicetur.

Gloria et divitiæ in domo ejus : * et justitia ejus manet in sæculum sæculi.

Exortum est in tenebris lumen rectis : * misericors, et miserator, et justus.

Jucundus homo qui miseretur et commodat, disponet sermones suos in judicio : * quia in æternum non comovebitur.

In memoria æterna erit justus : * ab auditione mala non timebit.

Paratum cor ejus sperare in Domino, confirmatum est cor ejus : * non commovebitur donec despiciat inimicos suos.

Dispersit, dedit pauperibus ; jus-

1 Blessed is the man that feareth the Lord ; in His commandments he shall have great delight.

2 His seed shall be mighty upon earth : the generation of the righteous shall be blessed.

3 Glory and riches shall be in his house : and his justice endureth for ever and ever.

4 Unto the righteous there hath risen up light in the darkness : he is merciful, compassionate, and just.

5 Acceptable is the man who is merciful, and lendeth ; he will guide his word with judgment : he shall not be moved for ever.

6 The just man shall be in everlasting remembrance : he shall not be afraid for evil report.

7 His heart is prepared to hope in the Lord ; his heart is fixed : he shall not be moved until he look down upon his enemies.

8 He hath dispersed abroad, he hath

titis ejus manet in sæculum sæculi : * cornu ejus exaltabitur in gloria.

Peccator videbit et irascetur ; dentibus suis fremet et tabescet : * desiderium peccatorum peribit.

Gloria Patri, &c.
Ant. In mandatis ejus cupit nimis.

Ant. Sit nomen Domini.

given to the poor ; his justice endureth for ever and ever : his horn shall be exalted in glory.

9 The sinner shall see it, and be wroth ; he shall gnash with his teeth, and consume away : the desire of the wicked shall perish.

Glory be to the Father, &c.
Ant. In His commandments he hath great delight.
Ant. Blessed be the name.

582. Psalm cxii. *Laudate, pueri.* 583.

Laudate, pueri, Dóminum : * laudate nomen Domini.

Sit nomen Domini benedictum : * ex hoc nunc et usque in sæculum.

A solis ortu usque ad occasum : * laudabile nomen Domini.

Excelsus super omnes gentes Dominus : * et super cœlos gloria ejus.

Quis sicut Dominus Deus noster, qui in altis habitat : * et humilia respicit in cœlo et in terra ?

Suscitans a terra inopem : * et de stercore erigens pauperem :

Ut collocet eum cum principibus : * cum principibus populi sui.

Qui habitare facit sterilem in domo ; * matrem filiorum lætantem.

Gloria Patri, &c.
Ant. Sit nomen Domini benedictum in sæcula.
Ant. Nos qui vivimus.

1 Praise the Lord, ye children : praise ye the name of the Lord.

2 Blessed be the name of the Lord : from this time forth for evermore.

3 From the rising up of the sun unto the going down of the same : the name of the Lord is worthy to be praised.

4 The Lord is high above all nations : and His glory above the heavens.

5 Who is like unto the Lord our God, who dwelleth on high : and regardeth the things that are lowly in heaven and in earth ?

6 Who raiseth up the needy from the earth : and lifteth the poor from off the dunghill :

7 That He may set him with the princes : even with the princes of his people.

8 Who maketh the barren woman to dwell in her house : the joyful mother of children.

Glory be to the Father, &c.
Ant. Blessed be the name of the Lord for ever.
Ant. We who live.

584. Psalm cxiii. *In exitu Israel.* 585.

In exitu Israel de Ægypto : * domus Jacob de populo barbaro.

Facta est Judæa sanctificatio ejus : * Israel potestas ejus.

Mare vidit et fugit : * Jordanis conversus est retrorsum.

Montes exultaverunt ut arietes : * et colles sicut agni ovium.

Quid est tibi, mare, quod fugisti : * et tu, Jordanis, quia conversus es retrorsum ?

1 When Israel came out of Egypt : the house of Jacob from among a strange people,

2 Judah was made His sanctuary : and Israel His dominion.

3 The sea beheld, and fled : Jordan was turned back.

4 The mountains skipped like rams : and the little hills like the lambs of the flock.

5 What aileth thee, O thou sea, that thou fleddest : and thou Jordan, that thou wast turned back ?

Montes, exultastis sicut arietes : * et colles, sicut agni ovium?

A facie Domini mota est terra : * a facie Dei Jacob.

Qui convertit petram in stagna aquarum : * et rupem in fontes aquarum.

Non nobis, Domine, non nobis : * sed nomini tuo da gloriam.
Super misericordia tua, et veritate tua : * nequando dicant gentes, Ubi est Deus eorum?
Deus autem noster in cœlo : * omnia quæcumque voluit fecit.
Simulacra gentium argentum et aurum : * opera manuum hominum.

Os habent, et non loquentur : * oculos habent, et non videbunt.

Aures habent, et non audient : * nares habent, et non odorabunt.

Manus habent, et non palpabunt : pedes habent, et non ambulabunt : * non clamabunt in gutture suo.

Similes illis fiant qui faciunt ea : * et omnes qui confidunt in eis.

Domus Israel speravit in Domino : * adjutor eorum et protector eorum est.

Domus Aaron speravit in Domino : * adjutor eorum et protector eorum est.

Qui timent Dominum speraverunt in Domino : * adjutor eorum et protector eorum est.
Dominus memor fuit nostri : * et benedixit nobis.
Benedixit domui Israel : * benedixit domui Aaron.
Benedixit omnibus qui timent Dominum : * pusillis cum majoribus.

Adjiciat Dominus super vos : * super vos, et super filios vestros.
Benedicti vos a Domino : * qui fecit cœlum et terram.
Cœlum cœli Domino ; * terram autem edit filiis hominum.

6 Ye mountains, that ye skipped like rams : and ye little hills like the lambs of the flock?
7 At the presence of the Lord the earth was moved : at the presence of the God of Jacob.
8 Who turned the rock into a standing water : and the stony hill into a flowing stream.
9 Not unto us, O Lord, not unto us : but unto Thy name give the glory.
10 For Thy mercy and for Thy truth's sake : lest the Gentiles should say, Where is their God?
11 But our God is in heaven : He hath done whatsoever He would.
12 The idols of the Gentiles are silver and gold : the work of the hands of men.
13 They have mouths, and they shall not speak : they have eyes, and they shall not see.
14 They have ears, and they shall not hear : they have noses, and they shall not smell.
15 They have hands, and they shall not feel ; they have feet, and they shall not walk : neither shall they speak through their throat.
16 Let those that make them become like unto them : and all such as put their trust in them.
17 The house of Israel hath hoped in the Lord : He is their helper and protector.
18 The house of Aaron hath hoped in the Lord : He is their helper and protector.
19 They that fear the Lord have hoped in the Lord : He is their helper and protector.
20 The Lord hath been mindful of us : and hath blessed us.
21 He hath blessed the house of Israel : He hath blessed the house of Aaron.
22 He hath blessed all that fear the Lord : the least together with the greatest.
23 May the Lord add blessings upon you : upon you, and upon your children.
24 Blessed be ye of the Lord : who hath made heaven and earth.
25 The heaven of heavens is the Lord's : but the earth hath He given to the children of men.

Non mortui laudabunt te, Domine : * neque omnes qui descendunt in infernum.

26 The dead shall not praise Thee, O Lord : neither all they that go down into hell.

Sed nos qui vivimus, benedicimus Domino : * ex hoc nunc et usque in sæculum.

27 But we who live, bless the Lord : from this time forth for evermore.

Gloria Patri, &c.

Glory be to the Father, &c.

Ant. Nos qui vivimus, benedicimus Domino.

Ant. We who live, bless the Lord.

In Paschal time: Ant. Alleluia, alleluia, alleluia.

Then follow the Little Chapter *and the* Hymn ; * *after which is said, with its proper Antiphon :*

586. *The* Magnificat, *or* Canticle of the Blessed Virgin. 587.

MAGNIFICAT : * anima mea Dominum.

1 MY soul doth magnify the Lord.

Et exultavit spiritus meus : * in Deo salutari meo.

2 And my spirit hath rejoiced : in God my Saviour.

Quia respexit humilitatem ancillæ suæ : * ecce enim ex hoc beatam me dicent omnes generationes.

3 For He hath regarded the humility of His handmaid : for behold from henceforth all generations shall call me blessed.

Quia fecit mihi magna qui potens est : * et sanctum nomen ejus.

4 For He that is mighty hath done great things unto me : and holy is His name.

Et misericordia ejus a progenie in progenies : * timentibus eum.

5 And His mercy is from generation to generation : unto them that fear Him.

Fecit potentiam in brachio suo : * dispersit superbos mente cordis sui.

6 He hath showed strength with His arm : He hath scattered the proud in the imagination of their heart.

Deposuit potentes de sede : * et exaltavit humiles.

7 He hath put down the mighty from their seat : and hath exalted the humble.

Esurientes implevit bonis : * et divites dimisit inanes.

8 He hath filled the hungry with good things : and the rich He hath sent empty away.

Suscepit Israel puerum suum : * recordatus misericordiæ suæ.

9 He hath upholden His servant Israel : being mindful of His mercy.

Sicut locutus est ad patres nostros : * Abraham, et semini ejus in sæcula.

10 As He spake unto our fathers : to Abraham and his seed for ever.

Gloria Patri, &c.

Glory be to the Father, &c.

Here follow the proper Collect, *and the* Commemorations, *if any.*

V. Benedicamus Domino.

V. Let us bless the Lord.

R. Deo gratias.

R. Thanks be to God.

V. Fidelium animæ per misericordiam Dei requiescant in pace.

V. May the souls of the faithful, through the mercy of God, rest in peace.

R. Amen.

R. Amen.

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* Hymn for Sundays, at Vespers, see No. 20.

If Compline does not follow, after the Pater Noster, *which is said secretly, the following V. is sung:*

V. Dominus det nobis suam pacem.
R. Et vitam æternam. Amen.

V. May the Lord grant us His peace.
R. And the life eternal. Amen.

Here follows the Antiphon of the Blessed Virgin proper for the season, if it is to be sung. See at the conclusion of Compline.

COMMON OF APOSTLES AND EVANGELISTS.

First Vespers: Psalms as on Sundays, except the last, which is Psalm cxvi., *as follows:*

588. Psalm cxvi. *Laudate Dominum.* 589.

LAUDATE Dominum, omnes gentes : * laudate eum, omnes populi :
Quoniam confirmata est super nos, misericordia ejus : * et veritas Domini manet in æternum.

1 PRAISE the Lord, all ye Gentiles : praise Him, all ye people :
2 For His mercy is confirmed upon us : and the truth of the Lord endureth for ever.

Second Vespers: 1. *Psalm* cix., Dixit Dominus, No. 576; 2. *Psalm* cxii., Laudate, pueri, No. 582; *and then the three following.*

590. Psalm cxv. *Credidi.* 591.

CREDIDI, propter quod locutus sum : * ego autem humiliatus sum nimis.
Ego dixi in excessu meo : * Omnis homo mendax.
Quid retribuam Domino : * pro omnibus quæ retribuit mihi?
Calicem salutaris accipiam : * et nomen Domini invocabo.
Vota mea Domino reddam coram omni populo ejus : * pretiosa in conspectu Domini mors sanctorum ejus.

O Domine, quia ego servus tuus : * ego servus tuus, et filius ancillæ tuæ.

Dirupisti vincula mea : * tibi sacrificabo hostiam laudis, et nomen Domini invocabo.

Vota mea Domino reddam in conspectu omnis populi ejus : * in atriis domus Domini, in medio tui, Jerusalem.

1 I BELIEVED, and therefore did I speak : but I was humbled exceedingly.
2 I said in my excess : All men are liars.
3 What shall I render unto the Lord : for all He hath rendered unto me?
4 I will take the chalice of salvation : and call upon the name of the Lord.
5 I will pay my vows unto the Lord in the presence of all His people : precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of His saints.
6 O Lord, I am Thy servant : I am Thy servant, and the son of Thy handmaid.
7 Thou hast broken my bonds in sunder : I will offer unto Thee the sacrifice of praise, and will call upon the name of the Lord.
8 I will pay my vows unto the Lord in the sight of all His people : in the courts of the house of the Lord, in the midst of thee, O Jerusalem.

592. Psalm cxxv. *In convertendo.* 593.

IN convertendo Dominus captivitatem Sion : * facti sumus sicut consolati.
Tunc repletum est gaudio os nostrum : * et lingua nostra exultatione.

1 WHEN the Lord turned again the captivity of Sion : we became like men that are comforted;
2 Then was our mouth filled with gladness : and our tongue with joy.

Tunc dicent inter gentes : * Magnificavit Dominus facere cum eis.

Magnificavit Dominus facere nobiscum : * facti sumus lætantes.

Converte, Domine, captivitatem nostram : * sicut torrens in austro.

Qui seminant in lacrymis : * in exultatione metent.

Euntes ibant et flebant : * mittentes semina sua.

Venientes autem venient cum exultatione : * portantes manipulos suos.

3 Then shall they say among the Gentiles : The Lord hath done great things for them.

4 The Lord hath done great things for us : we are become very joyful.

5 Turn again our captivity, O Lord : as a river in the south.

6 They that sow in tears : shall reap in joy.

7 Going on their way, they went and wept : scattering their seed.

8 But returning, they shall come with joyfulness : bringing their sheaves with them.

594. Psalm cxxxviii. *Domine, probasti.* 595.

Domine, probasti me, et cognovisti me : * tu cognovisti sessionem meam, et resurrectionem meam.

Intellexisti cogitationes meas de longe : * semitam meam et funiculum meum investigasti.

Et omnes vias meas prævidisti : * quia non est sermo in lingua mea.

Ecce Domine, tu cognovisti omnia, novissima et antiqua : * tu formasti me, et posuisti super me manum tuam.

Mirabilis facta est scientia tua ex me : * confortata est, et non potero ad eam.

Quo ibo a spiritu tuo ? * et quo a facie tua fugiam ?

Si ascendero in cœlum, tu illic es : * si descendero in infernum, ades.

Si sumpsero pennas meas diluculo ; * et habitavero in extremis maris :

Etenim illuc manus tua deducet me : * et tenebit me dextera tua

Et dixi, Forsitan tenebræ conculcabunt me : * et nox illuminatio mea in deliciis meis.

Quia tenebræ non obscurabuntur a te, et nox sicut dies illuminabitur : * sicut tenebræ ejus, ita et lumen ejus.

Quia tu possedisti renes meos : * suscepisti me de utero matris meæ.

Confitebor tibi, quia terribiliter mag-

1 O Lord, Thou hast proved me and known me : Thou hast known my sitting down and my rising up.

2 Thou hast understood my thoughts long before : my path and my line hast Thou searched out.

3 And Thou hast foreseen all my ways : for there is not a word in my tongue.

4 Behold, O Lord, Thou hast known all things, new and old : Thou hast formed me, and laid Thine hand upon me.

5 Thy knowledge is become too wonderful for me : it is strong and high, and I cannot attain unto it.

6 Whither shall I go from Thy spirit : and whither shall I flee from Thy face ?

7 If I go up into heaven, Thou art there : if I go down into hell, Thou art there also.

8 If I take to me the wings of the morning : and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea :

9 Even there also shall Thy hand lead me : and Thy right hand shall hold me.

10 And I said, Peradventure the darkness shall cover me : and night shall be my light in my pleasures.

11 But darkness shall not be dark to Thee, and night shall be as light as the day : the darkness thereof and the light thereof are alike to Thee.

12 For Thou hast possessed my reins : Thou hast holpen me from my mother's womb.

13 I will praise Thee, for Thou art

nificatus es : * mirabilia opera tua, et anima mea cognoscit nimis.

Non est occultatum os meum a te, quod fecisti in occulto : * et substantia mea in inferioribus terræ.

Imperfectum meum viderunt oculi tui, et in libro tuo omnes scribentur : * dies formabuntur, et nemo in eis.

Mihi autem nimis honorificati sunt, amici tui, Deus : * nimis confortatus est principatus eorum.

Dinumerabo eos, et super arenam multiplicabuntur : * exurrexi et adhuc sum tecum.

Si occideris, Deus, peccatores : * viri sanguinum declinate a me :

Quia dicitis in cogitatione : * Accipient in vanitate civitates tuas.

Nonne qui oderunt te, Domine, oderam : * et super inimicos tuos tabescebam ?

Perfecto odio oderam illos : * et inimici facti sunt mihi.

Proba me, Deus, et scito cor meum : * interroga me, et cognosce semitas meas.

Et vide si via iniquitatis in me est : * et deduc me in via æterna.

fearfully magnified : marvellous are Thy works, and my soul knoweth them right well.

14 My bones are not hid from Thee, which Thou didst fashion in secret : and my substance in the lower parts of the earth.

15 Thine eyes did see my imperfect being, and in Thy book shall all men be written : day by day shall they be formed, while yet there is no one.

16 But to me Thy friends, O God, are made exceedingly honourable : their dominion is firmly established.

17 I will tell them, and they shall be more in number than the sand : I have risen up, and am still with Thee.

18 Wilt Thou not slay the wicked, O God : ye men of blood, depart from me.

19 For ye say in your thoughts : They shall take thy cities in vain.

20 Have I not hated them, O Lord, that hated Thee : and pined away because of Thine enemies ?

21 I have hated them with a perfect hatred : and they became as enemies unto me.

22 Prove me, O God, and try my heart : examine me, and search out my paths.

23 And look well if there be in me the way of iniquity : and lead me in the way everlasting.

COMMON OF MARTYRS.

First Vespers : last Psalm, Laudate Dominum, No. 588.

Second Vespers : last Psalm, Credidi, No. 590.

COMMON OF A CONFESSOR AND BISHOP.

First Vespers : last Psalm, Laudate Dominum, No. 588.

Second Vespers : ditto, Memento, Domine, *as follows :*

596. Psalm cxxxi. *Memento, Domine.* 597.

MEMENTO, Domine, David : * et omnis mansuetudinis ejus.

Sicut juravit Domino : * votum vovit Deo Jacob :

Si introiero in tabernaculum domus meæ : * si ascendero in lectum strati mei :

1 O LORD, remember David : and all his meekness.

2 How he swore unto the Lord : and vowed a vow unto the God of Jacob :

3 I will not enter into the tabernacle of mine house : I will not go up into my bed !

Si dedero somnum oculis meis: * et palpebris meis dormitationem,
Et requiem temporibus meis: donec inveniam locum Domino: * tabernaculum Deo Jacob.
Ecce audivimus eam in Ephrata: * invenimus eam in campis silvæ.
Introibimus in tabernaculum ejus: * adorabimus in loco, ubi steterunt pedes ejus.
Surge, Domine, in requiem tuam: * tu et arca sanctificationis tuæ.

Sacerdotes tui induantur justitiam: * et sancti tui exultent.
Propter David servum tuum: * non avertas faciem Christi tui.

Juravit Dominus David veritatem, et non frustrabitur eam: * De fructu ventris tui ponam super sedem tuam.

Si custodierint filii tui testamentum meum: * et testimonia mea hæc, quæ docebo eos:
Et filii eorum usque in sæculum: * sedebunt super sedem tuam.
Quoniam elegit Dominus Sion: * elegit eam in habitationem sibi.
Hæc requies mea in sæculum sæculi: * hic habitabo, quoniam elegi eam.
Viduam ejus benedicens benedicam: * pauperes ejus saturabo panibus.

Sacerdotes ejus induam salutari: * et sancti ejus exultatione exultabunt.

Illuc producam cornu David: * paravi lucernam Christo meo.

Inimicos ejus induam confusione: * super ipsum autem efflorebit sanctificatio mea.

4 I will not give sleep to mine eyes: nor slumber to mine eyelids,
5 Nor rest unto the temples of my head: until I find a place for the Lord: a tabernacle for the God of Jacob.
6 Lo, we heard of it in Ephrata: we found it in the fields of the wood.
7 We will go into His tabernacle: we will worship in the place where His feet have stood.
8 Arise, O Lord, into Thy resting-place: Thou and the ark of Thy holiness.
9 Let Thy priests be clothed with justice: and let Thy saints rejoice.
10 For Thy servant David's sake: turn not away the face of Thine Anointed.
11 The Lord hath sworn the truth unto David, and He will not make it void: Of the fruit of thy body I will set upon thy throne.
12 If thy children will keep My covenant: and these My testimonies which I shall teach them:
13 Their children also for evermore: shall sit upon thy throne.
14 For the Lord hath chosen Sion: He hath chosen her for His dwelling.
15 This is My rest for ever and ever: here will I dwell, for I have chosen her.
16 With blessing I will bless her widows: I will satisfy her poor with bread.
17 I will clothe her priests with salvation: and her saints shall rejoice with exceeding joy.
18 There will I bring forth a horn unto David; I have prepared a lamp for Mine Anointed.
19 His enemies will I clothe with confusion: but upon himself shall My sanctification flourish.

COMMON OF BLESSED VIRGIN MARY.

(*The* Common of Virgins and Holy Women, *and the Vespers for* New Year's Day, *are the same.*)

First Psalm, Dixit Dominus, *as above*, No. 576.
Second Psalm, Laudate, pueri, No. 582.

598. *Third Psalm:* Psalm cxxi., *Lætatus sum.* 599.

LÆTATUS sum in his quæ dicta sunt mihi: * In domum Domini ibimus.

1 I WAS glad at the things that were said unto me: We will go into the house of the Lord.

Stantes erant pedes nostri : * in atriis tuis, Jerusalem.

Jerusalem, quæ ædificatur ut civitas : * cujus participatio ejus in idipsum.

Illuc enim ascenderunt tribus, tribus Domini : * testimonium Israel ad confitendum nomini Domini.

Quia illic sederunt sedes in judicio : * sedes super domum David.

Rogate quæ ad pacem sunt Jerusalem : * et abundantia diligentibus te.

Fiat pax in virtute tua : * et abundantia in turribus tuis.

Propter fratres meos et proximos meos : * loquebar pacem de te.

Propter domum Domini Dei nostri : * quæsivi bona tibi.

Gloria Patri, &c.

2 Our feet were wont to stand: in thy courts, O Jerusalem.

3 Jerusalem, which is built as a city : that is at unity with itself.

4 For thither did the tribes go up, the tribes of the Lord : the testimony of Israel, to praise the name of the Lord.

5 For there are set the seats of judgment : the seats over the house of David.

6 Pray ye for the things that are for the peace of Jerusalem : and plenteousness be to them that love thee.

7 Let peace be in thy strength : and plenteousness in thy towers.

8 For my brethren and companion's sake : I spake peace concerning thee.

9 Because of the house of the Lord our God : I have sought good things for thee.

Glory be to the Father, &c.

600. *Fourth Psalm :* Psalm cxxvi. *Nisi Dominus.* 601.

Nisi Dominus ædificaverit domum : * in vanum laboraverunt qui ædificant eam.

Nisi Dominus custodierit civitatem : * frustra vigilat qui custodit eam.

Vanum est vobis ante lucem surgere : * surgite postquam sederitis, qui manducatis panem doloris.

Cum dederit dilectis suis somnum : * ecce hæreditas Domini filii, merces fructus ventris.

Sicut sagittæ in manu potentis : * ita filii excussorum.

Beatus vir qui implevit desiderium suum ex ipsis : * non confundetur, cum loquetur inimicis suis in porta.

Glory Patri, &c.

1 Unless the Lord build the house : they labour in vain that build it.

2 Unless the Lord keep the city : he watcheth in vain that keepeth it.

3 In vain ye rise before the light : rise not till ye have rested, O ye that eat the bread of sorrow.

4 When He hath given sleep to His beloved : lo, children are an heritage from the Lord, and the fruit of the womb a reward.

5 Like as arrows in the hand of the mighty one : so are the children of those who have been cast out.

6 Blessed is the man whose desire is satisfied with them : he shall not be confounded, when he speaketh with his enemies in the gate.

Glory be to the Father, &c.

602. *Fifth Psalm :* Psalm cxlvii. *Lauda, Jerusalem.* 603.

Lauda, Jerusalem, Dominum: * lauda Deum tuum, Sion.

Quoniam confortavit seras portarum tuarum : * benedixit filiis tuis in te.

Qui posuit fines tuos pacem : * et adipe frumenti satiat te.

1 Praise the Lord, O Jerusalem : praise thy God, O Sion.

2 For He hath strengthened the bars of thy gates : He hath blessed thy children within thee.

3 He hath made peace within thy borders : and filleth thee with the fatness of corn.

Qui emittit eloquium suum terræ : * velociter currit sermo ejus.

Qui dat nivem sicut lanam : * nebulam sicut cinerem spargit.

Mittit crystallum suam sicut buccellas : * ante faciem frigoris ejus quis sustinebit?

Emittet verbum suum, et liquefaciet ea : * flabit spiritus ejus, et fluent aquæ.

Qui annuntiat verbum suum Jacob : * justitias et judicia sua Israel.

Non fecit taliter omni nationi : * et judicia sua non manifestavit eis.

Gloria Patri, &c.

4 He sendeth forth His commandment on the earth : His word runneth very swiftly.

5 He giveth snow like wool : He scattereth the hoar-frost like ashes.

6 He sendeth His ice like morsels : who is able to abide His frost?

7 He shall send forth His word, and melt them : He shall blow with His wind, and the waters shall flow.

8 He maketh known His word unto Jacob : His statutes and ordinances unto Israel.

9 He hath not dealt so with any nation : neither hath he showed them His judgments.

Glory be to the Father, &c.

CHRISTMAS DAY.

First Vespers : last Psalm, Laudate Dominum. *Second Vespers* (and through the Octave) : *Fourth Psalm*, De profundis, No. 169. *Last Psalm*, Memento, Domine, No. 596.

THE EPIPHANY.

First Vespers : last Psalm, Laudate Dominum. *Second Vespers :* as on Sundays.

SS. PETER AND PAUL.

First Vespers : last Psalm, Laudate Dominum. *Second Vespers :* as in Common of Apostles.

ALL SAINTS.

First Vespers : last Psalm, Laudate Dominum. *Second Vespers : last Psalm*, Credidi, No. 590.

ASCENSION DAY.

Second Vespers : last Psalm, Laudate Dominum.

CORPUS CHRISTI AND FEAST OF SACRED HEART.

1st *Psalm*, Dixit, No. 576. 2d, Confitebor, No. 578. 3d, Credidi, No. 590. 4th, Beati omnes, No. 604. 5th, Lauda, Jerusalem, No. 602.

604. Psalm cxxvii. *Beati omnes.* 605.

Beati omnes qui timent Dominum : * qui ambulant in viis ejus.

Labores manuum tuarum quia manducabis : * beatus es, et bene tibi erit.

Uxor tua sicut vitis abundans : * in lateribus domus tuæ.

1 Blessed are all they that fear the Lord : that walk in His ways.

2 For thou shalt eat of the labour of thine hands : blessed art thou, and it shall be well with thee.

3 Thy wife shall be as a fruitful vine : on the walls of thy house.

Filii tui sicut novellæ olivarum : * in circuitu mensæ tuæ.
Ecce sic benedicetur homo : * qui timet Dominum.
Benedicat tibi Dominus ex Sion : * et videas bona Jerusalem omnibus diebus vitæ tuæ.

Et videas filios filiorum tuorum : * pacem super Israel.
Gloria Patri, &c.

4 Thy children as olive-plants: round about thy table.
5 Behold, thus shall the man be blessed : that feareth the Lord.
6 May the Lord bless thee out of Sion : and mayest thou see the good things of Jerusalem all the days of thy life.
7 And mayest thou see thy children's children : peace upon Israel.
Glory be to the Father, &c.

FEAST OF PRECIOUS BLOOD—FIRST SUNDAY OF JULY.

Last Psalm, Lauda, Jerusalem, No. 602.

DEDICATION OF A CHURCH.

Last Psalm, Lauda, Jerusalem, No. 602.

ST. MICHAEL.

(*September 29.*)

606. *Last Psalm*, Confitebor, *as follows:* **607.**

Confitebor tibi, Domine, in toto corde meo : * quoniam audisti verba oris mei.
In conspectu Angelorum psallam tibi : * adorabo ad templum sanctum tuum, et confitebor nomini tuo.

Super misericordia tua et veritate tua : * quoniam magnificasti super omne, nomen sanctum tuum.
In quacumque die invocavero te, exaudi me : * multiplicabis in anima mea virtutem.
Confiteantur tibi, Domine, omnes reges terræ : * quia audierunt omnia verba oris tui.
Et cantent in viis Domini : * quoniam magna est gloria Domini.

Quoniam excelsus Dominus, et humilia respicit : * et alta a longe cognoscit.
Si ambulavero in medio tribulationis, vivificabis me : * et super iram inimicorum meorum extendisti manum tuam, et salvum me fecit dextera tua.

Dominus retribuet pro me, Domine misericordia tua in sæculum : * opera manuum tuarum ne despicias.

1 I will praise Thee, O Lord, with my whole heart : for Thou hast heard the words of my mouth.
2 I will sing praise unto Thee in the sight of the angels : I will adore towards Thy holy temple, and give glory unto Thy name.
3 For Thy mercy, and for Thy truth : for Thou hast magnified Thy holy name above all.
4 In what day soever I shall call upon Thee, hear me : Thou shalt multiply strength in my soul.
5 Let all the kings of the earth give glory to Thee, O Lord : for they have heard all the words of Thy mouth.
6 And let them sing in the ways of the Lord : for great is the glory of the Lord.
7 For the Lord is high and looketh on the lowly : and the lofty He knoweth afar off.
8 If I shall walk in the midst of tribulation, Thou wilt quicken me : and Thou hast stretched forth Thy hand against the wrath of mine enemies, and Thy right hand hath saved me.
9 The Lord will repay for me ; Thy mercy, O Lord, endureth for ever : O despise not the works of Thy hands.

FEAST OF OUR HOLY REDEEMER.

(*October* 23.)

1st *Psalm*, Dixit, No. 576. 2d, Confitebor, No. 578. 3d, Credidi, No. 590. 4th, De profundis, No. 169. 5th, Confitebor No. 606. *Hymn*, Creator alme (*as in Advent*).

COMPLINE.

608. *The Reader begins:*

V. Jube, domne, benedicere.

V. Pray, sir, a blessing.

The Blessing.

Noctem quietam, et finem perfectum concedat nobis Dominus omnipotens.
R. Amen.

May the Lord Almighty grant us a quiet night, and a perfect end.
R. Amen.

Short Lesson: 1 *St. Pet.* v.

Fratres, sobrii estote, et vigilate: quia adversarius vester diabolus tamquam leo rugiens circuit, quærens quem devoret: cui resistite fortes in fide. Tu autem, Domine, miserere nobis.
R. Deo gratias.
V. Adjutorium nostrum in nomine Domini.
R. Qui fecit cœlum et terram.
Pater noster. (*Dicitur totum secreto.*)

Brethren, be sober, and watch: because your adversary the devil as a roaring lion goeth about, seeking whom he may devour; whom resist ye strong in faith. But do Thou, O Lord, have mercy on us.
R. Thanks be to God.
V. Our help is in the name of the Lord.
R. Who hath made heaven and earth.
Our Father, &c. (*All in secret.*)

609. *Then the Hebdomadarius makes the Confession.*

Confiteor Deo omnipotenti, beatæ Mariæ semper Virgini, beato Michaeli Archangelo, beato Joanni Baptistæ, sanctis Apostolis Petro et Paulo, omnibus Sanctis, et vobis, fratres: quia peccavi nimis cogitatione, verbo, et opere: mea culpa, mea culpa, mea maxima culpa. Ideo precor beatam Mariam semper Virginem, beatum Michaelem Archangelum, beatum Joannem Baptistam, sanctos Apostolos Petrum et Paulum, omnes Sanctos, et vos, fratres, orare pro me ad Dominum Deum nostrum.

I confess to Almighty God, to blessed Mary ever Virgin, to blessed Michael the Archangel, to blessed John the Baptist, to the holy Apostles Peter and Paul, to all the Saints, and to you, brethren: that I have sinned exceedingly in thought, word, and deed: through my fault, through my fault, through my most grievous fault. Therefore I beseech the blessed Mary ever Virgin, blessed Michael the Archangel, blessed John the Baptist, the holy Apostles Peter and Paul, all the Saints, and you, brethren, to pray to the Lord our God for me.

The Choir answers:

Misereatur tui omnipotens Deus, et dimissis peccatis tuis, perducat te ad vitam æternam.
R. Amen.

May Almighty God have mercy upon thee, forgive thee thy sins, and bring thee to life everlasting.
R. Amen.

610. *Then the Choir repeats the Confession.*

Confiteor Deo omnipotenti, beatæ Mariæ semper Virgini, beato Michaeli Archangelo, beato Joanni Baptistæ, sanctis Apostolis Petro et Paulo, omnibus Sanctis, et tibi, pater : quia peccavi nimis cogitatione, verbo, et opere : mea culpa, mea culpa, mea maxima culpa. Ideo precor beatam Mariam semper Virginem, beatum Michaelem Archangelum, beatum Joannem Baptistam, sanctos Apostolos Petrum et Paulum, omnes Sanctos, et te, pater, orare pro me ad Dominum Deum nostrum.

I confess to Almighty God, to blessed Mary ever Virgin, to blessed Michael the Archangel, to blessed John the Baptist, to the holy Apostles Peter and Paul, to all the Saints, and to you, father : that I have sinned exceedingly in thought, word, and deed : through my fault, through my fault, through my most grievous fault. Therefore I beseech the blessed Mary ever Virgin, blessed Michael the Archangel, blessed John the Baptist, the holy Apostles Peter and Paul, all the Saints, and you, father, to pray to the Lord our God for me.

611. *The Hebdomadarius says :*

Misereatur vestri omnipotens Deus, et dimissis peccatis vestris, perducat vos ad vitam æternam.

R. Amen.

Indulgentiam, absolutionem, et remissionem peccatorum nostrorum tribuat nobis omnipotens et misericors Dominus.

R. Amen.

May Almighty God have mercy upon you, forgive you your sins, and bring you to life everlasting.

R. Amen.

May the Almighty and merciful Lord grant us pardon, absolution, and remission of our sins.

R. Amen.

Then is said :

V. Converte nos, Deus salutaris noster.

R. Et averte iram tuam a nobis.

V. Deus, in adjutorium meum intende.

R. Domine, ad adjuvandum me festina.

Gloria Patri, et Filio, et Spiritui Sancto.

Sicut erat in principio, et nunc, et semper, et in sæcula sæculorum. Amen.

Alleluia, *vel* Laus tibi, Domine, Rex æternæ gloriæ.

Ant. Miserere.

V. Convert us, O God our Saviour.

R. And turn away Thy anger from us.

V. O God, come to my assistance.

R. O Lord, make haste to help me.

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost.

As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end. Amen.

Alleluia, *or* Praise be to Thee, O Lord, King of everlasting glory.

Ant. Have mercy.

In Paschal time : Ant. Alleluia.

612. Psalm iv. *Cum invocarem.* **613.**

Cum invocarem, exaudivit me Deus justitiæ meæ : * in tribulatione dilatasti mihi.

Miserere mei : * et exaudi orationem meam.

1 When I called upon Him, the God of my justice heard me : when I was in distress, Thou didst enlarge me.

2 Have mercy upon me : and hear my prayer.

Filii hominum usquequo gravi corde: * ut quid diligitis vanitatem, et quæritis mendacium?

Et scitote quoniam mirificavit Dominus sanctum suum: * Dominus exaudiet me cum clamavero ad eum.

Irascimini, et nolite peccare: * quæ dicitis in cordibus vestris, in cubilibus vestris compungimini.

Sacrificate sacrificium justitiæ, et sperate in Domino: * multi dicunt, Quis ostendit nobis bona?

Signatum est super nos lumen vultus tui, Domine: * dedisti lætitiam in corde meo.

A fructu frumenti, vini, et olei sui: * multiplicati sunt.

In pace in idipsum: * dormiam et requiescam.

Quoniam tu, Domine, singulariter in spe. * constituisti me.

Gloria Patri.

3 O ye sons of men, how long will ye be dull of heart: why do ye love vanity, and seek after lying?

4 Know ye also that the Lord hath exalted His holy one: the Lord will hear me, when I cry unto Him.

5 Be ye angry, and sin not: the things which ye say in your hearts, be sorry for upon your beds.

6 Offer up the sacrifice of justice, and hope in the Lord: there are many that say, Who showeth us good things?

7 The light of Thy countenance, O Lord, is signed upon us: Thou hast put gladness in my heart.

8 By the fruit of their corn and wine and oil: are they multiplied.

9 In peace in the self-same: I will sleep and take my rest.

10 For Thou only, O Lord: hast established me in hope.

Glory be to the Father, &c.

614. Psalm xxx. *In te, Domine, speravi.* 615.

In te, Domine, speravi, non confundar in æternum: * in justitia tua libera me.

Inclina ad me aurem tuam: * accelera, ut eruas me.

Esto mihi in Deum protectorem, et in domum refugii: * ut salvum me facias.

Quoniam fortitudo mea, et refugium meum es tu: * et propter nomen tuum deduces me, et enutries me.

Educes me de laqueo hoc, quem absconderunt mihi: * quoniam tu es protector meus.

In manus tuas commendo spiritum meum: * redemisti me, Domine, Deus veritatis.

Gloria Patri.

1 In Thee, O Lord, have I hoped, let me never be confounded: deliver me in Thy justice.

2 Incline Thine ear unto me: make haste to deliver me.

3 Be Thou my God, my protector, and a house of refuge: that Thou mayest save me.

4 For Thou art my strength and my refuge: and for Thy name's sake, Thou wilt lead me and nourish me.

5 Thou wilt bring me out of this snare, that they have laid for me: for Thou art my protector.

6 Into Thy hands I commend my spirit: Thou hast redeemed me, O Lord, the God of truth.

Glory be to the Father, &c.

616. Psalm xc. *Qui habitat.* 617.

Qui habitat in adjutorio Altissimi: * in protectione Dei cœli commorabitur.

Dicet Domino, Susceptor meus es tu, et refugium meum: * Deus meus sperabo in eum.

Quoniam ipse liberavit me de laqueo venantium: * et a verbo aspero.

1 He that dwelleth in the help of the Most High: shall abide under the protection of the God of heaven.

2 He shall say unto the Lord, Thou art my upholder, and my refuge: my God, in Him will I hope.

3 For He hath delivered me from the snare of the hunters: and from the sharp word.

Scapulis suis obumbrabit tibi : * et sub pennis ejus sperabis.

Scuto circumdabit te veritas ejus : * non timebis a timore nocturno,

A sagitta volante in die, a negotio perambulante in tenebris : * ab incursu et dæmonio meridiano.

Cadent a latere tuo mille, et decem millia a dextris tuis : * ad te autem non appropinquabit.

Verumtamen oculis tuis considerabis : * et retributionem peccatorum videbis.

Quoniam tu es, Domine, spes mea : * altissimum posuisti refugium tuum.

Non accedet ad te malum : * et flagellum non appropinquabit tabernaculo tuo.

Quoniam angelis suis mandavit de te : * ut custodiant te in omnibus viis tuis.

In manibus portabunt te : * ne forte offendas ad lapidem pedem tuum.

Super aspidem et basiliscum ambulabis : * et conculcabis leonem et draconem.

Quoniam in me speravit liberabo eum : * protegam eum, quoniam cognovit nomen meum.

Clamabit ad me, et ego exaudiam eum : * cum ipso sum in tribulatione ; eripiam eum, et glorificabo eum,

Longitudine dierum replebo eum : * et ostendam illi salutare meum.

Gloria Patri.

4 He shall overshadow thee with His shoulders : and under His wings shalt thou trust.

5 His truth shall compass thee with a shield : thou shalt not be afraid for the terror of the night,

6 For the arrow that flieth in the day, for the plague that walketh in the darkness : for the assault of the evil one in the noonday.

7 A thousand shall fall at thy side, and ten thousand at thy right hand : but it shall not come nigh thee.

8 But with thine eyes shalt thou behold : and shalt see the reward of the wicked.

9 For Thou, O Lord, art my hope : Thou hast set Thy refuge very high.

10 There shall no evil approach unto thee : nor shall the scourge come nigh thy dwelling.

11 For He hath given His angels charge over thee : to keep thee in all thy ways.

12 In their hands shall they bear thee up : lest haply thou dash thy foot against a stone.

13 Thou shalt walk upon the asp and the basilisk : the lion and the dragon shalt thou tread under thy feet.

14 Because he hath hoped in Me, I will deliver him : I will protect him, because he hath known My name.

15 He shall cry unto Me, and I will hear him : I am with him in trouble ; I will deliver him, and glorify him.

16 With length of days will I fill him : and I will show unto him My salvation.

Glory be to the Father, &c.

618. Psalm cxxxiii. *Ecce nunc.* 619.

Ecce nunc, benedicite Dominum : * omnes servi Domini.

Qui statis in domo Domini : * in atriis domus Dei nostri.

In noctibus extollite manus vestras in sancta : * et benedicite Dominum.

Benedicat te Dominus ex Sion : * qui fecit cœlum et terram.

Gloria Patri.

Ant. Miserere mihi, Domine, et exaudi orationem meam.

1 Behold now, bless ye the Lord ; all ye servants of the Lord.

2 Who stand in the house of the Lord : in the courts of the house of our God.

3 Lift up your hands by night to the holy places ; and bless the Lord.

4 May the Lord out of Sion bless thee : who hath made heaven and earth.

Glory be to the Father, &c.

Ant. Have mercy on me, O Lord, and graciously hear my prayer.

620. *Hymn.* 621.

Te lucis ante terminum,
Rerum Creator, poscimus;
Ut pro tua clementia,
Sis præsul et custodia.

Procul recedant somnia,
Et noctium phantasmata;
Hostemque nostrum comprime,
Ne polluantur corpora.

Præsta, Pater piissime,
Patrique compar Unice,
Cum Spiritu Paraclito
Regnans per omne sæculum.

1 Now with the fast-departing light,
Maker of all! we ask of Thee,
Of Thy great mercy, through the night
Our guardian and defence to be.

2 Far off let idle visions fly;
No phantom of the night molest;
Curb Thou our raging enemy,
That we in chaste repose may rest.

3 Father of mercies, hear our cry;
Hear us, O sole-begotten Son;
Who, with the Holy Ghost most high,
Reignest while endless ages run.

622. Little Chapter: *Jer.* xiv.

Tu autem in nobis es, Domine, et nomen sanctum tuum invocatum est super nos, ne derelinquas nos, Domine Deus noster.

R. Deo gratias.

Thou, O Lord, art among us, and Thy holy name is invoked upon us, forsake us not, O Lord our God.

R. Thanks be to God.

Resp. brev.

In manus tuas, Domine, commendo spiritum meum.

Chor. In manus tuas, Domine, commendo spiritum meum.

V. Redemisti nos, Domine, Deus veritatis.

Chor. Commendo spiritum meum.

V. Gloria Patri, et Filio, et Spiritui Sancto.

Chor. In manus tuas, Domine, commendo spiritum meum.

V. Custodi nos, Domine, ut pupillam oculi.

R. Sub umbra alarum tuarum protege nos.

Short Responsory.

Into Thy hands, O Lord, I commend my spirit.

Choir. Into Thy hands, O Lord, I commend my spirit.

V. Thou hast redeemed us, O Lord, the God of truth.

Choir. I commend my spirit.

V. Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost.

Choir. Into Thy hands, O Lord, I commend my spirit.

V. Keep us, O Lord, as the apple of an eye.

R. Protect us under the shadow of Thy wings.

In Paschal time the above are said thus:

In manus tuas, Domine, commendo spiritum meum. Alleluia, alleluia.

Chor. In manus tuas, Domine, commendo spiritum meum. Alleluia, alleluia.

V. Redemisti nos, Domine, Deus veritatis.

Chor. Alleluia, alleluia.

V. Gloria Patri, &c.

Chor. In manus tuas, Domine, commendo spiritum meum. Alleluia, alleluia.

V. Custodi nos, Domine, ut pupillam oculi. Alleluia.

R. Sub umbra alarum tuarum protege nos. Alleluia.

Into Thy hands, O Lord, I commend my spirit. Alleluia, alleluia.

Choir. Into Thy hands, O Lord, I commend my spirit. Alleluia, alleluia.

V. Thou hast redeemed us, O Lord, the God of truth.

Choir. Alleluia, alleluia.

V. Glory be to the Father, &c.

Choir. Into Thy hands, O Lord, I commend my spirit. Alleluia, alleluia.

V. Keep us, O Lord, as the apple of an eye. Alleluia.

R. Protect us under the shadow of Thy wings. Alleluia.

The Nunc dimittis, *or* Canticle of Simeon.

Ant. Salva nos.

NUNC dimittis servum tuum, Domine: * secundum verbum tuum in pace.

Quia viderunt oculi mei * salutare tuum.

Quod parasti * ante faciem omnium populorum.

Lumen ad revelationem gentium, * et gloriam plebis tuæ Israel.

Gloria Patri.

Ant. Salva nos, Domine, vigilantes, custodi nos dormientes: ut vigilemus cum Christo, et requiescamus in pace. (*Tempore Paschali*, Alleluia.)

Ant. Save us.

1 Now dost Thou dismiss Thy servant, O Lord, in peace: according to Thy word.

2 For mine eyes have seen: Thy salvation.

3 Which Thou hast prepared: before the face of all people.

4 A light to enlighten the Gentiles: and the glory of Thy people Israel.

Glory be to the Father, &c.

Ant. Save us, O Lord, when we are awake, and keep us while we sleep: that we may watch with Christ, and rest in peace. (*In Paschal time*, Alleluia.)

The following Prayers are omitted on Doubles and within Octaves:

Kyrie eleison.
Christe eleison.
Kyrie eleison.
Pater noster. (*Secreto.*)
V. Et ne nos inducas in tentationem.
R. Sed libera nos a malo.
Credo in Deum. (*Secreto.*)
V. Carnis resurrectionem.
R. Vitam æternam. Amen.
V. Benedictus es, Domine, Deus patrum nostrorum.
R. Et laudabilis et gloriosus in sæcula.
V. Benedicamus Patrem et Filium cum Sancto Spiritu.
R. Laudemus, et superexaltemus eum in sæcula.
V. Benedictus es, Domine, in firmamento cœli.
R. Et laudabilis, et gloriosus, et superexaltatus in sæcula.
V. Benedicat et custodiat nos omnipotens et misericors Dominus.
R. Amen.
V. Dignare, Domine, nocte ista.
R. Sine peccato nos custodire.
V. Miserere nostri, Domine.
R. Miserere nostri.
V. Fiat misericordia tua, Domine, super nos.
R. Quemadmodum speravimus in te.
V. Domine, exaudi orationem meam.
R. Et clamor meus ad te veniat.
V. Dominus vobiscum.
R. Et cum spiritu tuo.

Lord, have mercy on us.
Christ, have mercy on us.
Lord, have mercy on us.
Our Father, &c. (*In secret.*)
V. And lead us not into temptation.
R. But deliver us from evil.
I believe in God, &c. (*In secret.*)
V. The resurrection of the body.
R. And life everlasting. Amen.
V. Blessed art Thou, O Lord, the God of our fathers.
R. And worthy to be praised and glorious for ever.
V. Let us bless the Father and the Son with the Holy Ghost.
R. Let us praise and exalt Him for ever.
V. Blessed art Thou, O Lord, in the firmament of heaven.
R. And worthy to be praised, and glorious, and exalted for ever.
V. May the almighty and merciful Lord bless and preserve us.
R. Amen.
V. Vouchsafe, O Lord, this night.
R. To keep us without sin.
V. Have mercy on us, O Lord.
R. Have mercy on us.
V. Let Thy mercy, O Lord, be upon us.
R. As we have hoped in Thee.
V. O Lord, hear my prayer.
R. And let my cry come unto Thee.
V. The Lord be with you.
R. And with thy spirit.

Oremus.

Visita, quæsumus, Domine, habitationem istam, et omnes insidias inimici ab ea longè repelle: angeli tui sancti habitent in ea, qui nos in pace custodiant: et benedictio tua sit super nos semper. Per Dominum.

V. Dominus vobiscum.
R. Et cum spiritu tuo.
V. Benedicamus Domino.
R. Deo gratias.

Let us pray.

Visit, we beseech Thee, O Lord, this habitation, and drive far from it all snares of the enemy: let Thy holy angels dwell herein, to preserve us in peace: and may Thy blessing be always upon us. Through our Lord, &c.

V. The Lord be with you.
R. And with Thy spirit.
V. Let us bless the Lord.
R. Thanks be to God.

The Blessing.

Benedicat et custodiat nos omnipotens et misericors Dominus, Pater, et Filius, et Spiritus Sanctus.
R. Amen.

May the Almighty and Merciful Lord, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, bless and preserve us.
R. Amen.

Then is said one of the Antiphons of the Blessed Virgin, according to the season. The Antiphon is to be said kneeling, except in Paschal time, when it is to be said standing.

I.

625. *From Vespers of Saturday before First Sunday in Advent to the Purification, inclusively.* 626.

Alma Redemptoris Mater, quæ pervia coeli
Porta manes, et Stella maris, succurre cadenti.
Surgere qui curat, populo: tu quæ genuisti,
Natura mirante, tuum sanctum Genitorem:
Virgo prius ac posterius, Gabrielis ab ore,
Sumens illud Ave, peccatorum miserere.

Mother of Christ! hear Thou Thy people's cry,
Star of the deep, and Portal of the sky!
Mother of Him who thee from nothing made,
Sinking we strive, and call to Thee for aid:
Oh, by that joy which Gabriel brought to Thee,
Thou Virgin first and last, let us thy mercy see.

In Advent.

V. Angelus Domini nuntiavit Mariæ.
R. Et concepit de Spiritu Sancto.

V. The angel of the Lord declared unto Mary.
R. And she conceived of the Holy Ghost.

Oremus.

Gratiam tuam, quæsumus, Domine, mentibus nostris infunde; ut qui, angelo nuntiante, Christi Filii tui incarnationem cognovimus, per passionem ejus et crucem ad resurrectionis gloriam perducamur. Per eumdem Christum Dominum nostrum.

R. Amen.

Let us pray.

Pour forth, we beseech Thee, O Lord, Thy grace into our hearts; that we, to whom the incarnation of Christ Thy Son was made known by the message of an angel, may, by His passion and cross, be brought to the glory of His resurrection. Through the same Christ our Lord.
R. Amen.

From Christmas Day to the Purification.

V. Post partum virgo inviolata permansisti.
R. Dei Genitrix, intercede pro nobis.

V. After childbirth thou didst remain a pure virgin.
R. Intercede for us, O Mother of God.

Oremus.

Deus, qui salutis æternæ, beatæ Mariæ virginitate fecunda, humano generi præmia præstitisti; tribus, quæsumus, ut ipsam pro nobis intercedere sentiamus, per quam meruimus auctorem vitæ suscipere, Dominum nostrum Jesum Christum Filium tuum. Qui vivit, &c.

R. Amen.

V. Divinum auxilium maneat semper nobiscum.

R. Amen.

Pater noster. (*Secreto.*)

Let us pray.

O God, who, by the fruitful virginity of blessed Mary, hast given to mankind the rewards of eternal salvation: grant, we beseech Thee, that we may experience her intercession for us, through whom we have deserved to receive the Author of life, our Lord Jesus Christ, Thy Son. Who liveth, &c.

R. Amen.

V. May the divine assistance remain always with us.

R. Amen.

Our Father. (*Secretly.*)

II.

627. *From Compline on the Feast of the Purification to Maunday Thursday, exclusively.* 628.

Ave, Regina cœlorum!
Ave, domina angelorum!
Salve, radix, salve, porta,
Ex qua mundo Lux est orta.
Gaude, Virgo gloriosa,
Super omnes speciosa.
Vale, O valde decora!
Et pro nobis Christum exora.

V. Dignare me laudare te, Virgo sacrata.

R. Da mihi virtutem contra hostes tuos.

Hail, O Queen of heaven enthroned!
Hail, by angels mistress owned,
Root of Jesse, Gate of morn,
Whence the world's true Light was born.
Glorious Virgin! joy to thee,
Loveliest whom in heaven they see.
Fairest thou where all are fair!
Plead with Christ our sins to spare.

V. Vouchsafe that I may praise thee, O sacred Virgin.

R. Give me strength against thine enemies.

Oremus.

Concede, misericors Deus, fragilitati nostræ præsidium; ut qui sanctæ Dei Genitricis memoriam agimus, intercessionis ejus auxilio a nostris iniquitatibus resurgamus. Per eumdem Christum, &c.

R. Amen.

V. Divinum auxilium maneat semper nobiscum.

R. Amen.

Let us pray.

Grant, O merciful God, support to our frailty; that we who commemorate the holy Mother of God, may, by the help of her intercession, arise from our iniquities. Through the same Christ our Lord, &c.

R. Amen.

V. May the divine assistance remain always with us.

R. Amen.

III.

629. *From Compline on Holy Saturday till Trinity Eve.* 630.

Regina Cœli, lætare: alleluia.
Quia quem meruisti portare: alleluia.
Resurrexit sicut dixit: alleluia.
Ora pro nobis Deum: alleluia.

V. Gaude et lætare, Virgo Maria: alleluia.

R. Quia surrexit Dominus vere: alleluia.

Joy to thee, O Queen of heaven: alleluia.
He whom thou wast meet to bear: [alleluia.
As He promised, hath arisen: alleluia.
Pour for us to Him thy prayer: alleluia.

V. Rejoice and be glad, O Virgin Mary: alleluia.

R. For the Lord hath risen indeed: alleluia.

Oremus.

Deus, qui per resurrectionem Filii tui Domini nostri Jesu Christi mundum lætificare dignatus es; præsta, quæsumus, ut per ejus Genitricem Virginem Mariam perpetuæ capiamus gaudia vitæ. Per eumdem Christum, &c.

R. Amen.

V. Divinum auxilium maneat semper nobiscum.

R. Amen.

Let us pray.

O God, who didst vouchsafe to give joy to the world through the resurrection of Thy Son our Lord Jesus Christ; grant, we beseech Thee, that, through His Mother, the Virgin Mary, we may obtain the joys of everlasting life. Through the same Christ, &c.

R. Amen.

V. May the divine assistance remain always with us.

R. Amen.

IV.

631. *From First Vespers of Trinity Sunday to Advent.* 632.

Salve, Regina, Mater misericordiæ;
Vita, dulcedo, et spes nostra, salve.

Ad te clamamus, exules filii Hevæ;

Ad te suspiramus, gementes et flentes in hac lacrymarum valle.

Eia ergo, Advocata nostra,

Illos tuos misericordes oculos ad nos converte;

Et Jesum, benedictum fructum ventris tui,

Nobis post hoc exilium ostende,

O clemens, O pia, O dulcis Virgo Maria.

V. Ora pro nobis, sancta Dei Genitrix.

R. Ut digni efficiamur promissionibus Christi.

Hail, holy Queen, Mother of mercy:
Our life, our sweetness, and our hope, all hail.

To thee we cry, poor banished sons of Eve;

To thee we sigh, weeping and mourning in this vale of tears.

Therefore, O our Advocate,

Turn thou on us those merciful eyes of thine;

And after this our exile, show us,

Jesus, the blessed fruit of thy womb,

O merciful, O kind, O sweet Virgin Mary.

V. Pray for us, O holy Mother of God.

R. That we may be made worthy of the promises of Christ.

Oremus.

Omnipotens, sempiterne Deus, qui gloriosæ Virginis Matris Mariæ corpus et animam, ut dignum Filii tui habitaculum effici mereretur, Spiritu Sancto co-operante, præparasti; da ut cujus commemoratione lætamur, ejus pia intercessione ab instantibus malis et a morte perpetua liberemur. Per eumdem Christum, &c.

R. Amen.

V. Divinum auxilium maneat semper nobiscum.

R. Amen.

Let us pray.

Almighty, Everlasting God, who, by the co-operation of the Holy Ghost, didst prepare the body and soul of Mary, glorious Virgin and Mother, to become the worthy habitation of thy Son; grant that we may be delivered from instant evils and from everlasting death by her gracious intercession, in whose commemoration we rejoice. Through the same Christ, &c.

R. Amen.

V. May the divine assistance remain always with us.

R. Amen.

SPECIAL DEVOTIONS AND PRAYERS.

TO BE RECOMMENDED TO AND FOSTERED AMONG THE FAITHFUL.

XXIII.—ARCHCONFRATERNITY OF THE HOLY FAMILY.

633. Its Origin, Object, and Advantages.

1. Begun on Whitmonday, 1844, at Liège, in Belgium, this pious association was approved by his Holiness Pius IX., April 20th, 1847; enriched by him with many spiritual favours, and raised to the dignity of an Archconfraternity.

2. Its object is to honour the Holy Family, Jesus, Mary, and Joseph, and to give to the faithful of every age, sex, and condition, powerful means of advancing securely in the way of salvation.

3. The means employed by this association to attain this sublime and useful end, are prayer, the singing of devout hymns, the preaching of the Word of God, and the frequentation of the Sacraments.

4. The members are to meet in the church once a week at the time appointed by the director. They are divided into different sections, each section having at its head a prefect and sub-prefect. The director should also select from among the members one or more secretaries and a prefect general, where it may be expedient, to assist him in the working of the association.

5. The obligations contracted by the members are altogether obligations of love: in general, they must live as good Christians, each one according to his state of life; they must avoid bad company, dangerous places of amusement, and all that may lead into sin; they should also be most punctual in their attendance at the weekly meetings and at the monthly general communion of the members.

6. A faithful member of the Holy Family may, besides gaining all the Indulgences hereafter mentioned, securely and confidently expect the grace of a holy and happy death, in the company of Jesus, Mary, and Joseph.

I.—PRAYERS.

For the Meetings of the Holy Family.

BEFORE THE CONFERENCE.

634. Invocation of the Patrons.

V. Pray for us, O Holy Patrons of our Association.

R. That we may be made worthy of the promises of Christ.

Let us pray.

O God, who dost assign to us each year some of the heavenly citizens for our Patrons; grant, we beseech Thee, through the intercession of those whom this year we have received as Patrons, that we, and all our relations, friends, and enemies, may presently experience the assistance of Thy grace; so that by the help of this same grace we may be enabled to practise those virtues which they have taught us by their example.

May all Thy Saints, O Lord, we beseech Thee, help us in every place, that while we celebrate their merits we may experience their protection. Through Christ our Lord. Amen.

N.B.—The Litany of the Blessed Virgin Mary, No. 242, or that of the Holy Name of Jesus, No. 56, may be said instead of the Litany of the Holy Family, which has not received the approbation of the Holy See.

635. A Supplication to be used by the Members of the Holy Family.

O God of goodness and mercy, who hast been pleased to call us to this Confraternity of the Holy Family; grant that we may always honour and imitate Jesus, Mary, and Joseph, so that pleasing them on earth, we may enjoy their presence in heaven. Through the same Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

636. Memorare to the Blessed Virgin Mary.

Remember, O most gracious Virgin Mary, that it has never been heard of in any age, that any one having recourse to thy protection, imploring thy aid, and seeking thy intercession, was abandoned by thee: I, therefore, animated with this confidence, O Virgin of virgins, my Mother Mary, come to thee, and groaning under the weight of my miseries, cast myself at thy sacred feet. O Mother of the Word Incarnate, despise not my prayer, but graciously hear and grant my petition.

Indulgence: Three hundred days each time. Plenary once a month, if said daily.

637. Memorare to St. Joseph.

Remember, O most amiable, most benevolent, most kind, and most merciful father Saint Joseph, that the great Saint Teresa assures us that she never had recourse to thy protection without obtaining relief. Animated with the same confidence, O dear Saint Joseph, I come to thee, and groaning under the heavy burden of my many sins, I prostrate myself at thy feet. O most compassionate father, do not, I beseech thee, reject my poor and miserable prayers, but graciously hear and grant my petition. Amen.

Indulgence: Three hundred days, once a day.

After the Conference.

638. The Examination of Conscience.

Let us examine our consciences, that we may see the faults we have committed this day, and let us ask pardon for them from God with our whole hearts.

The Spiritual Communion.

Come, Lord Jesus, I love Thee, I desire Thee; come into my heart, I attach myself, I unite myself to Thee. Let me never more be separated from Thee. (*St. Alphonsus.*)

Invocation of Jesus, Mary, and Joseph.

Jesus, Mary, and Joseph, I give you my heart and my soul.

Jesus, Mary, and Joseph, assist me in my last agony.

Jesus, Mary, and Joseph, may I breathe out my soul in peace with you.

Indulgence: One hundred days for each aspiration, each time said.

After the Benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament.

The Angelus.

See after Morning Prayers (No. II.), or in the Paschal Time.

Regina Cœli.

See No. 626.

II.—EXERCISES.

1. *For the Solemn Consecration of the Members.*
2. *For the General Communion.*
3. *For the Retreat and Renewal of Baptismal Vows.*

I.

639. Exercises for the Solemn Consecration of the Members.

This generally takes place twice in the year, in July and in December.

ORDER OF THE CEREMONIES.

1. *A Hymn.*
2. *A short Instruction.*
3. *The* Veni Creator (see No. 148). [*Whilst this hymn is being sung, the Associates who are about to consecrate themselves, should enter and arrange themselves in the Sanctuary, if the place admits of it. In associations of women, they remain at the rails.*]
4. *The Act of Consecration, which the Director pronounces word by word, and the Associates repeat after him. The lines* [—] *indicate the pauses.*

640. Act of Consecration.

O Jesus, Mary, Joseph! I [*here each one pronounces his own name in a low tone*], in the presence of all the court of heaven,—choose you—on this day—for my patrons and protectors—I offer you—and solemnly consecrate to you—in this Association—*my body,—my soul,—all that I have,—and all that I am*;—I promise you—to live as a good Christian,—that I may die—the death of the elect.—What a happiness for me—to pass one day—from the arms of Jesus, Mary, and Joseph, in this world,—into the arms of the Father,—the Son,—and Holy Ghost, in heaven!—and that for all eternity!—Such is my hope.—Amen.

641. 5. Formula of Reception pronounced by the Director.

Et ego, in nomine Sanctissimæ Trinitatis et ex facultate mihi concessa, vos omnes adscribo Sodalitati Sanctæ Familiæ Jesu, Mariæ, Joseph, in hac nostra ecclesia canonice erectæ, vosque participes declaro omnium gratiarum et Indulgentiarum quæ Archisodalitati ejusdem Sanctæ Familiæ Leodii, in Ecclesia B. M. V. Immaculatæ a Sancta sede Apostolicâ similiter erectæ, a Summo Pontifice Pio Papâ IX. concessæ sunt: Deum ac Dominum nostrum Jesum Christum onixe deprecans, ut vos in Sancto Dei servitio comfortare, in pace mutuaque charitate conservare, et perseverantiam in fide operibusque bonis concedere dignetur.

And I, in the name of the Most Holy Trinity, and by the faculties granted to me, admit you all into the Confraternity of the Holy Family of Jesus, Mary, and Joseph, canonically erected in this our Church; and I admit you to the participation of all the favours and indulgences granted by the Sovereign Pontiff Pius IX. to the Archconfraternity of the same Holy Family, established in like manner by the authority of the Apostolic See, in the Church of the Immaculate Virgin Mary, at Liège; earnestly beseeching our Lord and God Jesus Christ that He may deign to strengthen you in God's holy service, preserve you in peace and mutual charity, and grant you the grace of perseverance in faith and good works.

He then sprinkles the Associates with holy water, saying:

In nomine Patris, ✠ et Filii, et Spiritus Sancti. Amen.

In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Amen.

642. 6. Blessing of the Medals.

Each Associate holds his medal in his hand.

V. Adjutorium nostrum in nomine Domini.
R. Qui fecit cœlum et terram.
V. Dominus vobiscum.
R. Et cum spiritu tuo.

V. Our help is in the name of the Lord.
R. Who made heaven and earth.
V. The Lord be with you.
R. And with thy spirit.

Oremus.

Omnipotens sempiterne Deus, qui Sanctorum imagines sculpi aut pingi non reprobas, ut, quoties illas oculis corporis intuemur, toties eorum actus et sanctitatem ad imitandum, memoriæ oculis meditemur; has quæsumus imagines in honorem et memoriam unigeniti Filii tui Domini nostri Jesu Christi, Beatissimæ Virginis Mariæ et Beati Josephi adaptatas, bene✠dicere et sancti✠ficare digneris: et præsta, ut quicumque coram illis unigenitum Filium tuum, Beatissimam Virginem, et gloriosum Josephum supplicitor colere, et honorare studuerit, illorum meritis et obtentu, a te gratiam in præsenti, et æternam gloriam obtineat in futuro. Per eumdem Christum Dominum nostrum. Amen.

Let us pray.

O Almighty and Eternal God, who dost not forbid the images of Thy Saints to be engraven or painted, that, as often as we behold them with the eyes of our body, we may recall to the eyes of our memory their actions and their sanctity; deign, we beseech Thee, to bless and sanctify these medals, dedicated to the memory and honour of Thine only-begotten Son Jesus Christ our Lord, of the Blessed Virgin Mary, and of St. Joseph; and grant that whoever shall endeavour humbly to worship and honour before them Thine only-begotten Son, the blessed Virgin Mary, and the glorious Patriarch St. Joseph, may, by their merits and intercession, obtain from Thee grace in this life and eternal glory in the next. Through the same Christ our Lord. Amen.

The Director sprinkles the medals with holy water; and whilst the members are fastening them round their necks, he says:

Accipite, Fratres (*vel*, Sorores), hæc numismata benedicta, singularia signa Sodalitatis Sacræ Familiæ Jesu, Mariæ, Joseph, ut ita induti, sub eorum patrocinio perpetuo vivatis.

Benedictio Dei omnipotentis Patris, ✠ et Filii, et Spiritus Sancti, descendat super vos et maneat semper.

R. Amen.

Brothers (*or* Sisters), receive these blessed medals, the peculiar marks of the Confraternity of the Holy Family of Jesus, Mary, and Joseph, that by wearing them you may always live under their protection.

May the blessing of Almighty God, Father, ✠ Son, and Holy Ghost, descend upon you now, and remain with you for ever.

R. Amen.

7. *The* Magnificat *is sung, while the letters of admission are being distributed at the gate of the Sanctuary.*

8. *The Director addresses some words of congratulation and encouragement to the members who have made their consecration.*

9. *Benediction of the Most Holy Sacrament.*

II.

643. Exercises for the General Communion. (Art. xix.)

This General Communion takes place usually twice a year.

ORDER OF THE CEREMONIES.

1. *A Hymn.*
2. *After the Gospel, Acts before Communion made aloud by the Director.*
3. *The time for Communion having arrived, the Associates, wearing their medals, go up to receive the Holy Eucharist.* [*To avoid confusion, they may be led up to the Altar rails by the Epistle side, and back to their places by the Gospel side.*]
4. *During the time that Holy Communion is being administered, the* Magnificat, *or some appropriate Hymn, may be sung in Latin.*
5. *After the Communion, Acts of Thanksgiving made aloud by the Director.*
6. *Benediction of the Most Holy Sacrament, followed by an English Hymn.*

III.

644. Exercises for the Retreat, and Renewal of Baptismal Vows.

The Retreat takes place ordinarily once in the year, and lasts four or five days. Each day there are two Exercises.

ORDER OF THE MORNING EXERCISE.

1. *Mass.*
2. *Instruction for half an hour.*

ORDER OF THE EVENING EXERCISE.

1. *Rosary.*
2. *A Hymn, or the* Veni Creator (see No. 148).
3. *Sermon.*
4. Miserere (see No. 86).

V. Et ne nos inducas in tentationem.
R. Sed libera nos a malo.
V. Domine, exaudi orationem meam.
R. Et clamor meus ad te veniat.
V. Dominus vobiscum.
R. Et cum spiritu tuo.

Oremus.

Deus, qui culpa offenderis, pœnitentia placaris, preces populi tui supplicantis propitius respice; et flagella tuæ iracundiæ, quæ pro peccatis nostris meremur, averte. Per Christum Dominum nostrum.

R. Amen.

Divinum auxilium maneat semper nobiscum.

R. Amen.

5. *Benediction of the Most Holy Sacrament.*

[*Towards the end of the Retreat, or at some other appointed time in the year, they will make the renewal of their baptismal vows.*]

ORDER OF THE CEREMONIES.

1. *Rosary.*
2. *A Hymn.*
3. *Sermon on the renewal of the baptismal vows; and then, if desirable, the members will make aloud the following act:*

645. Renewal of Baptismal Vows.

Humbly prostrate before Thee,—O my God,—and before the most Holy Family—Jesus, Mary, and Joseph,—acknowledging the inestimable benefit—which Thou hast vouchsafed to grant me — of belonging to the Catholic Church,—whose child I became — in holy Baptism, — thereby acquiring a right — to the graces — which Jesus Christ has left for us — in the holy Sacraments,—the happiness of being admitted—among the number of Thy

children,—and the hope of being one day—with Thee in Paradise;—I come to renew—and to confirm the promises—made at my Baptism.—Yes, O my God,—I wish to be entirely Thine,—to serve Thee all my life,—and to strive always for that end—for which Thou hast created me:—and therefore—I renounce the devil—and all his works; I renounce sin,—and all the occasions of sin;—I renounce the world,—its maxims,—and its vanities; I renounce the flesh,—its sensual pleasures,—the inordinate desires of nature,—and all that may displease Thee;—I renounce human respect,—which so long kept me—at a distance from Thee.—Formerly I feared the world,—and the ridicule of the world;—though I should have had but the fear,—the fear of neglecting—my duties as a Christian.—I now resolve to accomplish them faithfully;—I resolve to live—according to the precepts—and maxims of Jesus Christ,—I resolve to live as a good Christian.

O Jesus, Mary, Joseph,—make me more and more worthy—of the noble name of Christian;—may I become,—by the aid of your powerful protection,—a respectful child of God,—obedient to the Church,—and faithful to my duties,—so that one day—I may have the happiness of thanking you,—and glorifying you—in that heavenly country—where God rewards those—who have served Him faithfully to the end.—Amen.

4. *The* Te Deum (see No. 271).
5. *Benediction.*
6. *A Hymn.*

III.—FEASTS

646. Of the Confraternity of the Holy Family.

JANUARY.
6. The Epiphany.

FEBRUARY.
2. The Purification of the Blessed Virgin Mary.

MARCH.
18. St. Gabriel the Archangel.
19. St. Joseph.

APRIL.
5. St. Juliana of Cornillon.
— Sunday which follows the 7th of April.
23. April.
4th Sunday—The Flight into Egypt.

MAY.
The Month of Mary.

JUNE.
29. SS. Peter and Paul.

JULY.
1st Sunday—The Feast-day of the Holy Family.
3d Sunday—The most Holy Redeemer.
26. St. Anne.

AUGUST.
15. The Assumption of the Blessed Virgin.
Sunday within the Octave: St. Joachim.
Sunday after the Octave: the most holy and immaculate Heart of Mary.

SEPTEMBER.
8. The Nativity of the Blessed Virgin.
14. The Exaltation of the Cross.
3d Sunday—The Seven Dolours of the Blessed Virgin.
29. St. Michael, Archangel.

OCTOBER.
2. The Holy Guardian Angels.

NOVEMBER.
1. All Saints.
2. All Souls.

DECEMBER.
8. The Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin.
25. Christmas.

MOVABLE FEASTS.

The Compassion of the Blessed Virgin. (Friday after Passion Sunday.)
Easter Sunday.

The Patronage of St. Joseph. (Third Sunday after Easter.)
Ascension Day.
Whit-Monday. (Feast of the Foundation of the Association.)
Corpus Christi.
The Sacred Heart of Jesus. (Friday after the Octave of Corpus Christi.)
The Feast of the Patron Saint of the place where the Confraternity is established.
The Feast of the Patron Saint of each Section. (For each section.)
The Feast of the annual Patron of each Member.

647. IV.—INDULGENCES.

A Plenary Indulgence is granted by His Holiness Pius the Ninth on *all the feasts* of the Archconfraternity of the Holy Family.

Also, I. On the day of the Solemn Consecration of the Members of the Holy Family.

II. On the day of the Procession of the Blessed Sacrament, for those who accompany it.

III. At the hour of death.

OBSERVATIONS.

1. Conditions for gaining these Indulgences.—1st. To be enrolled a member of the Holy Family. 2d. To have received the Sacraments of Penance and the holy Eucharist. 3d. To recite some prayers (viz., five Paters and Aves, &c.) for the intention of the Pope in the Church of the Association.

2. When the festivals fall on workdays, the Indulgence may be gained on the *following Sunday*.

Members prevented by sickness may gain the Indulgences without fulfilling all the above conditions.

3. These Indulgences may be applied to the souls in Purgatory.

An Indulgence of *one hundred days* is gained for:

1. Assisting at the meetings of the Holy Family.

2. For the performance of many good works practised in the Confraternity.

XXIV.—CONFRATERNITY OF THE MOST SACRED HEART OF JESUS.

648. Its Object, Conditions, and Advantages.

1. The Confraternity or Association in honour of the Sacred Heart of Jesus has for its object to revive continually and nourish in our souls the love of Jesus Christ, by the consideration of the excess of His love for us; and also to animate us to repair, as much as we can, the outrages committed daily against Him in the adorable Sacrament of the Altar.

2. For becoming a member of this Association, it is required that the name of the person should be registered in the book where the Association is kept.

3. The associates should be particularly careful and studious frequently to unite themselves in mind with the Sacred Heart of Jesus, by repeating acts of Faith, Hope, Charity, Contrition, &c., or any of the following prayers.

4. Every Friday, but especially the first Friday of each month, should be set aside, as a day of humiliation and atonement to Jesus Christ, for all the injuries and indignities whatsoever received by Him in the adorable Eucharist. On that day they should also perform some particular acts of devotion, such as the consecration, the reparation of honour, the Litany, &c.; or otherwise offer some small sacrifice,

viz., the gaining of some victory over their passions, the practising of self-denial, alms, deeds, or mortification.

5. All should, if they can conveniently do it, approach the holy Sacraments of Penance and the Eucharist on the Feast of the Sacred Heart, and then make the act of reparation, and with new fervour renew their consecration to the Divine Heart of our Saviour.

Two more yearly Communions are also strongly recommended, the one in behalf of the living, the other for the relief of the deceased, members of the Association.

6. Besides many other spiritual advantages—

I. A Plenary Indulgence may be gained by all the members—

On the day of admission into the Confraternity;

On the day of the feast of the Sacred Heart, or Sunday following;

On the first Friday or Sunday of every month;

On one day each month at the choice of the member;

At the hour of death, if the Most Holy Name of Jesus be invoked at least mentally.

The conditions to gain these Indulgences are—

1st. To recite daily and devoutly the Our Father, Hail Mary, the Creed, and following invocation:—

"O Sacred Heart of Jesus! I implore
That I may daily love Thee more and more."

2d. To go to Confession, receive Holy Communion, and pray for the intention of the Sovereign Pontiff.

II. None of the special prayers mentioned above, but only a visit to the Church of the Confraternity is required in order to gain the following *Plenary Indulgences*:—viz., on the feasts of the Immaculate Conception, Nativity, Annunciation, Purification and Assumption of Blessed Virgin Mary; on the feasts of St. Joseph, of SS. Peter and Paul, of St. John the Evangelist, of All Saints, of All Souls, of St. Gregory the Great (12th March); on the six Sundays or Fridays preceding the Feast of the Sacred Heart.

These Plenary Indulgences, as well as many partial ones conferred on the members, are all applicable to the souls in purgatory.

PROMISES

MADE BY OUR LORD JESUS CHRIST TO THE VENERABLE MARGARET MARY, IN FAVOUR OF THOSE WHO PRACTISE DEVOTION TO THE SACRED HEART.

1. I will give them all the graces necessary in their state of life.
2. I will preserve peace in their families.
3. I will console them in all their troubles.
4. I will be their secure refuge during life, and, above all, at the hour of death.
5. I will spread abundant benedictions on all their undertakings.
6. Sinners will find in My Heart the source and the ocean of infinite mercy.
7. Tepid souls shall become fervent.
8. Fervent souls will grow rapidly to great perfection.
9. I will bless the houses where the Image of My Sacred Heart shall be exposed and honoured.
10. I will give to priests the power of touching the most hardened hearts.
11. Persons who will spread this devotion will have their name written on My Heart, and it never shall be effaced from it.

649. An Act of Consecration to the Most Sacred Heart of Jesus.

To Thee, O Sacred Heart of Jesus, do I devote and offer up my life, my thoughts, words, actions, and sufferings. May my whole being be no longer employed but in loving, serving, and glorifying Thee. O Sacred Heart! be Thou henceforth the sole object of my love, the protector of my life, the pledge of my salvation, and my refuge at the hour of my death. Justify me, O blessed and adorable Heart! at the bar of divine justice, and screen me from the anger which my sins deserve. Imprint Thyself like a divine seal upon my heart, that I may never be separated from Thee. May my name also be ever engraven upon Thee, and may I ever be consecrated to Thy glory, ever burning with the flames of Thy love, and entirely penetrated with it for all eternity. This is all my desire, to live in Thee. One thing have I sought of the Lord, and this will I seek, that I may dwell in the Heart of my Lord all the days of my life. Amen.

An Indulgence of a hundred days, once a day, to those who shall make the following offering with a contrite heart:

"My loving Jesus, I give Thee my heart, and I consecrate myself wholly to Thee, out of the grateful love I bear Thee, and as a reparation for all my infidelities to grace; and with Thine aid I purpose never to sin again."

650. Another Short Act of Consecration.

I engage myself with all my heart, for all my life, to the confederation of love and of reparation formed in honour of the Sacred Heart of Jesus. I renew the sacred alliance which I contracted with Him in holy Baptism, and renouncing Satan anew, his pomps and all his works, I devote to the adorable Heart of my Divine Master, and of His most holy Mother, all that I am, and all that I have, for time and for eternity. Amen.

651. Offering before a Picture of the Sacred Heart.

My loving Jesus, I (N. N.) give Thee my heart; and I consecrate myself wholly to Thee out of the grateful love I bear Thee, and as a reparation for all my unfaithfulness to grace, and with Thine aid I purpose never to sin again.

Indulgence: One hundred days once a day. Plenary once a month if said daily.

652. Act of Reparation to the Most Sacred Heart of Jesus.

O Sacred Heart of Jesus! humbly prostrate before Thee, we come to renew our consecration, with the resolution of repairing, by an increase of love and fidelity towards Thee, all the outrages unceasingly offered Thee. We solemnly promise:

The more Thy mysteries are blasphemed,
The more firmly we shall believe them, O Sacred Heart of Jesus!

The more impiety endeavours to extinguish our hopes of immortality,
The more we shall trust in Thy Heart, sole hope of mortals!

The more hearts resist Thy Divine attractions,
The more we shall love Thee, O infinitely amiable Heart of Jesus!

The more Thy divinity shall be attacked,
The more we shall adore it, O divine Heart of Jesus!

The more Thy holy laws shall be forgotten and transgressed,
The more we shall observe them, O most holy Heart of Jesus!

The more Thy Sacraments shall be despised and abandoned,
The more we shall receive Thee with love and respect, O most liberal Heart of Jesus!

The more Thy adorable virtues shall be forgotten,

The more we shall endeavour to practise them, O Heart, model of every virtue!

The more the demon labours to destroy souls,

The more we shall be inflamed with desire to save them, O Heart of Jesus, zealous lover of souls!

The more pride and sensuality tend to destroy abnegation and love of duty,

The more generous we shall be in overcoming ourselves, O Heart of Jesus!

O Sacred Heart, give us so strong and powerful a grace that we may be Thy apostles in the midst of the world, and Thy crown in a happy eternity. Amen.

653. Another Short Act of Reparation to the Most Sacred Heart.

O merciful Jesus! ever present on our altars, and with a heart open to receive all who *labour and are burdened!* O adorable Heart, source of true contrition! impart to our hearts a true spirit of penance, and to our eyes a fountain of tears, that we may bewail and wash off our sins and those of the world. Pardon, Divine Jesus! all the injuries, reproaches, and outrages done Thee through the course of Thy holy life and bitter Passion. Pardon all the impieties, irreverences, and sacrileges which have been committed against Thee in the Sacrament of the Eucharist from its first institution.

Graciously receive the small tribute of our sincere repentance, as an agreeable offering in Thy sight, and in requital for the benefits we daily receive from the altar, where Thou art a living and continual sacrifice, and in union of that bloody holocaust Thou didst present to Thy Eternal Father on Mount Calvary from the Cross.

Sweet Jesus! give Thy blessing to the ardent desire we now entertain, and the holy resolution we have taken of ever loving and adoring Thee after a proper manner in the Sacrament of Love, the Eucharist; thus to repair, by a true conversion of heart and a becoming zeal for Thy glory, our past negligence and infidelity. Be Thou, O adorable Heart! who knowest the clay of which we are formed, be Thou our Mediator with Thy Heavenly Father, whom we have so grievously offended; strengthen our weakness, confirm our resolution, and with Thy charity, humility, meekness, and patience, cover the multitude of our iniquities; be Thou our support, our refuge, and our strength, that nothing henceforth in life or death may separate us from Thee. Amen.

654. Prayer to the Sacred Heart.

O God, who out of Thy immense love hast given to the faithful the most Sacred Heart of Thy Son, our Lord, as the object of their tender affection; grant, we beseech Thee, that we may so love and honour this pledge of Thy love on earth, as by it to merit the love both of Thee and of Thy gift, and be eternally loved by Thee and this most blessed Heart in heaven: through the same Jesus Christ, &c. Amen.

Through Thy Sacred Heart, O Jesus, overflowing with all sweetness, we recommend to Thee ourselves, and all our concerns, our friends, benefactors, parents, and relatives; our superiors and enemies; take under Thy protection this house, city, and kingdom; extend this Thy care to all such as are under any affliction, and to those who labour in the agony and pangs of death; cast an eye of compassion on the obstinate sinner, and more particularly on the poor suffering souls in purgatory; as also on those who are engaged and united with us in the holy confederacy of honouring and worshipping Thee. Bless these, in particular, O bountiful Jesus, and bless them according to the extent of Thy infinite goodness, mercy, and charity. Amen.

"O Sacred Heart of Jesus! I implore
That I may daily love Thee more and more."

655. Indulgenced Aspirations to the Sacred Heart, which the Faithful should be Invited to make at fixed times in the Day.

"May the sacred Heart of Jesus be everywhere loved"—*One hundred days each time.*

"Jesus, meek and humble of heart, make my heart like unto Thy Heart"—*Three hundred days each time.*

"Sacred Heart of Jesus, have mercy on us"—*One hundred days each time.*

"My Jesus, mercy!"—*One hundred days each time.*

656. The Prayer of St. Gertrude.

(A Morning Offering to the Sacred Heart of Jesus.)

Hail, O Sacred Heart of Jesus! living and quickening source of eternal life, infinite treasure of the divinity, burning furnace of divine love! Thou art my refuge and my sanctuary. O my amiable Saviour! consume my heart with that burning fire with which Thine is ever inflamed; pour down on my soul those graces which flow from Thy love, and let my heart be so united with Thine, that our wills may be one, and mine in all things conformable to Thine. May Thine be the standard and rule equally of my desires and of my actions. Amen.

657. A Prayer to Implore the Grace of Worthily receiving the Blessed Sacrament at the Hour of Death.

(To be said after Communion.)

Through Thy adorable Heart, I bless and praise Thee, my Lord and my God! for having so often admitted me to participate of the divine food of Thy precious Body and Blood, and comforted me with Thy sweet and blessed Presence in the most holy Sacrament of the Eucharist. May every creature celebrate Thy praise, O merciful and loving Redeemer! for having bequeathed to Thy children so inestimable a legacy. But lest, on account of my sins, Thou shouldst reject my praises, be pleased, O my God, to accept, in conjunction with them, the canticles of immaculate praise, which the choir of angels and blessed spirits incessantly sing forth to Thy glory.

Vouchsafe, O glorious Jesus! that after making a perfect act of contrition, and a sincere confession of my manifold sins, I may, at the hour of death, humbly adore and devoutly receive Thee present in the blessed Sacrament of the Altar, as a sweet viaticum for my support and comfort in my awful passage to eternity; and that, having obtained a full and complete pardon of all my sins, I may close the last scene of my mortal life in the true faith and communion of Thy Holy Catholic Church, and in perfect love and charity with all mankind. Amen. Sweet Jesus! Amen.

658. A Prayer for the Whole State of Christ's Church upon Earth, and all the Intentions of the Indulgence.

O Eternal Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, Creator of all things visible and invisible, source of all good, and infinitely gracious and bountiful; behold, I Thy poor servant, the work of Thy hands, redeemed by the Blood

of Thy only Son, come to present myself as a humble petitioner before the throne of Thy mercy.

I. *For the Sanctification and Exaltation of the Holy Catholic Church.*

I prostrate myself here before Thee, and most humbly beseech Thee to *sanctify Thy* own most holy *Name*, by *sanctifying* and *exalting Thy Holy Catholic Church* throughout the whole world. O Eternal King! who hast sent Thy only Son down from Thy throne above into this earth to establish Thy kingdom here amongst us, look down, we beseech Thee, upon this kingdom of Thy Son, and propagate it through all nations and through all hearts; sanctify it in all truth, maintain it in peace, unity, and holiness. Give to it saints for its rulers, its chief pastors, and all its other prelates; enlighten them all with heavenly wisdom, and make them all men according to Thine own heart. Give Thy grace and blessing to all the clergy, and send amongst them that heavenly fire, which Thy Son came *to cast on the earth*, and which He so earnestly desired should *be enkindled*. Assist and protect all apostolical missionaries, that they may zealously and effectually promote Thy glory and the salvation of souls redeemed by the Blood of Thy Son. Sanctify all religious men and women of all orders; give them the grace to serve Thee with all perfection, according to the spirit of their institute, and to shine like lights to the rest of the faithful. Have mercy on all Christian princes; grant them those lights and graces that are necessary for the perfect discharge of their duty to Thee and to their subjects, that they may be true servants to Thee, the King of kings, true fathers to their people and nursing fathers to Thy Church. Have mercy on all magistrates and men in power, that they may all fear Thee, love Thee, and serve Thee; and ever remember that they are Thy deputies and ministers of Thy justice. Have mercy on all Thy people throughout the world, and give Thy blessing to Thine inheritance. Remember Thy congregation which Thou hast possessed from the beginning; and give Thy grace to all Thy children here upon earth, that they may do Thy holy will in all things, even as the blessed do in heaven.

II. *For all those that are plunged in Infidelity.*

Extend Thy mercy also to *all poor infidels that sit in darkness and in the shadow of death;* to all those nations that know not Thee, and that have not yet received the faith and law of Thy Son, their Saviour; to all Pagans, Mahometans, and Jews. Remember, O Lord, that all those poor souls are made after Thy own image and likeness, and redeemed by the Blood of Thy Son. Oh, let not Satan any longer exercise his tyranny over these Thy creatures, to the great dishonour of Thy Name. Let not the precious Blood of Thy Son be shed for them in vain. Send among them zealous preachers and apostolic labourers, endued with the like graces and gifts as the Apostles were, and bless them with the like success, for the glory of Thy Name; that all these poor souls may be brought to know Thee, love Thee, and serve Thee here in Thy Church, and bless Thee hereafter for all eternity.

III. *For all the Victims of Error, Schism, and Heresy.*

Look down also with an eye of pity and compassion upon all those deluded souls who, under the name of Christians, have gone astray from the paths of truth and unity, and from the one fold of the one Shepherd, Thy only Son Jesus Christ, into the by-paths of *error, schism, and heresy.* Dispel their darkness by Thy heavenly light; take off the veil from before their eyes with which the common enemy has blindfolded them; let them see how they have been misguided by misapprehension and misrepresentations. Remove the prejudices of their education; take away from them the spirit of obstinacy,

pride, and self-conceit. Give them a humble and docile heart. Give them a strong desire of finding out the truth, and a strong grace to enable them to embrace it, in spite of all the opposition of the world, the flesh, and the devil. Let not these poor souls perish for whom Christ died! Let not Satan any longer possess these souls, which by their baptism were dedicated to Thee to be Thy eternal temple!

O Father of Lights and God of all Truth! purge the whole world from all errors, abuses, corruptions, and vices. Beat down the standard of Satan, and set up everywhere the standard of Christ. Abolish the reign of sin, and establish the kingdom of grace in all hearts. Let humility triumph over pride and ambition; charity over hatred, envy, and malice; purity and temperance over lust and excess, meekness over passion, and disinterestedness and poverty of spirit over covetousness and the love of this perishable world. Let the Gospel of Jesus Christ, both in its belief and practice, prevail throughout the whole universe.

IV. *For Peace among all Christian Princes.*

Grant to *us Thy peace*, O Lord! in the days of our mortality, even that peace which Thy Son bequeathed as a legacy to His disciples, a perpetual peace with Thee, a perpetual peace with one another, and a perpetual peace within ourselves. Grant that all Christian princes may love, cherish, and maintain an inviolable peace among themselves. Give them a right sense of the dreadful evils that attend on wars. Give them an everlasting horror of all that bloodshed, of the devastation and ruin of so many territories, of the innumerable sacrileges, and the eternal loss of so many thousand souls, as are the dismal consequences of war. Turn their hearts to another kind of warfare, teach them to fight for a heavenly kingdom.

V. *For the Destruction of Sin and Preservation from all Evils, and Blessing of God on all Mankind.*

Remove, O Lord, Thy wrath, which we have reason to apprehend, already hanging over our heads *for our sins*. Deliver all Christian people from the dreadful evil of mortal sin; make *all sinners* sensible of their misery, give them the grace of a sincere conversion to Thee, and a truly penitential spirit, and discharge them from all their bonds. Preserve all Christendom, and in particular this nation, from all the evils that threaten impenitent sinners, such as plagues, famines, earthquakes, fires, inundations, mortality of cattle, sudden and unprovided death, and Thy many other judgments here, and everlasting damnation hereafter. Comfort all that are under affliction, sickness, or violence, or pain; support all that are under temptation; reconcile all that are at variance; deliver all that are in slavery or captivity; defend all that are in danger; grant relief to all in their respective necessities; give a happy passage to all that are in their agony. Grant Thy blessing to our friends and benefactors, to all those for whom we are particularly bound to pray, and have mercy on all our enemies. Give eternal rest to all the faithful departed, and bring us all to everlasting life. Through Jesus Christ Thy Son. Amen.

XXV.—CONFRATERNITY OF THE MOST BLESSED SACRAMENT.

659. **Its Object, Conditions, and Advantages.**

The Object of this Association is threefold:

1. To constitute, as it were, the body-guard of Our Blessed Lord in His Divine Sacrament. He expects us to make ourselves worthy of Him by adoration, love, purity of heart, a holy life, and a continual attention to His

presence in the Most Holy Sacrament.

2. To contribute towards providing suitable adornments for the place where "His Glory dwelleth."

3. To assist each other by mutual prayers, good works, and especially by uniting, in heart at least, in the Divine Sacrifice which is offered up for the members.

Conditions of Membership.

1. To be duly enrolled.

2. To recite one Our Father and Hail Mary five times in the week, in honour of the Blessed Sacrament.

Spiritual Favours.

A Plenary Indulgence may be gained —1. On the day of admission, in the form of a jubilee.

2. The Friday after the Octave of Corpus Christi, or the third Sunday after Pentecost.

3. The same thrice during life.

4. For assisting at the procession on Corpus Christi.

5. To those who cannot assist at the procession, if they confess, communicate, and pray for the Pope's intentions.

6. At the hour of death, on invoking the Holy Name of Jesus.

There are also many Partial Indulgences, and especially one of seven years and seven quarantines, if, having confessed and communicated, they assist at the procession on the third Sunday of the month, or on Holy Thursday.

Duties of Members.

1. To attend all processions of the Blessed Sacrament in the dress of the Confraternity.

2. To attend the meeting on the third Sunday of each month, when an instruction is given by the director.

3. To watch before the Blessed Sacrament when it is exposed.

4. To receive the Holy Communion at least once a month, and especially on the third Sunday.

To assist at the Holy Sacrifice and Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament as often as possible.

5. To visit the members who are sick and dying, and to assist them by prayers and other good works.

6. To pay a monthly subscription of either 6d. or 1s. (The money thus collected is to be spent either in providing suitable adornments for the altar, or in Masses said for the living or deceased members of the Confraternity.)

The balance sheet of receipts and expenditure of the Association during the year should be read to the members at the meeting, held on the Sunday during the Octave of Corpus Christi.

8. Any one committing an act of public scandal, or neglecting the rules of Christian life, cannot be allowed to continue as a member of this Association; but in such instances the director will carefully examine and decide according to the merits of each case.

660. Devotions and Prayers to our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament.

The following acts may be read during the exposition of the *Most Holy Sacrament*, or at the daily visits, which the faithful should be exhorted to pay to our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament.

Act of Adoration.

Adorable Heart of Jesus, hypostatically united to the Eternal Word! ever present in the holy Eucharist, receive my homage, and the tribute of adoration which I here bring, prostrate at the feet of Thy glory.

Mayest Thou ever be reverenced and adored by all creatures; may the raising of hands, bending of knees, prostrations of body, practised in our devotions; may the prayers, vows, and sacrifices of Thy servants be ever agreeable and acceptable to Thee. May the angels in heaven ever adore Thee;

and may the hearts of all the faithful, especially that of the Most Blessed Virgin ever breathe out in Thy honour a most sweet odour and perfume of love, esteem, and respect.

Sweet Jesus! receive this act of adoration. May it be acceptable in Thy sight from my hands, and those of Thy servants, N., whom I particularly recommend to Thee. Amen.

"O Sacrament most holy! O Sacrament divine,
All praise and all thanksgiving be every moment Thine."

Indulgence: One Hundred days each time. Plenary once a month if said daily.

Act of Thanksgiving.

Most munificent Heart of Jesus, hypostatically united to the Eternal Word! ever present in the holy Eucharist, receive my homage and the tribute of thanksgiving which I here bring, prostrate at the throne of Thy bounty.

In the joy of my heart, I return Thee thanks for all Thy favours. Ye creatures of God! brought forth from nothingness; ye children of men! created, redeemed, and sanctified, praise and magnify your great Benefactor; but chiefly Thou, O Immaculate and most pure Virgin! preserved from all spot and blemish, enriched with the fulness of grace, exalted above the nine choirs of angels, and next in dignity to the throne of God, extol, praise, and glorify this munificent Dispenser of all good gifts. May Thy Name, O most bountiful God! be ever blessed; may Thou be ever praised, and may Thy bounty be ever glorified.

Sweet Jesus! receive Thou my thanks. May they be acceptable in Thy sight from my hands, and those of Thy servants, N., whom I particularly recommend to Thee. Amen.

"O Sacrament most holy! O Sacrament divine,
All praise and all thanksgiving be every moment Thine."

Act of Love.

Most amiable Heart of Jesus, hypostatically united to the Eternal Word! ever present in the holy Eucharist, receive my homage and the tribute of love which I here pay, prostrate at the throne of Thy charity.

Be Thou ever, O Sacred Heart! obeyed and loved by all creatures, even as man is always cherished and loved by Thee. Thou hast settled Thy affections upon him, and with him Thou hast ever desired to dwell. Oh that I could love Thee as Thou deservest, and as Thou art loved by the angels and saints in heaven; at least with a love, if not corresponding to Thy favours, equal, however, in some measure to the greatness of the obligations I lie under. Ye cherubim and seraphim! ye thrice happy citizens of the heavenly Jerusalem! and principally thou, O most pure Virgin Mother! supply by Thy love whatever is wanting to mine. May Thy goodness, O Jesus! be ever praised, magnified, and exalted; mayest Thou ever reign as King, Lord, and Sovereign over all men; and may Thy amiable Heart draw all hearts to Thee.

Sweet Jesus! receive this act of love. May it be acceptable in Thy sight from my hand and those of Thy servants, N., whom I particularly recommend to Thee. Amen.

"O Sacrament most holy! O Sacrament divine,
All praise and all thanksgiving be every moment Thine."

Act of Atonement for Sin.

Most compassionate Heart of Jesus, hypostatically united to the Eternal Word! ever present in the holy Eucharist, receive my homage and the tribute of atonement for sin which I here pay, prostrate at the throne of Thy justice.

What have we hitherto been doing, O my God? Thou hast bestowed on us most signal favours, even to the surprise of Heaven itself, and these without any merit on our part, even while we offended Thee; and as Thou

lovest us beyond measure, so without measure Thou continually heapest Thy blessings upon us. For all these what return have we made? what ingratitude have we not shown? O God of pity and compassion! cast the eye of Thy mercy on our present repentance, or rather look not on us, look on the blessed spirits of Thy heavenly court, and especially on the ever-faithful Virgin; look on Thy devout servants, who always obey Thy commands, hearken to Thy inspirations, and follow Thy directions. These will intercede with Thee on our behalf; these will atone for our sins, plead our cause, and obtain pardon for past neglects; these will keep us firm and unalterable in our present purpose and resolution of loving and serving Thee more fervently hereafter.

Sweet Jesus! receive this act of atonement for sin. May it be acceptable in Thy sight from my hands and those of Thy servants, N., whom I particularly recommend to Thee. Amen.

"O Sacrament most holy! O Sacrament divine!
All praise and all thanksgiving be every moment Thine."

Act of Petition.

Most bountiful Heart of Jesus, hypostatically united to the Eternal Word! ever present in the holy Eucharist, receive my homage and the tribute of prayer which I here offer, prostrate at the throne of Thy mercy.

To whom, O my God! can I address my petition with equal confidence?

Thy care watched over me from all eternity; in time Thy indulgence drew me out of my non-existence; Thy goodness preserves me every moment of my life; and Thy munificence supports, feeds, and nourishes me. But still, my Lord and Creator! I am environed with a world of enemies, who continually disturb the quiet and peace of my mind interiorly, and exteriorly assault my weakness with violence. I am tempted to cry out a thousand times in the day, *Save me, O Lord, I perish.* Open, then, a sanctuary into which I may retire, a refuge where I may be covered against the attacks of my enemies, a harbour where, after escaping from the tempestuous waves, I may repose.

Thou hast granted the Sacred Heart of Jesus unto us, and in it Thy servants have found all these advantages. Give me, then, in it a distinguished place, a holy and a safe retreat. Thou, O Virgin Mother! enforce my petition by Thy powerful mediation.

Sweet Jesus! receive this my prayer. May it be acceptable in Thy sight from my hands and from those of Thy servants, N., whom I particularly recommend to Thee. Amen.

"O Sacrament most holy! O Sacrament divine!
All praise and all thanksgiving be every moment Thine."

661. Act of Spiritual Communion.

My Jesus, I believe that Thou art truly present in the most holy Sacrament. I adore Thee; I am sorry that I have offended Thee, I love Thee. Come to my poor soul. Unite Thyself to me . . ✠ . . I thank Thee, my Jesus. Oh never, never leave me.

662. Prayer of St. Thomas Aquinas.

Soul of Christ, sanctify me.
Body of Christ, save me.
Blood of Christ, inebriate me.
Water from the side of Christ, wash me.
Passion of Christ, strengthen me.
O good Jesus, hear me.
Hide me within Thy wounds.
Suffer me not to be separated from Thee.
Defend me from the malignant enemy.
In the hour of my death, call me and bid me come to Thee, that with Thy angels and saints I may praise Thee for all eternity.

Indulgence: Three hundred days each time.

663. Act of Reparation to the Five Sacred Wounds of Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament.

1. I adore Thee profoundly in Thy holy Sacrament, O my Jesus; I acknowledge Thee here present as true God and true man; and I intend by this act of adoration to make amends for my coldness and the coldness of so many Christians, who pass before Thy churches, nay, sometimes before Thy tabernacle, where Thou deignest to dwell at all hours in a loving impatience to communicate Thyself to Thy faithful, and yet never so much as salute Thee, and by their indifference show themselves to be like the Jews in the desert, sick of this heavenly manna; and I offer Thee the most Precious Blood which Thou didst shed from the wound of Thy left foot in reparation for such hateful coldness, within which Sacred Wound I would repeat a thousand and a thousand times:

V. Blessed and praised every moment,

R. Be the most holy and most divine Sacrament.

Our Father. Hail Mary.
Glory be to the Father.

2. I adore Thee profoundly, O my Jesus; I acknowledge Thee here present in the most holy Sacrament; and I intend by this act of adoration to make amends for my ingratitude and the ingratitude of so many Christians, who see Thee carried to the poor sick, to be their comfort in the great journey of eternity, and yet leave Thee without escort, and scarcely deign to make an act of outward adoration to Thee; and I offer Thee, in reparation for such coldness, the most Precious Blood which Thou didst shed from the wound of Thy right foot, within which Sacred Wound I would repeat a thousand and a thousand times—

V. Blessed and praised every moment,

R. Be the most holy and most divine Sacrament.

Our Father. Hail Mary.
Glory be to the Father.

3. I adore Thee profoundly, O my Jesus, true Bread of Eternal life; and I intend by this adoration to make compensation to Thee for the many wounds which Thy Sacred Heart daily suffers in the profanation of churches, where Thou condescendest to dwell under the sacramental species, to receive the love and adoration of Thy faithful; and I offer Thee, in reparation for all these irreverences and my irreverences, the most Precious Blood which Thou didst shed from the wound of Thy left hand, within which Sacred Wound I would repeat a thousand and a thousand times—

V. Blessed and praised every moment,

R. Be the most holy and most divine Sacrament!

Our Father. Hail Mary.
Glory be to the Father.

4. I adore Thee profoundly, O my Jesus, Living Bread come down from heaven; and by this act of adoration I intend to make amends for my irreverences and the many irreverences which are daily committed by Thy people when assisting at the holy Mass, in which, through excess of love, Thou renewest the same sacrifice, though bloodless, which Thou hast already accomplished on Calvary for our salvation; and I offer Thee, in reparation for such great ingratitude, the most Precious Blood which Thou didst shed from the wound of Thy right hand, within which Sacred Wound I unite my voice to those of the holy angels, who gather devoutly round Thee, and would say with them a thousand and a thousand times:

V. Blessed and praised every moment,

R. Be the most holy and most divine Sacrament!

Our Father. Hail Mary.
Glory be to the Father.

5. I adore Thee profoundly, O my Jesus, true Victim of expiation for our sins, and I offer Thee this act of adora-

tion in compensation for the sacrilegious outrages which Thou receivest from so many ungrateful Christians, who dare to approach and receive Thee in the Holy Communion with mortal sin upon their souls. In reparation for such abominable sacrileges, and for all the pain I have caused Thy Sacred Heart, I offer Thee the last drops of Thy most Precious Blood, which Thou didst shed from the wound of Thy Sacred Heart, within which Sacred Wound I come to adore Thee, to bless Thee, and to love Thee, and would repeat with all the souls devoted to the most holy Sacrament a thousand and a thousand times—

V. Blessed and praised every moment,

R. Be the most holy and most divine Sacrament!

Our Father. Hail Mary.
Glory be to the Father.

Tantum ergo sacramentum, &c.

Indulgence: Three hundred days for every recital, applicable to the souls in purgatory.

"Eternal Father! I offer Thee the Precious Blood of Jesus in satisfaction for my sins, and for the wants of Thy Holy Church"—*Indulgence: One hundred days each time.*

664. At the Benediction of the Most Holy Sacrament.

When the Priest gives the Benediction with the Blessed Sacrament, bow down and profoundly adore your Saviour with fervent sentiments of adoration and of charity, imploring His mercy and blessing. You may finish by saying:

O my Lord and my God! teach me to love and to serve Thee! to praise and to adore Thee! in time, and in eternity.

XXVI.—DEVOTIONS TO THE PASSION AND AGONY OF JESUS.

665. Pious Meditations on the Passion.

O Lord Jesus Christ, I adore Thee hanging on the Cross, and bearing the crown of thorns on Thy head, I beseech Thee that Thy Cross may deliver me from the smiting Angel. Amen.

Our Father. Hail Mary.

O Lord Jesus Christ, I adore Thee wounded on the Cross, drenched with vinegar and gall: I beseech Thee that Thy wounds may be the remedy of my soul. Amen.

Our Father. Hail Mary.

O Lord Jesus Christ, through that sorrow Thou didst suffer for me a sinner on the Cross, particularly in that hour when Thy most noble soul went forth from Thy blessed body: I beseech Thee have mercy on my soul at its departure, and bring it to eternal life. Amen.

Our Father. Hail Mary.

O Lord Jesus Christ, I adore Thee descending into that part of hell called Limbo, and freeing the captive souls; I beseech Thee never to permit me to descend into hell. Amen.

Our Father. Hail Mary.

O Lord Jesus Christ, I adore Thee rising from the dead, ascending to heaven, and sitting at the right hand of the Father. I beseech Thee bring me thither, and may I deserve to be presented by Thee to the Eternal Father. Amen.

Our Father. Hail Mary.

O Lord Jesus Christ, the Good Shepherd, preserve the just, justify sinners, have mercy on all the faithful, and be propitious to me a sinner. Amen.

Our Father. Hail Mary.

O Lord Jesus Christ, I adore Thee placed in the sepulchre, embalmed with myrrh and sweet spices: I beseech Thee that Thy death may be my life. Amen.

Our Father. Hail Mary.

Praise be to God, and to the Blessed Virgin Mary, and to all the Saints.
℟. Amen.

666. Red Scapular of the Passion.

N.B.—Among other devotions to the Passion of our Lord prominently comes that of the "Red Scapular." The faithful must be invested with it by a priest having the faculty. Though no special prayer is strictly required, yet it is good to say daily five Our Fathers and five Hail Marys, in honour of the five Bleeding Wounds of Christ crucified, with the invocation: "*Holy Passion of our Lord Jesus Christ, save us*"; "*Sacred Hearts of Jesus and Mary, protect us.*" A Plenary Indulgence may be gained by those who wear the Scapular: 1st, on the day of admission; 2d, every Friday during the year if the Sacraments are received and the Passion meditated upon; and 3d, at the hour of death if the name of Jesus is at least mentally pronounced.

667. Litany for a Happy Death.

O Lord Jesus, God of goodness and Father of mercies, I approach to Thee with a contrite and humble heart; to Thee I recommend the last hour of my life, and the decision of my eternal doom.

When my feet, benumbed with death, shall admonish me that my mortal course is drawing to an end, *merciful Jesus, have mercy on me.*

When my eyes, dim and troubled at the approach of death, shall fix themselves on Thee, my last and only support, *merciful Jesus, have mercy on me.*

When my face, pale and livid, shall inspire the beholders with pity and dismay; when my hair, bathed in the sweat of death, and stiffening on my head, shall forebode my approaching end, *merciful Jesus, have mercy on me.*

When my ears, soon to be for ever shut to the discourse of men, shall be open to hear the irrevocable decree which is to cut me off from the number of the living, *merciful Jesus, have mercy on me.*

When my imagination, agitated by dreadful spectres, shall be sunk in an abyss of anguish; when my soul, affrighted with the sight of my iniquities and terrors of Thy judgments, shall have to fight against the angel of darkness, who will endeavour to conceal Thy mercies from my eyes, and to plunge me into despair, *merciful Jesus, have mercy on me.*

When my poor heart, exhausted by its frequent struggles, shall feel the pangs of death, *merciful Jesus, have mercy on me.*

When the last tear, the forerunner of my dissolution, shall drop from my eyes, receive it as a sacrifice of expiation for my sins; grant that I may expire the victim of penance, and in that dreadful moment, *merciful Jesus, have mercy on me.*

When my friends and relations, encircling my bed, shall shed the tear of pity over me, and invoke Thy clemency in my behalf, *merciful Jesus, have mercy on me.*

When I shall have lost the use of my senses; when the world shall have vanished from my sight; when my agonising soul shall feel the sorrows of death, *merciful Jesus, have mercy on me.*

When my last sigh shall summon my soul to burst from the embraces of the body, and to spring to Thee on the wings of impatience and desire, *merciful Jesus, have mercy on me.*

When my soul, trembling on my lips, shall bid adieu to the world, and leave

my body lifeless, pale, and cold, receive this separation as a homage which I willingly pay to Thy Divine Majesty, and in that last moment of my mortal life, *merciful Jesus, have mercy on me.*

When at length my soul, admitted to Thy presence, shall first behold with terror Thy awful Majesty, reject me not, but receive me into Thy bosom, where I may for ever sing Thy praises, and in that moment, when eternity shall begin to me, *merciful Jesus, have mercy on me.*

Let us pray.

O God, who hast doomed all men to die, but hast concealed from all the hour of their death, grant that I may pass my days in the practice of holiness and justice, and that I may deserve to quit this world in the peace of a good conscience, and in the embraces of Thy love: through Christ our Lord. Amen.

Indulgence of three hundred days each time three Our Fathers *are said in honour of the Passion and Agony of Jesus, and three* Aves *in memory of Mary compassionating her Son's agony for the faithful in their agony. Plenary once a month if said daily.*

668. Prayer to the Agonising Heart of Jesus for those now in their Agony, and are this day to Die.

"O most merciful Jesus, Lover of souls, I pray Thee, by the agony of Thy most Sacred Heart, and by the sorrows of Thine Immaculate Mother, cleanse in Thine own Blood the sinners of the whole world, who are now in their agony, and are to die this day. Amen.

"Heart of Jesus once in agony, pity the dying!"

Indulgence: One hundred days each time. Plenary once a month if said daily three times at distant intervals.

Indulgence of three hundred days, once a day, for saying three Hail Marys, *with the versicle each time. Plenary once a month.*

"Holy Mother, pierce me through,
In my heart each wound renew
Of my Saviour crucified."

XXVII.—CONFRATERNITY OF THE SERVANTS OF THE HOLY GHOST.

669. Its Object, Obligations, and Advantages.

Our Holy Father Leo XIII., by a Rescript dated March 10th, 1878, approved and indulgenced this Confraternity.

(1.) He graciously sanctioned the name of the society, "The Confraternity of the Servants of the Holy Ghost."

(2.) He granted the following Indulgences:

a. Plenary—

1. On the day of enrolment.
2. At the hour of death, on invoking the Holy Ghost.
3. On Whit Sunday.
4. On the Feast of the Annunciation of Our Lady.

b. Partial—

"—on years on every day in the Octave of Pentecost.

2. One hundred days to all the members who say the Angelic Salutation three times every day, and seek for the patronage of the Mother of God.

3. One hundred days to all the members who attend the monthly meetings.

(3.) On April 6th, 1879, he raised the Confraternity to be an Archconfraternity; and on June 5th, 1879, the Archconfraternity was canonically erected in the Church of St. Mary of the Angels, Bayswater, by the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster.

(4.) Confraternities of the Servants of the Holy Ghost can now be erected anywhere throughout the world by all Bishops. They can also be aggregated to the Archconfraternity, so as to share in all spiritual graces and indulgences, on the application of the Rector of the Confraternity, with a certificate signed by the Bishop, saying that the Confraternity has been canonically erected, that he approves of its object, and that he wishes it to be aggregated to our Archconfraternity.

The only obligation is to be enrolled.

(5.) The object of this Society is to spread childlike affection for the Third Person of the Blessed Trinity further and further, to increase it, and so to bring about the growth of a more intense love for Him who is the Fountain of truth and holiness, the author of the supernatural life in us, and in every way the most loving Giver of grace both to the innocent and to penitents.

670. Act of Oblation to the Holy Ghost to be made Daily by His Servants.

On my knees, before the great cloud of witnesses, I offer myself, soul and body, to Thee, Eternal Spirit of God. I adore the brightness of Thy purity, the unerring keenness of Thy justice, and the might of Thy love. Thou art the strength and the light of my soul. In Thee I live and move and am. I desire never to grieve Thee by unfaithfulness to grace; and I pray with all my heart to be kept from the smallest sin against Thee. Make me faithful in every thought: and grant that I may always listen to Thy voice, and watch for Thy light, and follow Thy gracious inspirations. I cling to Thee, and give myself to Thee, and ask Thee by Thy compassion to watch over me in my weakness. Holding the pierced Feet of Jesus, and looking at His Five Wounds, and trusting to His Precious Blood, and adoring His opened Side and stricken Heart, I implore Thee, Adorable Spirit, helper of my infirmity, so to keep me in Thy grace that I may never sin against Thee with the sin which Thou canst not forgive. Give me grace, O Holy Ghost, Spirit of the Father and the Son, to say to Thee, always and everywhere, "Speak, Lord, for Thy servant heareth."

671. A Short Supplication to Obtain the Help of the Holy Ghost.

Grant, O merciful Father, that Thy Divine Spirit may enlighten, inflame, and cleanse our hearts; that He may penetrate us with His heavenly dew, and make us fruitful in good works. Through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

The Veni Creator or *the sequence,* Veni Sancte.

Indulgence: One hundred days each time. Plenary once a month.

(See "Little Handbook of the Archconfraternity," by Father Rawes, D.D. Burns and Oates.)

XXVIII.—CONFRATERNITY OF THE MOST HOLY ROSARY.

672. Its Institution, Object, Obligations, and Advantages.

1. Founded by St. Dominic at the request of Our Lady herself, this holy Confraternity is the most ancient and universal in the Catholic Church.

2. The names of the faithful who join it have to be registered at a Dominican church, or any other place where the Confraternity has been duly established.

3. The members undertake to say the entire Rosary of fifteen decades in the course of each week; meditating at the same time on some of the mysteries of the Incarnation, Life, Passion, Risen Glory, and Virtues of our Lord.

4. The Rosary is the Gospel meditated, the sweetest hymn of praise to Jesus and Mary, the daily companion of the learned and of the unlearned, the instructor of the child in the mysteries of religion, the consoler of the afflicted, the treasure of the poor, the monitor of the rich, the comfort of the missionary, the prayer of the religious, the crown of the martyr. Clothed with their white scapulars, the members of this holy Confraternity form the majestic army of the Queen of Heaven.

5. The principal Indulgences that the Rosarians may gain are—

Plenary:—(1.) On the day of admission. (2.) On the first Sunday of every month. (3.) On all the feasts of the Blessed Virgin, and particularly on that of the Holy Rosary. (4.) On the following festivals of our Lord—Easter, Ascension, Pentecost, Corpus Christi, Christmas. (5.) On the feast of the local patron Saint. (6.) On the Sunday within the octave of the Nativity of our Lord. (7.) On two Fridays in Lent at the choice of the associates. (8.) At the hour of death.

There are also many *Partial Indulgences* attached to this beautiful and most holy devotion.

N.B.—To gain all these Indulgences, it is of absolute necessity that—1st, one should be enrolled on the register of the Confraternity; and 2d, that the Rosary used be blessed by a religious of the Dominican order, or a priest having received faculties from the Sovereign Pontiff, or from the General of the order of St. Dominic.

6. The Rosary is composed of three times five Decades, preceded by the "Creed," the "Our Father," and three "Hail Marys;" a Decade is composed of one "Our Father," ten "Hail Marys," and "Glory be to the Father," &c.

The "Creed" is said on the cross, the "Our Fathers" on the large beads, the "Hail Marys" on the small ones, and the "Glory be to the Father" on the chain at the end of each Decade.

673. Mysteries to be Meditated upon and Virtues to be obtained through the pious Recitation of the Holy Rosary.

The following table gives the names of the mysteries, as taught by Our Lady, and the corresponding virtue as suggested by the Blessed Alanus and the Venerable de Montfort.

Joyful Mysteries—Spirit of Holy Joy.

1. Annunciation . .	Humility.
2. Visitation . . .	Fraternal Charity, viz., Works of Mercy.
3. Nativity . . .	Spirit of Poverty, as opposed to Avarice.
4. Presentation . .	Obedience.
5. Jesus with the Doctors	Love of Jesus and of His holy Service.

Sorrowful Mysteries—Spirit of Compassion and Contrition.

1. Agony . . .	Fervour in Prayer and Sorrow for Sin.
2. Scourging . . .	Penance as opposed to Dissipation, Gluttony, Intemperance, and Impurity.
3. Crowning with Thorns	Moral Courage as opposed to the fear of man.
4. Carriage of Cross .	Patience.
5. Crucifixion . .	Self-Sacrifice for God and our neighbour.

Glorious Mysteries—Spirit of Faith and Union with God.

1. Resurrection . .	Faith.
2. Ascension . . .	Hope.
3. Descent of Holy Ghost	Zeal for souls.
4. Assumption . .	Filial devotion to Mary.
5. Coronation of B. V. M.	Perseverance.

674. Pious Method of Reciting the Rosary.

Prayer to be said before reciting it.

I unite myself to all the saints who are in heaven, to all the just who are on the earth, to all the faithful souls who are in this place. I unite myself to Thee, my Jesus, to praise worthily Thy most Holy Mother, and to praise Thee in her and with her. I offer up this Rosary for all who have ever asked my prayers, for all whom I have neglected or scandalised, and for all benefactors living and deceased.

I renounce all the distractions which may come to me during this holy Rosary, which I wish to say with modesty, attention, and devotion, as if it were the last of my life.

In the Name ✠ of the Father, &c.

Let us offer up this "Creed" to the most holy Trinity in thanksgiving for the gift of holy faith; and this "Our Father," and these three "Hail Marys," to thank the three Divine Persons for the privileges conferred on Our Lady, begging at the same time an increase of Faith, Hope, and Charity.

Credo. Pater. Three Aves.

THE FIVE JOYFUL MYSTERIES.

Spirit of Holy Joy.

Assigned for Mondays and Thursdays throughout the year, the Sundays in Advent, and after Epiphany till Lent.

1. *The Annunciation.*

Let us offer up this decade to our Lord Jesus Christ in honour of His Incarnation in the womb of Mary; and ask of Him in this mystery, through her intercession, a profound humility. Amen.

Hail, thou Virgin-Mother
Of our Lord and King!
From the angel's Ave
All our blessings spring.

Pater. Ten Aves. Gloria.

2. *The Visitation.*

Let us offer up this decade to our Lord Jesus Christ in honour of the Visitation of His most holy Mother to her cousin St. Elizabeth, and the sanctification of St. John Baptist; and ask of Him in this mystery, through her intercession, charity towards our neighbour. Amen.

By thy loving visit
To thy cousin dear,
Our cold hearts inflame with
Charity sincere.

Pater. Ten Aves. Gloria.

3. *The Nativity.*

Let us offer up this decade to our Lord Jesus Christ in honour of His Nativity in the stable of Bethlehem; and ask of Him in this mystery, through the intercession of His most holy Mother, detachment from the things of earth, contempt of riches, and love of poverty. Amen.

See the God of heaven,
In a manger laid;
To be poor like Jesus,
Who should be afraid?

Pater. Ten Aves. Gloria.

4. *The Presentation.*

Let us offer up this decade to our Lord Jesus Christ in honour of His Presentation in the Temple, and the Purification of Mary; and ask of Him in this mystery, through her intercession, the spirit of obedience. Amen.

Jesus is presented
By His Mother blest,
Simeon in rapture
Clasps Him to his breast.

Pater. Ten Aves. Gloria.

5. *Jesus with the Doctors.*

Let us offer up this decade to our Lord Jesus Christ in honour of His being with the doctors in the Temple, listening to them and replying; and ask of Him in this mystery, through the intercession of His most holy Mother, the love of God and of His holy service. Amen.

Mary in the Temple
Finds her dear lost Child,
Like her let us seek Him,
Wisdom undefiled.

Pater. Ten Aves. Gloria.

Salve Regina, *see No.* 631.

V. Queen of the most holy Rosary, pray for us.

R. That we may be made worthy of the promises of Christ.

Let us pray.

O God, whose only-begotten Son, by His life, death, and resurrection, hath purchased for us the rewards of eternal life; grant, we beseech Thee, that, meditating upon these mysteries in the most holy Rosary of the Blessed Virgin Mary, we may imitate what they contain and obtain what they promise, through the same Christ our Lord. Amen.

V. May the Divine assistance remain always with us.

R. Amen.

V. May the souls of the faithful departed, through the mercy of God, rest in peace.

R. Amen.

THE FIVE SORROWFUL MYSTERIES.

Spirit of Compassion and Contrition.

For Tuesdays and Fridays throughout the year, and the Sundays in Lent.

1. *The Agony in the Garden.*

Let us offer up this decade to our Lord Jesus Christ in honour of His mortal Agony in the Garden of Olives, and ask of Him in this mystery, through the intercession of His most holy Mother, the Spirit of prayer. Amen.

In the garden prostrate lying,
For my sins in anguish sighing,
Jesus bleeds at every pore.

Pater. Ten Aves. Gloria.

2. *The Scourging at the Pillar.*

Let us offer up this decade to our Lord Jesus Christ in honour of His Bloody Scourging, and ask of Him in this mystery, through the intercession of His most holy Mother, the Spirit of penance and mortification of our senses. Amen.

On His back now falls their scourges,
Lash on lash their hatred urges;
For me five thousand stripes He bore.

Pater. Ten Aves. Gloria.

3. *The Crowning with Thorns.*

Let us offer up this decade to our Lord Jesus Christ in honour of His crowning with thorns; and ask of Him in this mystery, through the intercession of His most holy Mother, an invincible fortitude against the vain judgments of the world. Amen.

With a wreath of thorns they crowned Him,
And a purple robe threw round Him,
For sceptre handing Him a reed.

Pater. Ten Aves. Gloria.

4. *The Carriage of the Cross.*

Let us offer up this decade to our Lord Jesus Christ in honour of His Carriage of the Cross, and ask of Him in this mystery, through the intercession of His most holy Mother, Patience in bearing our crosses. Amen.

Jesus, with His cross now loaded,
Through Jerusalem is goaded;
Simeon helps Him in His need.

Pater. Ten Aves. Gloria.

5. *The Crucifixion.*

Let us offer up this decade to our Lord Jesus Christ in honour of His Crucifixion and death on Calvary; and ask of Him in this mystery, through the intercession of His most holy Mother, the Spirit of self-sacrifice for God and for our neighbour. Amen.

On the cross, with blood all streaming.
Jesus hangs, the world redeeming:
Bleeds and dies for guilty man.

Pater. Ten Aves. Gloria.

Salve Regina, *&c., same as at the end of the Joyful Mysteries.*

THE FIVE GLORIOUS MYSTERIES.

Spirit of Faith and Union with God.

For Wednesdays and Saturdays throughout the year, and the Sundays from Easter till Advent.

1. *The Resurrection.*

Let us offer up this decade to our Lord Jesus Christ in honour of His glorious Resurrection; and ask of Him in this mystery, through the intercession of His most holy Mother, a Spirit of lively Faith. Amen.

The Lord is truly risen,
Acknowledge Him thy King;
Proclaim His glorious triumph,
And Alleluia sing.

Pater. Ten Aves. Gloria.

2. *The Ascension.*

Let us offer up this decade to our Lord Jesus Christ in honour of His triumphant Ascension, and ask of Him in this mystery, through the intercession of His most holy Mother, the virtue of hope, and an ardent desire for heaven, our true home. Amen.

Amid Angelic choirs
And Saints of every land,
Jesus ascends to heaven,
Our God at God's right hand.

Pater. Ten Aves. Gloria.

3. *The Descent of the Holy Ghost.*

Let us offer up this decade to our Lord Jesus Christ in honour of the mystery of Pentecost, and ask of Him in this mystery, through the intercession of His most holy Mother, sincere zeal for souls. Amen.

Thou who in tongues of fire
Didst on the Apostles rest,
Enkindle, Holy Spirit,
Thy love within my breast.

Pater. Ten Aves. Gloria.

4. *The Assumption of the Blessed Virgin.*

Let us offer up this decade to our Lord Jesus Christ in honour of the triumphant Assumption of His holy Mother into heaven, and ask of Him in this mystery, through her intercession, a tender devotion for so good a Mother. Amen.

Who, from the vale of tears,
Now soars above the sky?
'Tis Mary, Queen of Heaven,
Mother of God Most High.

Pater. Ten Aves. Gloria.

5. The Coronation of the B. V.

Let us offer up this decade to our Lord Jesus Christ in honour of the Coronation of His most holy Mother, and ask of Him in this mystery, through her intercession, perseverance in grace, and the crown of eternal glory hereafter. Amen.

The roses on thy crown
The stars and sun outshine:
Yet wilt thou, gracious Lady,
Accept this wreath of mine?

Pater. Ten Aves. Gloria.

Salve Regina, *&c., same as at the end of the Joyful Mysteries.*

Prayer to be said after reciting it:

Hear, O merciful God, the prayer of Thy servants; that we who meet together in the society of the most holy Rosary of the Blessed Virgin, Mother of God, may, through her intercession, be delivered by Thee from the dangers that continually hang over us; through the merits of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. Amen.

XXIX.—CONFRATERNITY OF THE BROWN SCAPULAR OF OUR LADY OF MOUNT CARMEL.

675. Its Institution, Obligations, and Advantages.

Revealed by our Lady herself first to St. Simon Stock at Cambridge, in England, on the 16th of July 1251; and, half a century afterwards, to the Sovereign Pontiff, John XXII., this devotion has received a most solemn approbation from many Sovereign Pontiffs, and has been enriched with a large number of Indulgences, either *plenary* or *partial*. The principal Plenary Indulgences may be gained—on the day of reception; on the Feast of our Lady of Mount Carmel (16th of July), or Sunday following; on the Feasts of the Immaculate Conception, Nativity, Presentation, Annunciation, Visitation, Purification, and Assumption of Blessed Virgin Mary; on the Feast of St. Joseph, St. Simon Stock (16th of May), St. Anne, St. Michael, St. Teresa; on every Wednesday of the year, and at the hour of death. The only conditions required for gaining these Indulgences are—1st, to be duly invested with the scapular, and, 2d, to wear it constantly night and day. The seven "Our Fathers" and seven "Hail Marys," which the priest may choose to enjoin, instead of the recitation of the Little Office of the Blessed Virgin, or the Abstinence on Wednesdays, are only obligatory for gaining the Sabbatine indulgence. The following are the words of Our Lady to St. Simon Stock:—"Receive, dear son, this scapular for thy order, as a token of the privilege I have obtained for thee and all the children of Carmel. He who will die in this habit shall be delivered from eternal flames. It is a sign of salvation, a safeguard against dangers, and a pledge of peace and of my special protection." The Sabbatine Indulgence consists in the fulfilment of the promise Our Lady made to John XXII. to extend her protection to the souls of the deceased members of this Confraternity, and to deliver them from purgatory the first Saturday after their death (*Sabbato post eorum obitum*).

XXX.—BLUE SCAPULAR OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN MARY.

676. Its Institution, Obligations, and Advantages.

Instituted in honour of this most glorious privilege of Our Lady, and in order to obtain the reform of manners and the return of sinners to God, this devotion is one of the richest of Holy Church.

The associate can, besides many Partial Indulgences, gain a Plenary one:—On the day of reception; on the first Sunday of each month; every Saturday

during Lent; on Passion Sunday and Friday following—on Wednesday, Thursday and Friday in Holy Week; on the Feasts of Christmas, Easter, Ascension, Pentecost, Trinity, Finding and Exaltation of Holy Cross; on the Feasts of the Immaculate Conception, Nativity, Annunciation, Purification, and Assumption of Blessed Virgin Mary; on the 2d of August, Our Lady of Angels; on the Feasts of All Saints, St. Joseph, St. Michael, Holy Guardian Angels, Nativity of St. John Baptist, the Holy Apostles Peter and Paul, St. Augustin, St. Teresa, &c.; during the Forty Hours' Exposition (once a year); during a retreat (once a year); one day in the year; at the hour of death, &c.

Moreover, by a special and most authentic favour from the Holy See, those who wear this holy scapular can, by reciting six "Our Fathers," six "Hail Marys," and six times "Glory be to the Father," in honour of the Most Blessed Trinity, of the Immaculate Conception, and for the intentions of the Church, gain *each time*, without Confession and Communion, all the Indulgences granted to those who visit the seven basilicas of Rome, the Church of Portiuncula at Assisi, the Church of St. James of Compostella, and the Holy Land of Jerusalem: all applicable to the souls in purgatory.

XXXI.—THE ASSOCIATION OF THE HOLY AND IMMACULATE HEART OF MARY.*

677. Its Object, Obligations, and Advantages.

The Archconfraternity under this title was established at Paris, in the Church of Notre Dame des Victoires, December 16th, 1836. It was approved by the Pope, April 24, 1838, with the privilege of aggregating to itself other similar Associations. The primary object of the association is, to pray for the conversion of sinners and of persons in error; and God has been pleased to answer its prayers in a most remarkable manner.

All that is absolutely necessary on the part of each associate is, after registration of name, to recite every day the "Hail Mary" for the intentions of the Association. The following pious exercises, though well suited to answer the ends of the Association, are not strictly required.

678. An Act of Oblation to be Recited Daily.

I offer up to God all the thoughts, words, and actions of this day, and more particularly all my prayers and devotions, through the holy and immaculate heart of the ever-blessed Virgin Mary; and I pray for the conversion of sinners, especially those who have been recommended to my prayers, and for the sanctification of all in this community.

Mary, refuge of sinners, pray for us.

Mary, conceived without sin, pray for us, who seek thy succour.

Hail Mary.

679. Act of Consecration to the Holy and Immaculate Heart of Mary.

O sacred and immaculate Heart of Mary ever Virgin! O Heart most holy, most pure, most noble, most august, and most perfect which the omnipotence of God has formed in a pure creature! O exhaustless source of goodness and mildness, of mercy and of love! model of all virtues, perfect

* This Association is established in the Chapel of Notre Dame de France. Names may be sent to the Superior of the Marist Community, 5 Leicester Place, Leicester Square, London, W.

image of the adorable Heart of Jesus! O Heart, which didst always burn with the most ardent charity, which didst love God more than the Seraphim, more than the Angels and the Saints! O Heart of the Mother of the Redeemer, which hast so lively a sense of our miseries, which didst suffer so much for our salvation, which hast loved us with such ardent love, and which claimest by so many titles the respect, love, and veneration of all creatures, vouchsafe to accept my unworthy homage. Prostrate before thee, O sacred Heart of Mary, I honour thee with the most profound respect of which I am capable. I thank thee for the sentiments of mercy and of love with which thou hast been so often moved at the sight of my miseries. I return thee thanks for all the benefits which thy maternal bounty has procured for me. I unite myself with all pure souls, who find their delight in honouring, praising, and loving thee.

O most amiable Heart! thou shalt be henceforward, after the Heart of Jesus, the object of my veneration, of my love, and of my devotion. By thee will I approach my Saviour; and by thee shall I receive His graces and mercies. Thou wilt be my refuge in affliction, my consolation in suffering, and my assistance in all my necessities. I will learn from thee purity, humility, and obedience: and derive from thee love of the sacred Heart of Jesus Christ, my Lord and Master. Amen.

680. Another Short Act of Consecration to the Blessed Virgin.

To be said after the "Hail Mary."

My Queen and my Mother, to thee I offer myself without any reserve; and to give thee a mark of my devotion, I consecrate to thee during this day, my eyes, my ears, my mouth, my heart, and my whole person. Since I belong to thee, O my good Mother, preserve and defend me as thy property and possession.

One hundred days' Indulgence once a day, reciting it morning and evening. Plenary once a month if said daily.

681. Ejaculation in time of Temptation.

My Queen and my Mother, remember that I belong to thee; preserve and defend me as thy property and possession.

Forty days' Indulgence each time.

682. A Supplication to Obtain, through Our Lady's Holy and Immaculate Heart, a Perfect Conformity with the Sacred Heart of Jesus.

O God of goodness, who hast filled the holy and immaculate Heart of Mary with the same sentiments of mercy and tenderness for us, with which the Heart of Jesus Christ, Thy Son, and her Son, was always overflowing: grant that all who honour this virginal Heart may preserve until death a perfect conformity of sentiments and inclination with the sacred Heart of Jesus Christ, who, with Thee and the Holy Ghost, lives and reigns, One God, for ever and ever. Amen.

683. An Aspiration to Mary's Immaculate Heart.

O Mary! thou art light in our doubts, consolation in our sorrows, and protection in our dangers! After thy only Son, thou art the certain hope of faithful souls! Hail, hope of the desponding, and refuge of the destitute, to whom thy Son has given such power that whatever thou willest is immediately done.—*Blosius.*

684. Indulgenced Aspirations to the Immaculate Heart of Mary.

"Blessed be the Holy and Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin Mary"—*Three hundred days each time.*

"Immaculate Heart of Mary, pray for us"—*One hundred days each time.*

"Our Lady of the Sacred Heart, pray for us"—*One hundred days each time.*

"Sweet Heart of Mary, be my salvation"—*Three hundred days each time, Plenary once a month.*

XXXII.—ROSARY OF THE SEVEN DOLOURS OF OUR BLESSED LADY.

TO BE USED ON FRIDAY EVENINGS.

685. The Manner of Saying the Rosary of the Seven Dolours.

1. The prophecy of Simeon—*One Our Father and seven Hail Marys.*
2. The flight into Egypt—*One Our Father and seven Hail Marys.*
3. The loss of Jesus for three days—*One Our Father and seven Hail Marys.*
4. Her meeting Jesus carrying His cross—*One Our Father and seven Hail Marys.*
5. Her standing beneath the cross on Calvary—*One Our Father and seven Hail Marys.*
6. Her receiving on her lap the Sacred Body of Jesus taken down from the Cross—*One Our Father and seven Hail Marys.*
7. Her witnessing the burial of the Sacred Body of her Son—*One Our Father and seven Hail Marys.*

In honour of the tears shed by our Lady during these dolours—*Three Hail Marys.*

V. Pray for us, O most sorrowful Virgin.

R. That we may be made worthy of the promises of Christ.

Let us pray.

Grant, we beseech Thee, O Lord Jesus Christ, that blessed Virgin Mary, Thy Mother, may intercede for us with Thy clemency now and at the hour of our death, who in the hour of Thy Passion was pierced in her most holy soul by the sword of sorrow; grant this, O Jesus Christ, Saviour of the world, who, with the Father and the Holy Ghost, liveth and reigneth world without end. Amen.

Indulgence of three hundred days once a day. Plenary once a month for saying three Hail Marys, with the following versicle each time:—

Holy Mother, pierce me through,
In my heart each wound renew
Of my Saviour crucified.

XXXIII.—CONFRATERNITY OF ST. JOSEPH.

686. Its Object, Obligations, and Advantages.

The Confraternity of St. Joseph was canonically erected, by Authority of the Most Rev. Dr. Manning, Archbishop of Westminster, in the Church of St. Anne, Spitalfields, London E., and affiliated to the Archconfraternity established at St. Mary's College, Dundalk, Ireland.

END.—The Archconfraternity of Saint Joseph, established in the Chapel of the Novitiate of the Marist Fathers, Dundalk, by rescript of the Sovereign Pontiff, dated February 1, 1866, with right to receive associates and to affiliate like confraternities in all Ireland and Great Britain, has for its end:—

1. To promote devotion to the glorious Spouse of the Immaculate Mother of God.

2. To call down his powerful protection upon the august person of the Sovereign Pontiff, upon Ireland and Catholic countries, upon religious congregations and Christian families.

3. To implore the conversion of the enemies of the Church, and of countries severed from her unity, more especially of England.

4. To obtain for each of her associates, and for the members of their respective families, a blessing on their spiritual and temporal interests, together with the grace of a happy death.

Young persons of both sexes are engaged to ask, more especially for each other, the gifts of piety, strength against temptations, perseverance in virtue, and a blessing on their choice of state, career, and settlement in life.

CONDITIONS.—In order to be admitted into the Association, it is enough to be inscribed either on the principal register of the Archconfraternity, or on the register of one of the aggregated confraternities, and to recite daily an Ave Maria or Hail Mary, with three times the invocation, Sancte Joseph, intercede pro nobis, or Saint Joseph, intercede for us.

N.B.—One may inscribe his departed relations and persons whose conversion is desired, by reciting the prayers of the Archconfraternity for their intention.

Indulgences.

Brief of April 16, 1861. Rescript of June 19, 1862.

Plenary Indulgences.

1. On the day of entrance into the Association.

2. On each of our Lord's principal feasts, viz.: Christmas, Circumcision, Epiphany, Easter, Ascension, and Corpus Christi.

3. On each of the principal feasts of the Blessed Virgin, viz.: the Purification, Annunciation, Assumption, Nativity, and Immaculate Conception.

4. On each of the feasts of the Apostles, viz.: February 24, the feast of Saint Matthias; May 1, the feast of SS. Philip and James; June 29, the feast of SS. Peter and Paul; July 25, the feast of Saint James the Greater; August 24, the feast of Saint Bartholomew; September 21, the feast of Saint Matthew; October 28, the feast of SS. Simon and Jude; November 30, the feast of Saint Andrew; December 21, the feast of Saint Thomas; and December 27, the feast of Saint John.

5. On each of the feasts of Saint Joseph, viz.: January 23, the feast of the Espousals of the Blessed Virgin and Saint Joseph; March 19, the principal feast of Saint Joseph; and the third Sunday after Easter, Saint Joseph's Patronage, the principal feast of the Archconfraternity.

6. On two Wednesdays a month, depending on the choice of the associates; and on every Wednesday of the month of March.

7. In the article of death.

Partial Indulgences.

Indulgence of seven years and seven quarantines on each of the secondary feasts of our Lord and the Blessed Virgin.

An indulgence of sixty days—1st, for every work of piety or charity; 2d, for reciting five Paters and five Aves for departed associates; 3d, for every associate assisting at procession or accompanying the Most Holy Sacrament to the homes of the sick, or, in case of hindrance, reciting, at the sound of the bell, a Pater and Ave.

Graces attached to the wearing of the Cord of St Joseph.

Graces precious to the piety of Saint Joseph's servants are attached to the wearing of his Cord. They are:—

1. Saint Joseph's special protection.
2. Purity of soul.
3. The grace of chastity.
4. Final perseverance.
5. Particular assistance at the hour of death.

Prayers of the Holy Cord.

Recite daily, in honour of Saint Joseph, seven times the Gloria Patri, together with the following prayer:—

O Saint Joseph, Father and Protector

of Virgins, to whose faithful custody Christ Jesus, innocence itself, and Mary, Virgin of virgins, were committed: I pray and beseech thee, by these dear pledges, Jesus and Mary, that being preserved from all uncleanness, I may, with spotless mind, pure heart, and chaste body, ever most chastely serve Jesus and Mary all the days of my life. Amen.

687. Act of Consecration to the Glorious Patriarch, St. Joseph.

Most glorious Patriarch, chastest spouse of the great Mother of God, and reputed father of my Lord Jesus Christ, my loving Saint Joseph, confiding in the greatness of thy holiness, and inflamed with the love which Jesus and Mary bore thee, I choose thee this day in their presence to be my especial protector, advocate, and patron; and I firmly purpose to keep this devotion to thee always burning within my heart. And since I know that thou wert appointed by the eternal Father to be the head of the holy family upon earth, I desire to be one of its devoted servants and friends, and I beg of thee to admit me into their number. I desire, unworthy sinner though I be, to render to thee also the homage which I pay to the Infant Jesus, and to His Virgin Mother. I beseech thee also, O my most glorious father Saint Joseph, to obtain for me, through thy great merits, and by thy most powerful intercession, the grace to imitate in my life thy most holy conversation with Jesus and Mary, so that I too, like thyself, may enjoy the assistance of Jesus and of Mary at my death, and in their arms may breathe forth my soul, saying, Jesus, Mary, and Joseph, I give you my heart and my soul. Amen.

688. A Supplication for Purity.

O God, who didst choose Saint Joseph to be the Spouse of blessed Mary, ever Virgin, and to be the Guardian and Foster-father of Thy beloved Son, our Lord Jesus Christ; we humbly beseech Thee to grant us, through his patronage and merits, such purity of mind and body, that, being clean from every stain, and clothed with the true marriage-garment, we may, by Thy great mercy, be admitted to the heavenly nuptials. Through the same Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

689. A Morning Oblation to St. Joseph.

Most Holy Father, receive me, and the offering of every movement of body and soul, which I desire to present through thee to my blessed Lord.

Purify all! make all a perfect holocaust! May every inspiration of my heart be a spiritual communion; every look and thought an act of love; every action a sweet sacrifice; every word an arrow of divine love; every step an advance towards Jesus; every visit to our Lord as pleasing to God as the errands of angels; every thought of thee, dear Saint, an act to remind thee that I am thy child.

I recommend to thee the occasions in which I usually fail, particularly——Accept each little devotion of the day, though replete with imperfection, and offer it to Jesus, whose mercy will overlook all, since He regards not so much the gift as the love of the giver.

XXXIV.—CONFRATERNITY OF ST. MICHAEL THE ARCHANGEL.

690. Its Object, Obligations, and Advantages.

I. Established at the ancient abbey of "*Mont St. Michel, Manche,*" *in France,* and confirmed by a brief of our Holy Father, Pope Pius IX., under date Feb-

ruary 12, 1869, this Confraternity has for its object to honour the Holy Angels, and especially the archangel St. Michael, and to obtain through their intercession:

1. The special protection of Heaven on the Church and the Sovereign Pontiff.
2. Preservation from sudden and unprovided death, and, above all, the grace of a happy death.
3. Deliverance of souls from Purgatory.

II. The only condition required for the admission of Associates, is to have one's name enrolled in the general Register at *Mont St. Michel*. The printed form of admission, which is usually given, is not necessary. A person becomes a member from the moment that his, or her, name has been enrolled by the Director, or by a Zelator or Zelatrice, who has received this title from the Director, and can forthwith gain the Plenary Indulgence attached to reception, on any day at will.

III. *Plenary Indulgences granted to Associates.*

1. On the day of reception.
2. The principal Feasts of the Archconfraternity.
3. Christmas Day.
4. Assumption of the Blessed Virgin.
5. Feast of St. Michael.
6. SS. Peter and Paul.
7. At the hour of death, with the usual conditions of confession and communion, or, when these conditions cannot be fulfilled, by invoking with the lips, or at least from the heart, the Holy Name of Jesus.

An Indulgence of *seven years* and *seven times forty days* may be gained on the Feasts of the Archconfraternity, as also other partial Indulgences granted by the Holy See, and especially an Indulgence of *sixty days* every time that any work of piety or charity shall have been performed. *All these Indulgences are applicable to the souls in Purgatory.*

IV. *Feasts of the Archconfraternity.*

1. The Dedication of St. Michael, September 29th.
2. The Holy Angel Guardians, October 2d.
3. The Apparition of St. Michael on Mont Tombe, October 16th.
4. The Apparition of St. Michael on Mont Gargan, May 8th.
5. Feast of the Archangel Gabriel, March 18th.
6. Feast of the Archangel Raphael, October 24th.
7. Feast of St. Joseph, patron of a happy death, March 19th.

V. *Prayers recommended to the Members of the Archconfraternity.*

1. The daily recital of the following Invocation:

Sancte Michael, Archangele, defende nos in prælio, ut non pereamus in tremendo judicio.	St. Michael, defend us in the day of battle, that we may not be lost at the dreadful judgment.

One hundred days' Indulgence once daily. A Plenary Indulgence once a month.

"Who is like unto God."—*Forty days' indulgence.*—(*Etienne, Bishop of Lausanne.*)

2. Prayer to our Angel Guardian:

Angele Dei, qui custos es mei, me tibi commissum pietate superna, illumina, custodi, rege et guberna. Amen.	O Angel of God, whom God hath appointed to be my guardian, enlighten and protect me, direct and govern me. Amen.

One hundred days' Indulgence every time, and a Plenary Indulgence once a month if said daily.

3. The De Profundis for the dead.—*One hundred days' Indulgence.*
4. The following invocations:

St. Michael, Archangel, pray for us.
Holy Angels, pray for us.

These two invocations alone are binding on members of the Archconfraternity.

691. A Supplication to Obtain the Assistance of One's Guardian-Angel.

Almighty, everlasting God, who, in the counsel of Thy ineffable goodness, hast appointed to all the faithful, from their mother's womb, a special Angel-guardian of their body and soul; grant that I may so love and honour him whom Thou hast so mercifully given me, that, protected by the bounty of Thy grace, and by his assistance, I may merit to behold, with him and all the angelic host, the glory of Thy countenance in the heavenly country. Who livest and reignest, world without end. Amen.

692. Another Prayer to one's Guardian-Angel.

O most faithful companion, appointed by God to be my guardian, my protector and defender, and who never leavest my side, how shall I thank thee for thy faithfulness and love, and for all the benefits which thou hast conferred upon me? Thou watchest over me while I sleep; thou comfortest me when I am sad; thou liftest me up when I am down; thou avertest the dangers that threaten me; thou warnest me of those that are to come; thou withdrawest me from sin, and excitest me to good; thou exhortest me to penance when I fall, and reconcilest me to God. Long ago should I have been thrust down into hell, unless by thy prayers thou hadst turned away from me the anger of God. Leave me not, nor forsake me ever, I beseech thee; but still comfort me in adversity, restrain me in prosperity, defend me in danger, assist me in temptations, lest at any time I fall beneath them. Offer up in the sight of the Divine Majesty my prayers and groanings, and all my works of piety, and make me to persevere in grace, until I come to everlasting life. Amen.

693. A Prayer to a Patron Saint.

I rejoice with thee, O most beloved protector, St. ——, for all the good things of nature and of grace which thou hast received from God, and for the glory which, with the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, thou dost enjoy, and wilt enjoy for all eternity: and I pray thee to assist me in arriving at the same beatitude.

XXXV.—THE TEMPERANCE SOCIETY OF THE CROSS.

694. Constitution.

The Rector in each Mission is the Director of the Association. He is assisted by Councillors chosen by the members of the Society.

The Council will be composed of twelve members, and in large Missions it may be composed of more. The Council has the right to nominate to

places in the Council which become vacant.

The New Associates will present themselves at the Monthly Mass to receive the Cross.

Whenever any member of the Society breaks the law of Temperance, or does not keep to the moderate use of drink observed in the Society, on the day he so breaks the law, he will lose the benefit of all the prayers and masses offered up that day by the whole Society.

A member who has failed in his engagement to keep temperate, will not be expelled from the Society till charitable warnings and requests shall have been found inadequate to keep him temperate.

Any member who has broken his pledge, after a due consideration of the case by the Council, will be removed from the Society, and shall restore the Cross to the Director.

A member who has been expelled for intemperance may re-enter the Society, after having given proof of temperance, and subject to the approval of the Council of the Society.

695. Form of Pledge to the Temperance Society of the Cross.

I resolve before God, and by His help, never to misuse intoxicating drinks; but, on the contrary, to use them very sparingly, and even to endeavour, if I can do so without injury to my health, to abstain from them altogether.

In the same way, and with the assistance of Almighty God, I resolve to induce my whole family, and as many others as I can, both by word and example, to use these drinks very sparingly, and to abstain from them altogether if they can do so without danger to their health. I pray Our Blessed Lady, Mother of Sorrows, my holy Patron, and my Guardian Angel, to present this my resolution to the Father of Mercies and God of all consolation, and to obtain for me the grace to be ever faithful to it.

I embrace the Cross of Jesus Christ as the Standard, the Emblem, and the Christian Principle of the privation which I impose upon myself, and upon all those who are dependent upon me.

This engagement I make as a simple resolution, but a sincere and Christian one, and founded upon the hope that it will be pleasing to God, useful for my soul, and for the welfare of my children, and also for the spiritual good of my neighbour.

I engage also to observe all the rules and customs of the Society as approved by Ecclesiastical Authority; and as far as I can to ensure the faithful observance of them in my family.

696. The Cross as the Symbol of the Society.

Every member, or household, if there be many members in the same, will receive a Cross in token of reception into the Society.

The Cross of the Society is of wood, and painted black. It will be two feet and a half long. It will be blessed in the Church, and will be received from the hands of the Priest by the member of Society kneeling at the foot of the Altar. This Cross will be given to heads of families only. Widows, and others who have the management of families, are included under heads of families.

The head of each household will present the Cross to his wife and family, in the same way as the Priest presented it to him. It will then be placed in a conspicuous part of the chief room in the house. The Cross should always remain there to remind the family, 1st, of the resolution it has taken to make a special practice of the virtue of temperance; 2d, of the obligation to practise the Christian virtues of which the Cross is the fruitful source.

It will remind the father (1) of the care he should take of his children,

redeemed by the blood of Jesus, which was poured out upon the Cross; (2) it will teach him patience and resignation in his state in life; and (3) it will restrain him from sin, and warn him to banish from his house evil talk and dangerous company.

The Cross will be ever present to the Mother, (1) encouraging her to suffer without murmuring the sorrows and pains of her state; (2) reminding her that she should watch with the greatest care over the innocence of her children, correcting them of their faults, and training them in habits of virtue.

The Cross will teach the children the submission, obedience, and respect which they owe to their parents, reminding them of the humility of Jesus who was obedient unto death, even the death of the Cross.

The Cross should accompany to the grave the bodies of all Associates who have made their First Communion.

Prayers for the repose of the faithful departed of the Society will be offered up at the foot of the Family Cross.

It is left to the zeal of the Priest to say a prayer before the Family Cross when he makes his usual pastoral visit. Such a practice will unite more and more the pastor and his flock.

697. Duties of Members.

Five "Our Fathers" and five "Hail Marys" are to be said every day in each family. They are to be said in public at the foot of the Cross by one of the family. The omission of the prescribed prayers is not a sin, but the omission deprives the family, for that day, of all participation in the benefit of the prayers offered up by the other families of the Society.

The prayers are to be said for the following intention: to honour the Five Wounds of our Lord, and for the spiritual benefit of all the members of the Society.

In each Mission the Society will choose a Patron Saint, to be honoured in a special way.

On the feast of the Patron Saint there will be, by the permission of the Rector of the Church, Mass and Sermon on Temperance, and the Pledge will be read, to remind the Associates to renew their promises of temperance.

The Temperance Society in each parish should have a banner, on one side of which will be represented the Patron Saint, and on the other the Cross. This banner will be carried in processions on Corpus Christi and other festivals, at the discretion, however, of the Rector of the Church.

The Associates will pray for those who have been expelled from the Society, that they may return to temperance.

698. Indulgences granted to this Association by His Holiness Pius IX., June 27, 1852.

1. A Plenary Indulgence to members on the day of admittance into the Society, provided that they confess and communicate, visit the Church of the Society, and pray for the intentions of the Holy Father.

2. A Plenary Indulgence on the feast of the Patron Saint under the same conditions.

3. A Plenary Indulgence at the hour of death if, rightly disposed as above, they invoke at least in their heart the holy names of Jesus and Mary.

4. An Indulgence of seven years and seven times forty days on four feasts of the year (to be named by the Ordinary), provided they visit the Church of the Society and pray as above.

5. An Indulgence of sixty days for every pious work.

6. An Indulgence of three hundred days to those members of this Society who have reclaimed any one from drunkenness, or have persuaded any one to join the Society and undertake to observe its rules.

7. The Masses said in the Church of the Society for the repose of the souls of departed members are *privileged*.

699. Association for Masses.

To be adopted at the discretion of the Rector of the Mission.

There is a Society for Masses connected with the Temperance Society. The members who annually pay a certain sum in November, become members of the Masses Society. They cease to be so by neglecting to pay their annual subscription.

This Association has Mass celebrated :—

1. On the day or the day after the death of an Associate, who dies in the Mission.

2. A Low Mass once a month for the Association in general.

3. A High Mass when possible in each Mission for all the dead of the Association.

4. A High Mass when possible on the Patron Saint's day in each Mission.

The head of a family may enrol all the members of the family in this Association for Masses.

That any member of a family may enjoy these privileges, it is necessary that the Temperance Cross should be set up in that house.

No one in sickness may become a member of the Mass Fund, who when in health either refused or neglected to become one.

Whatever moneys remain, after the offerings for Masses have been made, will be spent in the purchase of books, subject to the approbation of the Director.

Those who have been expelled from the Society have no claim upon moneys paid by them into the Mass Fund.

If the person re-admitted belonged to the Mass Fund, he will be re-admitted to all privileges on payment of arrears.

The Council of the Temperance Society will have the control of the moneys belonging to the Association for Masses. The Council will appoint the Treasurer, who will make an annual statement of receipts and expenditure.

XXXVI.—ASSOCIATION OF PRAYER.

700. In Honour of the Sacred Thirst and Agony of Jesus, to Repress Intemperance.

Pray

For those who tamper with drink.
For those who drink habitually.
For those in danger of death from drink.

Rules.

I. One Pater and three Aves daily in honour of the Sacred Thirst of Jesus and the transfixed Heart of Mary, for the intentions of the Association.

II. An Act of Mortification once a week at least. "*Prayer is good with fasting and alms.*"

III. Holy Communion on the second Sunday of each month is recommended.

Indulgences.

I. One hundred days for each good work, accompanied by prayer, done for the Association.

II. Seven years and seven quarantines for enrolling ten members, on the same condition.

III. For Plenary Indulgences, see Notice.

XXXVII.—THE VIA CRUCIS.

701. Introduction.

The Via Crucis, or the Way of the Cross, signifies that space of ground which was trodden by our Blessed Saviour between the governor's hall, where He was condemned, to the top of Mount Calvary, where He finally expired upon that cross which He had borne on His own shoulders; and the

devotion called the Way of the Cross consists in following in spirit our Divine Model along the traces which His blood has left, and meditating upon the sufferings which His love caused Him to endure at that spot for our sake.

We learn from history that, from the very earliest ages of Christianity, a pilgrimage to Calvary was the favourite devotion of the faithful. Even during those sanguinary persecutions which continued during the three first centuries, illustrious pilgrims, such as Saint Alexander, Saint Ephrem, and Saint Eustachius, were seen running in crowds to the Holy Sepulchre. "It would be too long to recount," says Saint Jerome, "the names of all the bishops, martyrs, and famous doctors who have flocked to Jerusalem from year to year, from our Lord's Ascension to this day. The most illustrious persons in Gaul come here; Christians from the centre of Britain, from the farthest extremities of the West, leave their homes that they may view here the spots with which the holy writings and the veneration of whole kingdoms have made them familiar. What shall I say of the Armenians, the Persians, the Indians, the people of Ethiopia and Egypt, amongst whom holy solitaries are so numerous; of the multitudes from Pontus, Cappadocia, Syria, Mesopotamia, and the whole East, who flock here to edify us by their devotion? They all differ in language, but the piety of all of them is the same. Each nation forms a separate choir to resound the praises of God." The Saint goes on to declare, in a letter to Desiderius, that "a man thought himself only half a Christian until he had worshipped his Lord upon the soil which His divine feet had trod." Numberless as were the pilgrims who annually undertook the painful and oftentimes dangerous expeditions to the Holy Land, there were many thousands more who sighed devoutly for the privileges which their circumstances denied them to enjoy. Deprived of the hope of ever seeing the holy places, they wished to behold at least the representation of them, and without quitting their country, to honour their Lord's Passion by commemorating its mysteries in the same way as they would have done on the very soil where those mysteries were accomplished. The Order of Saint Francis, to which Saint Louis had given the care of the Holy Sepulchre, encouraged this pious sentiment in every way. For this purpose the Franciscan Fathers erected Calvaries in various places, surrounded them with Stations (or pictures representing the chief circumstances of our Lord's last painful journey), and summoned the faithful to stand around them, and listen to the recital of the sad tragedy in holy meditation. In all the places where this exercise was introduced, faith was seen to revive, morals to improve, and the love of Jesus Christ was rekindled in the soul; so that the Sovereign Pontiffs, who had already granted an abundance of Indulgences to the *real* Stations of our Lord's Passion, did not hesitate to extend the same to these representations of them.

Such is the origin of the Way of the Cross, or the Stations of the Passion, or the Via Crucis; but in order to gain the Indulgences the following conditions must be complied with:—

1. We must meditate and pray for a few moments at each of the Fourteen Stations, which have been canonically set up; or if incapable of meditating, we must at least bring before our minds one circumstance of the Passion, and by it excite ourselves to sorrow for our sins.

2. We must perform the devotion of each different Station on a different spot, unless infirmity, or the crowded state of the church, render it impossible to move from place to place.

3. We must go through all the Stations according to a decree promulgated December 14, 1857, and confirmed by His Holiness Pius the Ninth, January 22, 1858. Yet according to another decree, December 16, 1760, the hearing of holy Mass, the going to Confession and Communion, in the interval, are not considered as interruptions which

would preclude the gaining of the Indulgences.

4. There is no obligation, at the end of the Way of the Cross, to recite six Pater, Ave, and Gloria, for the intentions of the Sovereign Pontiff, when it is performed in a church or chapel where it has been canonically erected.

702. Devout Method for Performing the Via Crucis.

Those who are about to perform the Stations, should begin by placing themselves on their knees before the Blessed Sacrament, calling to mind, with a lively faith, the moment in which Jesus Christ, having been blasphemed at the house of Caiphas, and derided at the house of Herod, is expecting to receive the sentence of death in the court of Pilate; then placing themselves at His sacred feet, they should make an act of contrition for their sins, and an offering of the devotion which they are going to perform.

V. Deus in adjutorium meum intende.

R. Domine ad adjuvandum me festina.

Gloria Patri, &c.

V. O God, come to my assistance.

R. O Lord, make haste to help us.

Glory be to the Father, &c.

Oremus.

Actiones nostras quæsumus Domine, aspirando, præveni et adjuvando prosequere ut cuncta nostra oratio et operatio a te semper incipiat, et per te cæpta finiatur, per Christum Dominum nostrum. Amen.

Let us pray.

Prevent, we beseech Thee, O Lord, our actions with Thy holy inspiration, and carry them on with Thy gracious assistance, that all our prayers and works may begin from Thee, and by Thee be happily ended, through Christ our Lord. Amen.

Prayer.

O Jesus, my adorable Saviour, behold me prostrate at Thy feet, imploring Thy mercy for myself, and for the souls of all the faithful departed. Vouchsafe to apply to me the infinite merits of Thy passion, on which I am now about to meditate. Grant that while I trace this path of sighs and tears, my heart may be so touched with contrition and repentance, that I may be ready to embrace with joy all the crosses and sufferings and humiliations of this my life and pilgrimage.

While passing from one Station to another, sing or recite a verse of the Stabat Mater, *in the order which follows:*

Stabat Mater dolorosa,
Juxta crucem lacrymosa,
Dum pendebat Filius.

At the cross her station keeping,
Stood the mournful Mother weeping,
Close to Jesus to the last.

When many persons perform the Via Crucis, *one part may either sing or recite a verse of the* Stabat Mater, *and the other repeat each time the following verse:*

Sancta Mater! istud agas,
Crucifixi fige plagas
Corde meo valide.

Holy Mother! pierce me through;
In my heart each wound renew
Of my Saviour crucified.

THE VIA CRUCIS.

FIRST STATION.

Jesus is condemned to death.

V. Adoramus te, Christe, et benedicimus tibi.
R. Quia per sanctam crucem tuam redemisti mundum.

V. We adore Thee, O Christ, and we bless Thee;
R. Who, by Thy holy Cross, hast redeemed the world.

(*This Versicle and Response are said or sung before each Station.*)

Priest.

Leaving the house of Caiphas, where He had been blasphemed, and the house of Herod, where He had been treated as a fool, Jesus is dragged before Pilate, His back torn with scourges, His head crowned with thorns: and He, who on the last day will judge the living and the dead, is Himself condemned to a disgraceful death.

Prayer.

Dearest Saviour! it was my sins which condemned Thee! it was to save me from the flames of hell that Thou didst choose to die upon the cross. Oh! by that inconceivable love, grant that my journey towards death and eternity may resemble the pilgrimage which Thou didst here begin towards Calvary and heaven.

THE ACT OF CONTRITION.

(*This Act of Contrition, with the accompanying prayers, &c., is repeated at each Station.*)

O God, I love Thee with my whole heart and above all things, and am heartily sorry that I have offended Thee. May I never offend Thee any more. Oh, may I love Thee without ceasing, and make it my delight to do in all things Thy most holy will.

Pater noster.
Ave Maria.
Gloria Patri.

Our Father.
Hail Mary.
Glory be to the Father.

V. Miserere nostri, Domine.
R. Miserere nostri.

V. Lord, have mercy upon us.
R. Lord, have mercy upon us.

Cujus animam gementem,
Contristatem et dolentem,
Per transivit gladius.

Through her heart, His sorrow sharing,
All His bitter anguish bearing,
Now at length the sword had passed.

SECOND STATION.

Jesus is loaded with His Cross.

V. Adoramus te, Christe, et benedicimus tibi.
R. Quia per sanctam crucem tuam redemisti mundum.

V. We adore Thee, O Christ, and we bless Thee;
R. Who, by Thy holy Cross, hast redeemed the world.

Priest.

A heavy cross is here laid upon the bruised shoulders of Jesus. He receives it with meekness, nay, with a secret joy, for it is the instrument by which He is to redeem the world.

Prayer.

O Jesus! grant me, by virtue of Thy cross, to embrace, with meekness and cheerful submission, the difficulties of my state, and to be ever ready to take up my cross and follow Thee.

Act of Contrition, &c., as before. *Pater, Ave, &c., as before.*

O quam tristis et afflicta
Fuit illa benedicta
Mater Unigeniti!

Oh, how sad and sore distressed
Was that Mother, highly blessed,
Of the sole-begotten One!

THIRD STATION.

Jesus falls the first time under the weight of the Cross.

V. Adoramus te, Christe, et benedicimus tibi.
R. Quia per sanctam crucem tuam redemisti mundum.

V. We adore Thee, O Christ, and we bless Thee;
R. Who, by Thy holy Cross, hast redeemed the world.

Priest.

Bowed down under the weight of the cross, Jesus slowly sets forth on the way to Calvary, amidst the mockeries and insults of the crowd. His agony in the garden has exhausted His body; He is sore with blows and wounds; His strength fails Him; He falls to the ground under the cross.

Prayer.

O Jesus! who for my sins didst bear the heavy burden of the cross, and fall under its weight, may the thoughts of Thy sufferings make me watchful over myself, and save me from any grievous fall into sin.

Act of Contrition, &c., as before. *Pater, Ave, &c., as before.*

Quæ mœrebat et dolebat,
Pia mater dum videbat
Nati pœnas incliti.

Christ above in torment hangs;
She beneath beholds the pangs
Of her dying glorious Son.

FOURTH STATION.

Jesus is met by His Blessed Mother.

V. Adoramus te, Christe, et benedicimus tibi.
R. Quia per sanctam crucem tuam redemisti mundum.

V. We adore Thee, O Christ, and we bless Thee;
R. Who, by Thy holy Cross, hast redeemed the world.

Priest.

Still burdened with His cross, and wounded yet more with His fall, Jesus proceeds on His way. He is met by His Mother. What a meeting must that have been! What a sword of anguish must have pierced that Mother's bosom! What must have been the compassion of that Son for His holy Mother!

Prayer.

O Jesus! by the compassion which Thou didst feel for Thy Mother, have compassion on me, and give me a share in her intercession. O Mary, most afflicted Mother! intercede for me, that, through the sufferings of thy Son, I may be delivered from the wrath to come.

Act of Contrition, &c., as before. *Pater, Ave, &c., as before.*

Quis est homo qui non fleret,
Matrem Christi si videret,
In tanto supplicio?

Is there one who would not weep,
Whelmed in miseries so deep
Christ's dear Mother to behold?

FIFTH STATION.

Jesus is assisted in carrying His Cross by Simon of Cyrene.

V. Adoramus te, Christe, et benedicimus tibi.
R. Quia per sanctam crucem tuam redemisti mundum.

V. We adore Thee, O Christ, and we bless Thee;
R. Who, by Thy holy Cross, hast redeemed the world.

Priest.

As the strength of Jesus fails, and He is unable to proceed, the executioners seize and compel Simon of Cyrene to carry His cross. The virtue of that cross changed his heart, and from a compulsory task it became a privilege and a joy.

Prayer.

O Lord Jesus! may it be my privilege also to bear Thy cross; may I glory in nothing else; by it may the world be crucified unto me, and I unto the world; may I never shrink from sufferings, but rather rejoice if I may be counted worthy to suffer for Thy name's sake. O Jesus, give me to die for Thee, who didst die for me.

Act of Contrition, &c., as before. *Pater noster, &c., as before.*

Quis non posset contristari,
Christi Matrem contemplari,
Dolentem cum Filio?

Can the human heart refrain
From partaking in her pain,
In that Mother's pain untold?

SIXTH STATION.

St. Veronica wipes our Lord's Face with her veil.

V. Adoramus te, Christe, et benedicimus tibi.
R. Quia per sanctam crucem tuam redemisti mundum.

V. We adore Thee, O Christ, and we bless Thee;
R. Who, by Thy holy Cross, hast redeemed the world.

Priest.

As Jesus proceeds on the way, covered with the sweat of death, a woman, moved with compassion, makes her way through the crowd, and wipes His face with a veil. As a reward of her piety, the impression of His sacred countenance is miraculously imprinted upon the veil.

Prayer.

O Thou, the most comely amongst the sons of men! behold, in the state to which Thy mangled body is reduced, an image of what my soul, formed to Thy resemblance, adorned with Thy special graces, has been made by sin. Purify it, my God, more and more from its filthy stains; restore it to its lost beauty, and let Thy divine image again be seen within me.

Act of Contrition, &c., as before. *Pater noster, &c., as before.*

Pro peccatis suæ gentis,
Vidit Jesum in tormentis,
Et flagellis subditum.

Bruised, derided, cursed, defiled,
She beheld her tender Child
All with bloody scourges rent.

SEVENTH STATION.

Jesus falls under the Cross a second time.

V. Adoramus te, Christe, et benedicimus tibi.
R. Quia per sanctam crucem tuam redemisti mundum.

V. We adore Thee, O Christ, and we bless Thee;
R. Who, by Thy holy Cross, hast redeemed the world.

Priest.

The pain of His wounds and the loss of blood increasing at every step of His way, again His strength fails Him, and Jesus falls to the ground a second time.

Prayer.

O Jesus! falling again under the burden of my sins, and of Thy sufferings for my sins, how often have I grieved Thee by my repeated falls into sin! Oh may I rather die than ever offend Thee again!

Act of Contrition, &c., as before. *Pater noster, &c., as before.*

Vidit suum dulcem natum
Moriendo desolatum,
Dum emisit spiritum.

For the sins of His own nation
Saw Him hang in desolation.
Till His spirit forth He sent.

EIGHTH STATION.

The Women of Jerusalem weep over our Lord.

V. Adoramus te, Christe, et benedicimus tibi.
R. Quia per sanctam crucem tuam redemisti mundum.

V. We adore Thee, O Christ, and we bless Thee;
R. Who, by Thy holy Cross, hast redeemed the world.

Priest.

At the sight of the sufferings of Jesus, some holy women in the crowd were so touched with sympathy, that they openly bewailed and lamented Him. Jesus, knowing the things that were to come to pass upon Jerusalem because of their rejection of Him, turned to them and said, "Daughters of Jerusalem, weep not for Me, but weep for yourselves and for your children."

Prayer.

O Lord Jesus! I mourn, and will mourn, both for Thee and for myself; for Thy sufferings, and for my sins which caused them. Oh, teach me so to lament that I may be comforted, and escape those dreadful judgments prepared for all who reject or neglect Thee in this life.

Act of Contrition, &c., as before. Pater noster, &c., as before.

Eia Mater, fons amoris,
Me sentire vim doloris,
Fac ut tecum lugeam.

O thou Mother! fount of love!
Touch my spirit from above,
Make my heart with thine accord.

NINTH STATION.

Jesus falls the third time under the Cross.

V. Adoramus te, Christe, et benedicimus tibi.
R. Quia per sanctam crucem tuam redemisti mundum.

V. We adore Thee, O Christ, and we bless Thee;
R. Who, by Thy holy Cross, hast redeemed the world.

Priest.

Jesus had now arrived almost at the summit of Calvary; but before He reached the spot where He was to be crucified, His strength again fails Him, and He falls the third time, to be again dragged up, and goaded onward by the brutal soldiery.

Prayer.

O Lord Jesus! I entreat Thee, by the merits of this Thy third most painful fall, to pardon my frequent relapses and my long continuance in sin, my repeated infidelities to grace, and my base cowardice in Thy service.

Act of Contrition, &c., as before. Pater noster, &c., as before.

Fac ut ardeat cor meum,
Fac amando Christum Deum,
Ut sibi complaceam.

Make me feel as Thou hast felt,
Make my soul to glow and melt
With the love of Christ my Lord.

TENTH STATION.

Jesus is Stripped of His Garments and Drenched with Gall.

V. Adoramus te, Christe, et benedicimus tibi.
R. Quia per sanctam crucem tuam redemisti mundum.

V. We adore Thee, O Christ, and we bless Thee;
R. Who, by Thy holy Cross, hast redeemed the world.

Priest.

Arrived at last at the place of sacrifice, they prepare to crucify Him. His garments are torn from His bleeding body, and He, the Holy of holies, stands exposed to the vulgar gaze of the rude and scoffing multitude.

Prayer.

O Lord Jesus, Thou didst endure this shame for my most shameful deeds. Strip me, I beseech Thee, of all false shame, conceit, and pride, and make me so to humble myself voluntarily in this life, that I may escape everlasting ignominy in the world to come.

Act of Contrition, &c., as before. *Pater noster, &c., as before.*

Sancta Mater! istud agas,
Crucifixi fige plagas
Corde meo valide.

Holy Mother! pierce me through,
In my heart each wound renew
Of my Saviour crucified.

ELEVENTH STATION.

Jesus is Nailed to the Cross.

V. Adoramus te, Christe, et benedicimus tibi.
R. Quia per sanctam crucem tuam redemisti mundum.

V. We adore Thee, O Christ, and we bless Thee;
R. Who, by Thy Holy Cross, hast redeemed the world.

Priest.

The cross is laid upon the ground, and Jesus is stretched upon His bed of death. At one and the same time, He offers His bruised limbs to His heavenly Father in behalf of sinful man, and to His fierce executioners to be nailed by them to the disgraceful wood. The blows are struck! the blood gushes forth!

Prayer.

O Jesus! nailed to the cross, fasten my heart there also, that it may be united to Thee until death shall strike me with its fatal blow, and with my ast breath I shall have yielded up my soul to Thee.

Act of Contrition, &c., as before. *Pater noster, &c., as before.*

Tui Nati vulnerati,
Tam dignati pro me pati,
Pœnas meum divide.

Let me share with thee His pain,
Who for all my sins was slain,
Who for me in torments died.

TWELFTH STATION.

Jesus Dies upon the Cross.

V. Adoramus te, Christe, et benedicimus tibi.
R. Quia per sanctam crucem tuam redemisti mundum.

V. We adore Thee, O Christ, and we bless Thee;
R. Who, by Thy holy Cross, hast redeemed the world.

Priest.

For three hours has Jesus hung upon His transfixed hands; His blood has run in streams down His body, and bedewed the ground; and, in the midst of excruciating sufferings, He has pardoned His murderers, promised the bliss of paradise to the good thief, and committed His Blessed Mother and beloved disciple to each other's care. All is now consummated; and, meekly bowing down His head, He gives up the ghost.

Prayer.

O Jesus! I devoutly embrace that honoured cross where Thou didst love me even unto death. In that death I place all my confidence. Henceforth let me live only for Thee; and in dying for Thee, let me die loving Thee, and in Thy sacred arms.

Act of Contrition, &c., as before. *Pater noster, &c., as before.*

Fac me tecum pie flere,
Crucifixo condolere,
Donec ego vixero.

Let me mingle tears with thee,
Mourning Him who mourned for me,
All the days that I may live.

THIRTEENTH STATION.

Jesus is laid in the Arms of His most holy Mother.

V. Adoramus te, Christe, et benedicimus tibi.
R. Quia per sanctam crucem tuam redemisti mundum.

V. We adore Thee, O Christ, and we bless Thee;
R. Who, by Thy holy Cross, hast redeemed the world.

Priest.

The multitudes have left the heights of Calvary, and none remain save the beloved disciple and the holy women, who, at the foot of the cross, are striving to stem the grief of Christ's inconsolable Mother. Joseph of Arimathea and Nicodemus take down the body of her divine Son from the cross, and deposit it in her arms.

Prayer.

O thou, whose grief was boundless as an ocean that hath no limits, Mary, Mother of God, give me a share in thy most holy sorrow in the sufferings of thy Son, and have compassion on my infirmities. Accept me as thy child with the beloved disciple. Show thyself a mother unto me; and may He, through thee, receive my prayer, who for me vouchsafed to be thy Son.

Act of Contrition, &c., as before. *Pater noster, &c., as before.*

Juxta crucem tecum stare,
Et me tecum sociare,
In planctu desidero.

By the Cross with thee to stay,
There with thee to weep and pray
Is all I ask of thee to give.

FOURTEENTH STATION.

Jesus is laid in the Sepulchre.

V. Adoramus te, Christe, et benedicimus tibi.
R. Quia per sanctam crucem tuam redemisti mundum.

V. We adore Thee, O Christ, and we bless Thee;
R. Who, by Thy holy Cross, hast redeemed the world.

Priest.

The body of her dearly beloved Son is taken from His Mother, and laid by the disciples in the tomb. The tomb is closed, and there the lifeless body remains until the hour of its glorious resurrection.

Prayer.

I too, my God, will descend into the grave whenever it shall please Thee, as it shall please Thee, and wheresoever it shall please Thee. Let Thy just decrees be fulfilled; let my sinful body return to its parent dust; but do Thou, in Thy great mercy, receive my immortal soul, and when my body has risen again, place it likewise in Thy kingdom, that I may love and bless Thee for ever and ever. Amen.

Act of Contrition, &c., as before. Pater noster, &c., as before.

Virgo virginum præclara,
Mihi jam non sis amara,
Fac me tecum plangere.

Fac ut portem Christi mortem,
Passionis fac consortem,
Et plagas recolere.

Fac me plagis vulnerari,
Fac me cruce inebriari,
Et cruore Filii.

Flammis ne urar succensus
Per te, Virgo, sim defensus,
In die judicii.

Christe cum sit hinc exire,
Da per Matrem me venire
Ad palmam victoriæ.

Quando corpus morietur,
Fac ut animæ donetur,
Paradisi gloria.

Amen.

Virgin of all virgins best!
Listen to my fond request,
Let me share Thy grief divine.

Let me, to my latest breath,
In my body bear the death
Of that dying Son of thine.

Wounded with His every wound,
Steep my soul till it hath swooned
In His very Blood away.

Be to me, O Virgin, nigh,
Lest in flames I burn and die,
In His awful judgment day.

Christ, when Thou shalt call me hence,
Be Thy Mother my defence,
Be Thy Cross my victory.

While my body here decays,
May my soul Thy goodness praise,
Safe in Paradise with Thee.

Amen.

V. Christus factus est obediens usque ad mortem.
R. Mortem autem crucis.

V. Christ was made for us obedient unto death.
R. Even to the death of the cross.

Oremus.

Respice, quæsumus, Domine, super hanc familiam tuam, pro qua Dominus noster Jesus Christus non dubitavit manibus tradi nocentium et crucis subire tormentum. Qui vivis et regnas in sæcula sæculorum.

Amen.

Let us pray.

Look down, O Lord, we beseech Thee, upon this Thy family, for which our Lord Jesus Christ vouchsafed to be delivered into the hands of wicked men, and to suffer the torments of the cross. Who livest and reignest for ever and ever. Amen.

Oremus.

Deus in cujus passione, secundum Simeonis prophetiam, dulcissimam animam gloriosæ Virginis et Matris Mariæ doloris gladius pertransivit, concede propitius, ut qui transfixionem ejus et passionem venerando recolimus, gloriosis meritis et precibus omnium sanc-

Let us pray.

O God, at whose death and passion, according to the prophecy of Simeon, a sword of sorrow did pierce through the soul of Thy ever glorious and Virgin Mother Mary, mercifully grant, that we, who devoutly celebrate her sorrows and sufferings, may, by the

torum, cruci fideliter adstantium intercedentibus, passionis tuæ effectum felicem consequamur. Qui vivis et regnas in sæcula sæculorum.

Amen.

merits and prayers of all the saints who stood faithfully beneath Thy cross, obtain the blessed fruit of Thy passion. Who livest and reignest for ever and ever. Amen.

Say one Pater, Ave, Gloria, for the Sovereign Pontiff.

XXXVIII.—FORM OF A SOLEMN RECEPTION

Into the Confraternity of the Rosary of the Blessed Virgin.

703.

V. Adjutorium nostrum in nomine Domini.
R. Qui fecit cœlum et terram.
V. Sit nomen Domini benedictum.
R. Ex hoc nunc et usque in sæculum.
V. Domine exaudi orationem meam.
R. Et clamor meus ad te veniat.
V. Dominus vobiscum.
R. Et cum spirituo tuo.

Oremus.

Omnipotens sempiterne Deus, qui per mortem Unigeniti Filii tui mundum collapsum restaurare dignatus es, ut nos a morte æterna liberares, et ad gaudia Regni Cœlesti perducere, respice quæsumus super hos famulos tuos [hunc famulum tuum—hanc famulam tuam] qui [quæ] inter Filios, et Confratres Societatis Beatissimæ Virginis Sacratissimi Rosarii connumerari desiderant [desiderat], et per merita ejusdem Genitricis Dei effunde super illos [illum — illam] benedictionem tuam, quatenus benedicti [benedictus—benedicta] sic in hoc sæculo vivant [vivat], ut inter oves dexteræ tuæ in perpetuum collocari mereantur [mereatur]. Per Christum, &c.

704. Formula Benedicendi Coronulas sive Rosaria.

V. Adjutorium nostrum in nomine Domini.
R. Qui fecit cœlum et terram.
V. Domine exaudi orationem meam.
R. Et clamor meus ad te veniat.
V. Dominus vobiscum.
R. Et cum spiritu tuo.

Oremus.

Omnipotens et misericors Deus, qui propter eximiam charitatem tuam, qua dilexisti nos, Filium tuum unigenitum Dominum nostrum Jesum Christum de cœlis in terram descendere, et de Beatissimæ Virginis Mariæ Dominæ nostræ utero sacratissimo, Angelo nunciante, carnem suscipere, crucemque ac mortem subire, et tertia die gloriose a mortuis resurgere voluisti, ut nos eriperes de potestate Diaboli, obsecramus immensam clementiam tuam, ut hæc signa Rosarii in honorem et laudem ejusdem Genitricis Filii tui, ab Ecclesia tua fideli dicata bene ✠ dicas, et sancti ✠ fices, eisque tantam infundas virtutem Spiritus Sancti, ut quicunque horum quodlibet secum portaverit, atque in domo sua reverenter tenuerit, et in eis ad Te secundum ejusdem Sanctæ Societatis instituta divina contemplando mysteria devote oraverit; salubri et perseveranti devotione abundet, sitque consors et particeps omnium gratiarum, privilegiorum et indulgentiarum, quæ eidem societati per sanctam sedem apostolicam concessa fuerunt; ab omni hoste visibili et invisibili, semper et ubique in hoc sæculo liberetur; et in exitu suo ab ipsa beatissima Dei genitrice tibi plenus bonis operibus præsentari mereatur. Per eundem Dominum, &c.

705. The Blessing of the Scapulars.

V. Adjutorium nostrum in nomine Domini.
R. Qui fecit cœlum et terram.
V. Dominus vobiscum.
R. Et cum spiritu tuo.

Oremus.

Domine Jesu Christe, qui tegumen nostræ mortalitatis induere dignatus es, obsecramus immensæ largitatis tuæ abundantiam; ut hoc genus vestimentorum, quod sancti Patres ad innocentiæ et humilitatis indicium ferre sanxerunt, ita bene ✠ dicere digneris, ut qui hoc usus fuerit te induere mereatur Christum Dominum nostrum. Amen.

They are then sprinkled with holy water.

Tunc a recipiente dicendum ut sequitur:

Ego N.N. auctoritate mihi commissa et concessa recipio vos [te] in confratres [confratrem] Societatis Sanctissimi Rosarii Beatæ Mariæ Virginis ut sitis participes [sis particeps], Deo dante, omnium gratiarum, privilegiorum, et indulgentiarum, quæ eidem sanctæ Societati per Sanctam Sedem Apostolicam concessa fuerunt. In nomine Patris ✠ et Filii ✠ et Spiritus ✠ Sancti. Amen.

O most blessed and adorable Trinity, who in Thy mercy art pleased to inspire this Thy servant to enrol himself amongst the devout clients of the glorious Virgin Mother, grant him, and us, so to persevere in Thy love and service, that after the course of this uncertain life is ended, we may rejoice before Thee for ever. Amen.

By the authority committed to me by the General of the Holy Order of St. Dominic, I have received you into the Confraternity of the most holy Rosary of the Blessed Virgin Mary, and admitted you to a participation of all the spiritual benefits which have been granted to the brothers and sisters of the Sacred Rosary.—In the name ✠ of the Father, &c.

XXXIX.—FORM FOR INVESTING WITH THE RED SCAPULAR OF THE PASSION OF OUR LORD AND THE SORROWFUL HEART OF MARY IMMACULATE.

706.

Genuflexo qui susceptur est scapulare, sacerdos superpelicio et stola rubra indutus, capite detecto, dicat:

V. Adjutorium, &c., sicut supra.

Oremus.

Domine Jesu Christe, qui tegimen nostræ mortalitatis induere dignatus timetipsum exinanivisti, formam servi accipiens, et factus obediens usque ad mortem Crucis, tuæ largitatis clementiam humiliter imploramus, ut hoc genus vestimenti quo in honorem et memoriam dolorosissimæ Passionis tuæ tuique sacratissimi cordis, necnon et cordis amantissimi ac compatientis Immaculatæ Matris tuæ institutum fuit, atque ut illo induti hæc mysteria devotius recolant, benedicere ✠ digneris, ut hic famulus tuus qui (*vel* hæc famula tua quæ) ipsum gestaverit, te quoque per tua merita et intercessionem beatissimæ Virginis Mariæ, induere mereatur. Qui vivis et regnas in sæcula sæculorum. Amen.

Hic sacerdos S. scapulare aqua benedicta aspergit, et illud imponit, dicens:

Accipe, carissime frater (*vel* carissima soror) hunc habitum benedictum ut veterem hominem exutus (*vel* exuta novamque indutus (*vel* induta) ipsum digne perferas, et ad vitam pervenias

sempiternam. Per Christum Dominum nostrum.

Deinde subjungit:

Et ego, ex facultate mihi concessa, recipio te (*vel* vos) ad participationem omnium bonorum spiritualium quæ per Sanctæ Sedis apostolicæ privilegium huic sancto scapulari, in gratiam congregationis missionis, concessa sunt. In nomine ✠ Patris, et Filii, et Spiritus Sancti. Amen.

Denique dicatur trina vice versus sequens:

Te ergo quæsumus, tuis famulis subveni, quos pretioso sanguinis redemisti!

XL.—SHORT FORM OF RECEPTION INTO THE CONFRATERNITY OF THE BROWN SCAPULAR OF MOUNT CARMEL.

707.

V. Adjutorium, &c., *ut supra.*

Oremus.

Æterne Pater, et Omnipotens Deus, qui Unigenitum Filium tuum vestem nostræ mortalitatis induere voluisti; obsecramus immensam tuæ largitatis benedictionem in hoc genus effluere vestimenti, quod sancti Patres ad innocentiæ et humilitatis indicium a renuntiantibus sæculo gestare sanxerunt, et sic ipsum benedicere ✠ digneris, ut quicumque eo usus fuerit, induere mereatur ipsum Dominum nostrum Jesum Christum Filium tuum, qui tecum vivit et regnat in sæculo sæculorum. Amen.

Aspergat aqua benedicta scapulare, et illud imponeris dicat:

Accipe Jugum Christi suave et onus ejus leve, in Nomine Patris ✠, et Filii ✠, et Spiritus ✠ Sancti. Amen.

Oremus.

Adesto, Domine, supplicationibus nostris, et hunc famulum (*vel* famulam) quem sacræ religioni sociamus, perpetua tribue firmitate corroborari, ut perseveranti proposito in omni sanctitate tibi valeat famulari, qui vivis et regnas, &c.

Auctoritate mihi concessa, ego te recipio et adscribo confraternitati sanctissimi scapularis in honorem Deiparæ Virginis instituti, teque facio participem omnium gratiarum, indulgentiarum, privilegiorum, bonorumque spiritualium ejusdem confraternitatis, in nomine Patris, et Filii, et Spiritus Sancti. Amen.

XLI.—FORM FOR INVESTING WITH THE BLUE SCAPULAR OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION OF BLESSED VIRGIN MARY.

708.

V. Adjutorium, &c., *ut supra.*

Oremus.

Domine Jesu Christe, qui tegimen nostræ mortalitatis induere dignatus es, tuæ largitatis clementiam humiliter imploramus, ut hoc genus vestimenti, quod in honorem, et memoriam Conceptionis Beatæ Mariæ Virginis Immaculatæ; necnon ut illo induti exorent in hominum pravorum morum reformationem, institutum fuit, benedicere ✠ digneris, ut hic famulus tuus qui eo usus fuerit (*vel* hæc famula tua

quæ eo usa fuerit), eadem Beata Maria Virgine intercedente, te quoque induere mereatur. Qui vivis et regnas in sæcula sæculorum. Amen.

Postea sacerdos, nihil dicendo aspergit scapulare aqua benedicta; deinde illud imponit dicens:

Accipe, frater (*vel* soror) scapulare Conceptionis Beatæ Mariæ Virginis Immaculatæ, ut ea intercedente, veterem hominem exutus (*vel* exuta), et ab omni peccatorum inquinamento mundatus (*vel* mundata), ipsum perferas sive macula, et ad vitam pervenias sempiternam. Per Christum Dominum nostrum. Amen.

Postea subjungit:

Et ego, ea facultate mihi concessa, recipio te ad participationem bonorum omnium spiritualium, quæ in Clericorum Regularium Congregatione, ex gratia Dei, fiunt: et quæ per sanctæ sedis apostolicæ privilegium concessa sunt.

In Nomine ✠ Patris, et Filii, et Spiritus Sancti.

R. Amen.

XLII.—FORM OF A SOLEMN RECEPTION INTO ANY CONFRATERNITY—VIZ., OF THE BLESSED SACRAMENT, THE SACRED HEART, &c.

709.

The members to be received kneel down before the communion table, holding in their hand a wax-candle.

Then the Priest having the power to receive them, vested with surplice and stole, kneels before the altar and recites the "Veni Creator" and the prayer "Deus, qui corda fidelium:" then turning towards those to be associated, he says:

Auctoritate mihi concessa, ego te (vos) recipio et adscribo confraternitati (SS. Sacramenti, *vel* SS. Cordis, &c.) teque participem (vosque participes) facio omnium gratiarum, indulgentiarum, privilegiorum, bonorumque spiritualium ejusdem confraternitatis, in Nomine Patris, et Filii, et Spiritus Sancti. Amen.

Then the "Te Deum" is recited or sung and the names registered, when required.

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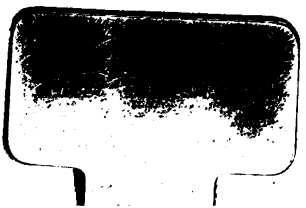
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